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March 8, 1930

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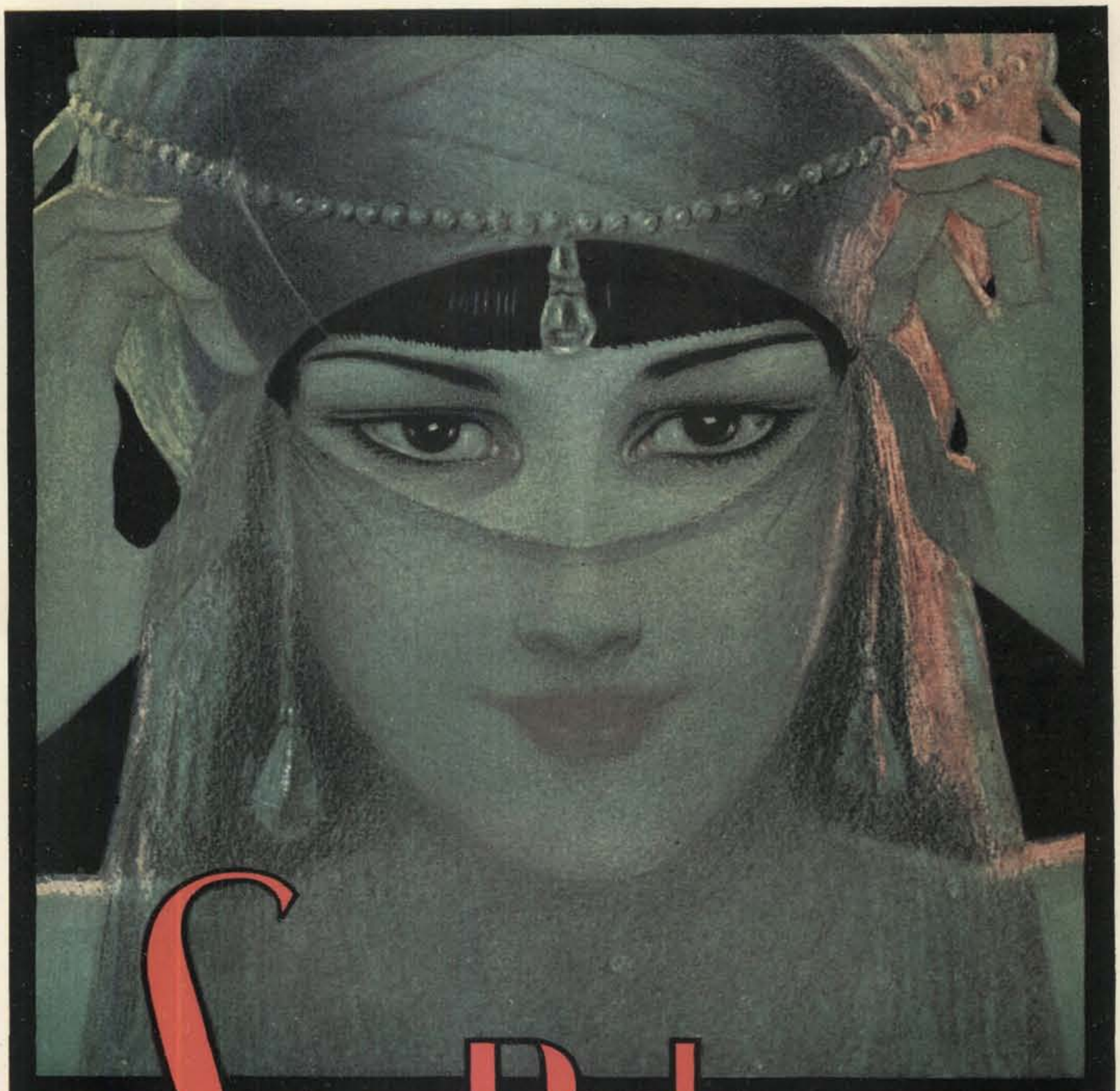
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



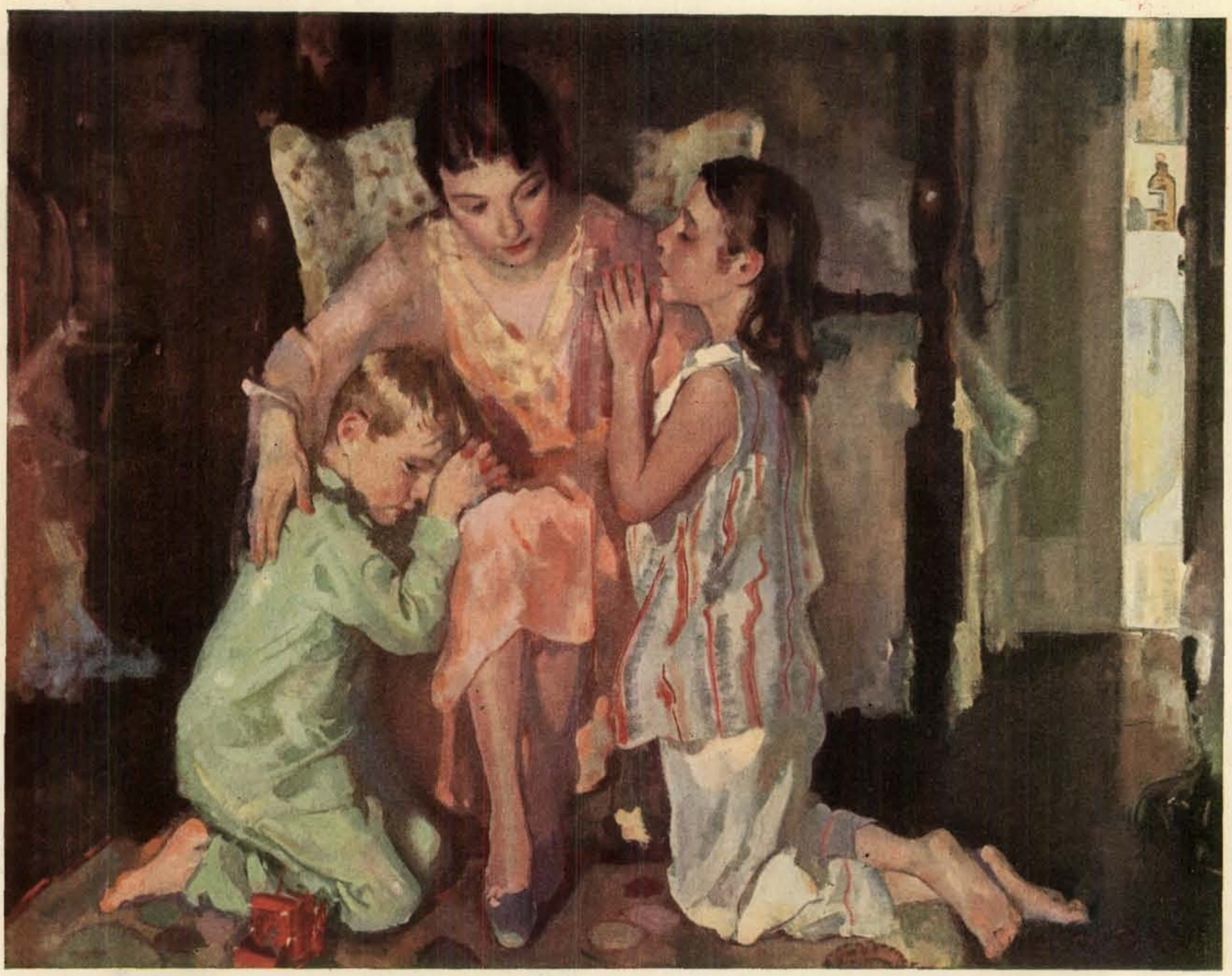
W. T. Benda

Sax Rohmer

Begins his New Novel

Fu Manchu's Daughter

March 8, 1930



Before their *"lay me down to sleep"*

NO intelligent mother can question the value of the Listerine gargle for youngsters before they are tucked in for the night.

Recall that the mouth is the breeding place of disease germs. Many illnesses start there. Also recall that Listerine, used full strength, is fatal to germs. Therefore its use in the mouth is an aid to nature in forestalling diseases—particularly colds and sore throat.

Because of Listerine's pleasant taste, its extreme safety, and its healing action on tissue, some are likely to overlook this amazing power against germs.

Repeated tests in laboratories of international repute show that, used full strength, Listerine kills the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs, in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

See that all the members of your family make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a gargle and mouth wash, night and morning. It helps to ward off colds and sore throat.

Should these ailments get the upper hand, increase the frequency of the gargle. You will be delighted to find how often Listerine overcomes them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine, enemy of Sore Throat

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

Send for the complete

ANNOUNCEMENT

of this New Training for men who want to become independent in the next five years

BEGINNING immediately, the famous Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute is being replaced by an *entirely new* Course and Service.

The reason is obvious. The organization of business, the tempo of business, are both in process of rapid change. In a brief period of thirty days between October 15th and November 15th, 1929, thousands of men who supposed that they were secure for life found themselves suddenly ruined. Thousands had their confidence so shaken that they are dazed and wondering. They have no plan.

"What will happen to business in the next few years?" they are asking. "What program should we lay out for ourselves?"

Two years ago the Alexander Hamilton Institute, from its nation-wide contact with business leaders, sensed the tremendous changes which were about to come, and began to make preparations to meet them.

Modern Business

The result is the new Course and Service. It is to be new from start to finish—so new that the latter part will not be entirely off the presses for some months.

What about *your* next 5 years?

Revolutionary changes are in prospect for the next few years.

Little business units are being merged into big units. Industries are reaching out into foreign markets. Production methods are being revolutionized. *Security prices are subject to a whole new set of conditions.* The strategy of the past is entirely unfitted for the new competition.

What are you doing to fit *yourself* to meet the new conditions?

The next five years in American business will offer more opportunity *and more danger* than any similar period for a long time.

More men will achieve independence. More men who might achieve it will fail because of a failure properly to analyze the facts.

A right program will be more profitable than it has ever been. A wrong decision will be far more costly.

Send for the facts

What the new Course and Service can mean to your business progress is explained in a newly published booklet, "What an Executive Should Know." It gives facts about this new training which we have not space for here. It should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years.

The first edition of 10,000 copies was exhausted in 24 days. We have just printed a limited second edition, and will welcome the opportunity to send you a copy, free.

To help us prevent this book from falling into the hands of men for whom it has no message, we ask you merely to fill in the spaces in the coupon below. Mail the coupon today.

This book will interest only mature-minded men seriously interested in business education. If you are one of the merely curious—

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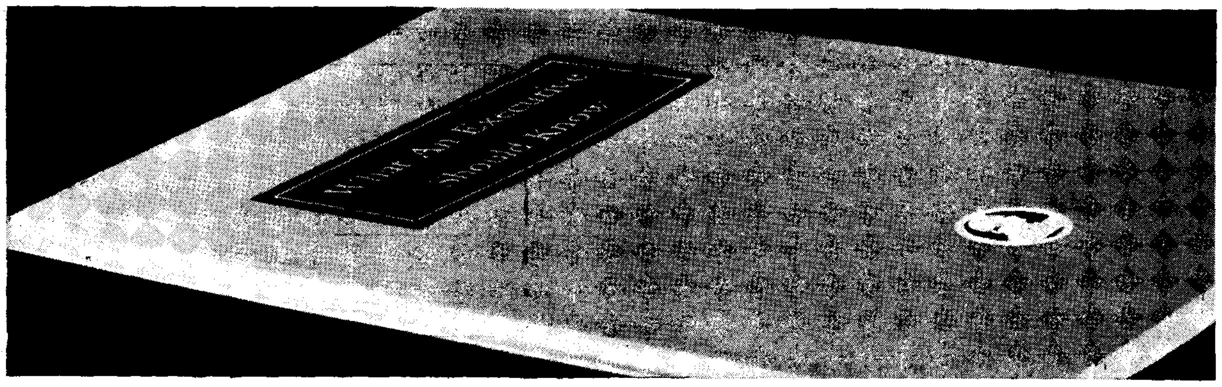


To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 233 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto).

Send me without obligation the new booklet, "What an Executive Should Know."

Name————————————Age————

Business Address————————————

Business Position————————————

What type of business are you in?————————————

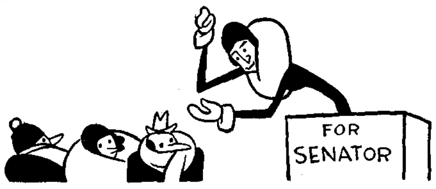
ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

FOR the first time in the history of American public life a woman, with plenty of money and brains and with a first-class political organization behind her, is campaigning for nomination as senatorial candidate. This has been a heavy winter in her state (Illinois), but Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick has been making three or four speeches a day, one-night stands and forced marches in every county, overlooking no spot in which two or three might be gathered together in the name of the Republican party, progressive branch. She learned about politics from her father, Mark Hanna, who practically invented the game.

We report on this phenomenon with our usual wealth of circumstantial detail in W. G. Shepherd's article: "Mark Another Hanna."



IF THE famous comedy team of Gilfillan and Hamp had continued to work in silent pictures there would have been no trouble. But the talkies made it necessary for them to make sounds and so it was revealed that Mr. Gilfillan, the tall, handsome one, had a voice that sounded rather sour when strained through a microphone.

Mr. Hamp, the short, red-faced fellow, had voice enough for two, so he spoke Mr. Gilfillan's lines. A neat arrangement all around and one that would have lasted if Muriel March hadn't fallen for Mr. Gilfillan's voice in a big way.

You can understand how Mr. Hamp felt. It would be the same thing if you did Rudy Vallee's singing for him and got none of the mash notes. A very difficult situation but it comes out all right. Frank Condon sees to that in "Words and Pictures."

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND introduces you to a young man you will like. Watch him solve a murder mystery, which is, after all, none of his business. (Why is it that in most of the popular detective stories the police take it on the chin while the outsider does all the successful headwork? Maybe it's Red propaganda!) "Alderman Tommy Drops In" is a good story written by a man who knows his business if anyone does.

"THE WRATH OF KINGS" is a short story by that versatile and brilliant person, George Creel. A swashbuckling tale with pirates, maroons, mutineers, a lovely lady and everything except "pieces of eight." It will warm your heart.

"FU MANCHU'S DAUGHTER" moves along her devious path; "Stepdaughters of War" and John Erskine's novel "Uncle Sam" are in their prime; also present are May Edginton, Howard McLellan, Betty Thornley, Uncle Henry, Grantland Rice, and others, as the billboards used to have it, too numerous to mention.

THIS WEEK

March 8, 1930

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FU MANCHU'S DAUGHTER, Part I: Hold on to your chair.

Page 10—Alan LeMay

UNDER FIRE: A man hunt, Western style.

Page 12—Anne Vanderbilt and Katherine Sproehnle

MIND THE PAINT: What color can do to and for you.

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Page 14—Walter Davenport and Al Burgess

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS: Gentlemen of the road.

Page 16—Grantland Rice

"WELL, YOU CAN'T TELL": Dempsey in person.

Page 17—Vera Santini

THREE'S A CROWD: And one of the three a mother-in-law.

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VACATION: "A song writer's work is all mental."

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

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CALL ME PAT

Page 78—Editorial

Any Week

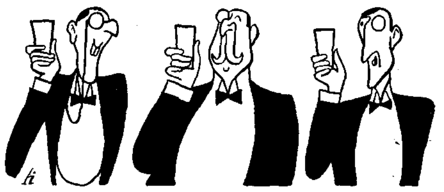
SOME time ago we merely mentioned a letter we received from the Rev. G. Wilder Pusey of Denver wherein Mr. Pusey deplored stories by E. Phillips Oppenheim because, in his opinion, they lent romance to European skullduggery, including drinking, gambling and robust Continental crime.

Little did we think that whole bales of letters would result, nor that these letters would threaten us with so many undesirable reprisals if we were to banish Mr. Oppenheim from our pages. Merely to cease reading us became a minor threat. Mrs. A. H. Flinton of Kalamazoo promised to take the matter up with Congress, Parliament and her husband's Rotary Club if we permitted ourselves to be intimidated by poor Mr. Pusey, whose letter, incidentally, was quite polite and inoffensive.

Mr. Elder N. Coffin of Cleveland informs us that he never liked Mr. Oppenheim's stuff and didn't read it. But now, swears he, he will read Mr. Oppenheim for no other reason than that it "has been touched by the shadow of the spirit of prohibition," of which, we gather, Mr. Coffin is a bit tired.

"I have now arrived at that perverse state of mind," writes Mr. Coffin, "when I'd eat parsnips, a catcher's mitt, a set of stone steps or a fried begonia if such indulgence were prohibited."

So hoping you all continue to cherish us, and warning you not to miss Mr. Oppenheim's next story, we say no more about the matter.



WE ARE given what is known as pause by a letter from Mrs. Ruth K. Thompson of Oak Lane, Philadelphia. A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Thompson came face to face with the fact that on Sunday, April 6th, they will have been married ten years. Whereat Mr. Thompson cleared his throat and asked Mrs. Thompson what she'd like most for a present. It was her answer that gave us the pause we mentioned.

"I'd like," said she, "to see Collier's Radio Hour broadcast."

Naturally we sent the tickets, accompanied by our best wishes, congratulations and our hopes that Oak Lane is the pretty place it used to be when, long, long ago, we lived there—and went to Elwood school. And do the youngsters still walk hand in hand out City Line on Sunday afternoons?

SEVERAL readers have taken up attention-calling long enough to write that the girl on the cover of Collier's for January 25th has by some painful error got the left shoe on the right foot and, naturally, vice versa.

We began calling attention on our own hook, addressing ourselves first to the artist, Mr. Carroll Sexton. After exhausting all the better-known alibis Mr. Sexton began a rambling discourse on the Einstein Theory. If, he says, his model hadn't insisted on discussing the mathematics of space—

But we refused to listen. If we had our way he would be compelled to walk from here to Buffalo with his shoes on the wrong feet.

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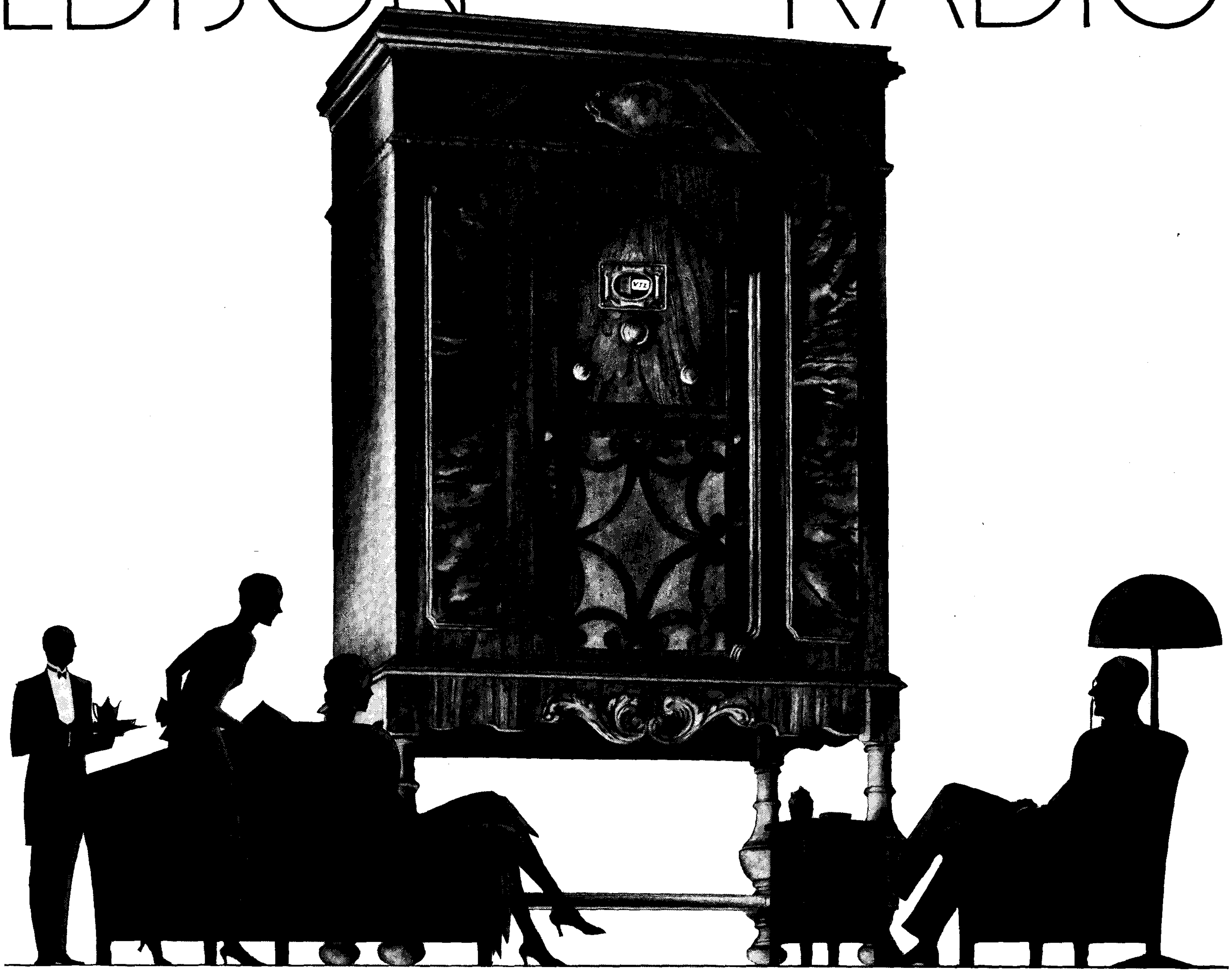
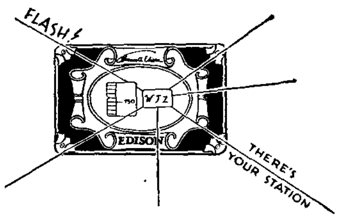
EDISON *LIGHT-O-MATIC* RADIO



The greatest name in science guarantees your radio investment •

Thomas A. Edison's signature is not appended to half-way achievements. Not until a perfected radio had been developed in the Edison Laboratories could there be an Edison Radio • Now the Edison Light-O-Matic Radio is here and confidence in radio-buying has come • Choose the Edison for its faithful delivery of the artist's true performance. Choose it as an investment in better living. Choose it because of the pleasure it will give you through the years to come • Above all choose it for that pride of possession assured by the name on the panel— Thomas A. Edison



Edison Light-O-Matic Tuning instantly, easily and perfectly tunes your favorite stations, announcing each arrival with a flash of crimson light. The nuisance of log books is gone . . . fussing with old-fashioned dials is done!

The model illustrated is the C-4—the Edison Radio-Phonograph Combination. It is all-electric . . . plays all makes of needle records with the same superb radio-realism that so distinguishes the Edison Radio. Its massive studio cabinet is superbly executed. Finish of blended walnut with sliding doors of matched butt walnut and front relieved with butt walnut panels. $325, less tubes. Other models from $175 upwards, less tubes. (Prices slightly higher in the far west.)

•

Write for "Edison's Part in Radio"—a fascinating booklet. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The FIRST *motor car with an* Airplane-Type Engine

A revolutionary engine which has flown the skies and delivers the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automobile powerplants

THE pioneer of 1902 again becomes the pioneer of 1930! With the introduction of the airplane-type engine in a motor car, Franklin unfolds a new era in automobile design.

Disregarding the anchoring traditions of motor cars, aviation has achieved a superior type of powerplant.

Realizing that Franklin developed air-cooling which in turn prepared the way for great triumphs of the air—and realizing that for 28 years Franklin has been building fine cars, and anticipating the everchanging conditions and demands of motor travel—it is logical that progressive Franklin engineers should be the first to see the tremendous advantages of an airplane engine in a motor car.

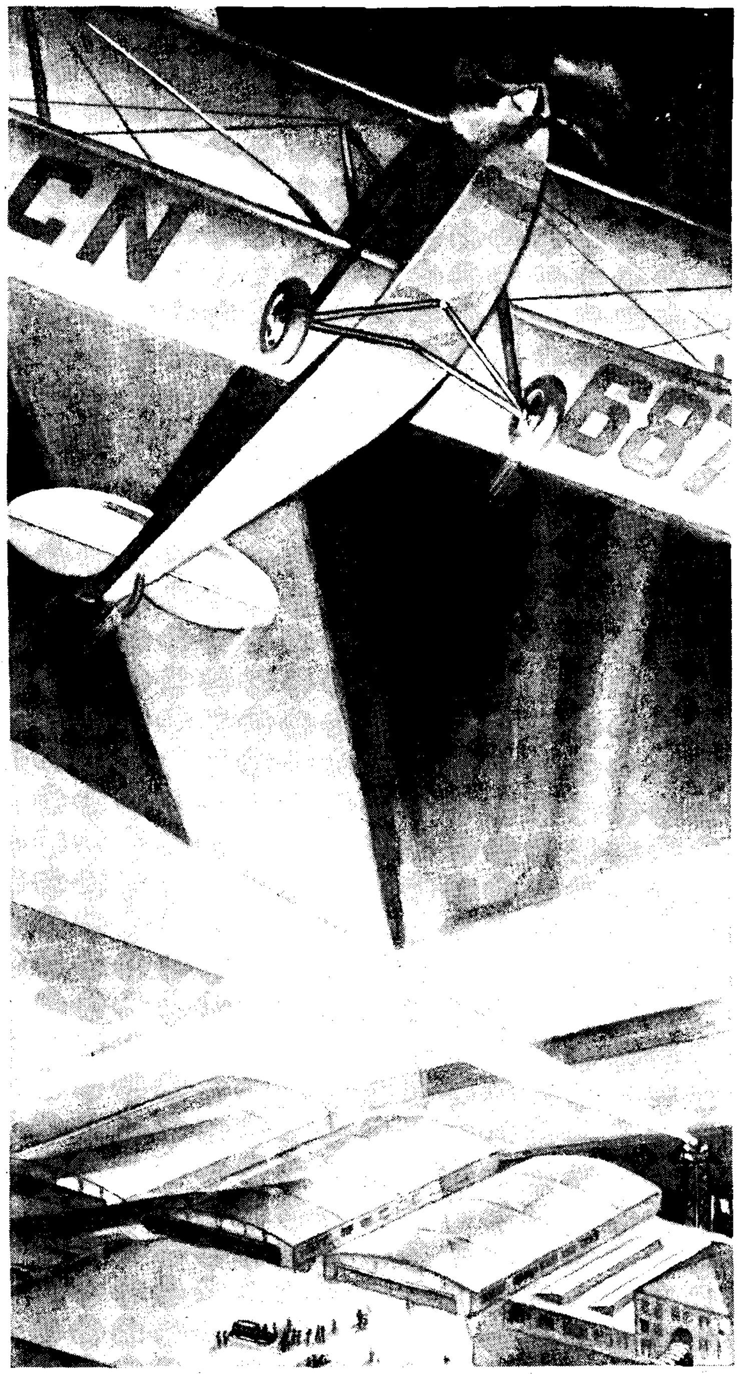
A distinct achievement for air-cooling engineering, the remarkable 1930 Franklin engine produces the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive powerplants.

Here is usable, quiet—yet surging power which remains at the peak throughout the longest, fastest runs and hardest hill climbs. In road record after road record this 1930 Franklin has dramatically and emphatically demonstrated its superiority over all other motor cars.

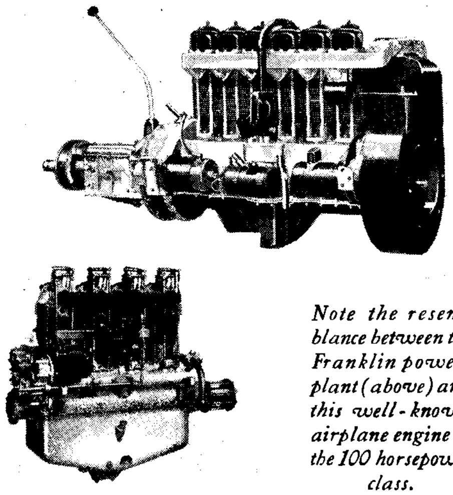
It traveled from New York to Los Angeles in 69 hours, 31 minutes—a new all time record, more than eight hours faster than any other car.

This remarkable new air-cooled engine has sensationally flown in the air. Tests in a Waco plane above Dayton have shown that the Franklin engine is air-worthy, sturdy, powerful and fast. Not only does it follow airplane engine design, but it actually produces *airplane performance.*

When you drive the 1930 Franklin you instantly sense its new kind of power—you know a different type of engine is propelling the car. Sixty, seventy, eighty—without a whimper—as smoothly, quietly and comfortably as though wings were carrying you to new adventures.



Airplane tests prove the Franklin engine air-worthy



Note the resemblance between the Franklin powerplant (above) and this well-known airplane engine in the 100 horsepower class.

And to make this astonishing performance most effective under all conditions of driving, Franklin gives you a choice of four-speed or three-speed transmissions—both with quiet intermediate gear.

The 1930 Franklin presents body designs which are just as smart as the performance of the airplane-type engine is modern.

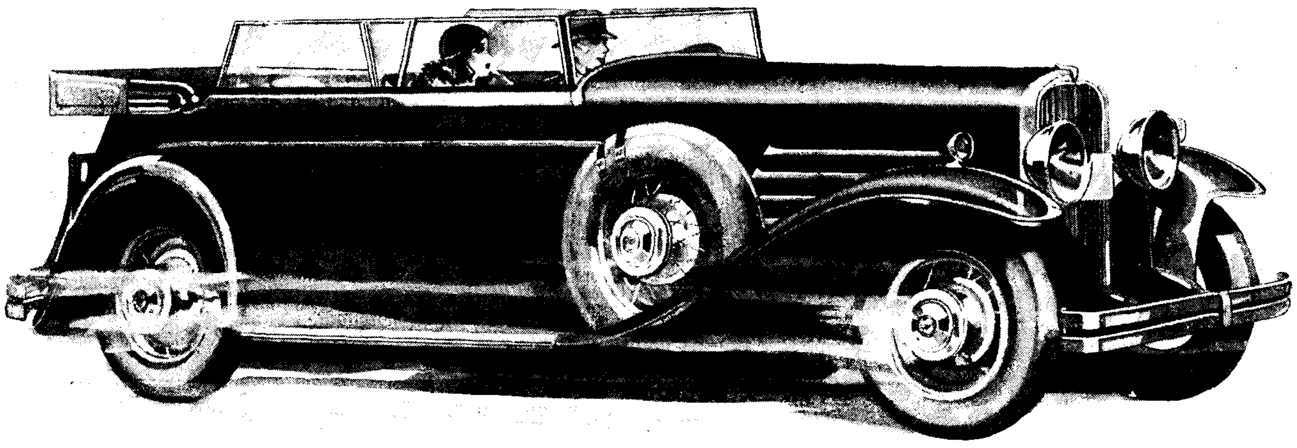
Brilliant beauty!

For the first time you see embossed paneling, concealed running boards, low hung doors, slender gracefully arched hood with belled horizontal louvres. Appealing lines. Distinguished smartness.

The 1930 Franklin is not just an improved model of last year's car. It is an advanced presentation of the car of 1935.

See this brilliant car—carefully examine its engine—compare it with airplane engines and with *other motor car powerplants.*

And be sure you know the thrill of driving behind an airplane-type engine. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.



FRANKLIN
AIR-COOLED

Collier's The National Weekly for March 8, 1930

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Is the incredible Dr. Fu Manchu dead? Even Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie have thought so, but his sinister methods are not forgotten, at any rate

By SAX ROHMER

JUST in sight of Shepheard's I pulled up. I believe a sense of being followed is a recognized nervous disorder. But it was one I had never experienced without finding it to be based on fact.

Certainly what had occurred was calculated to upset the stoutest nerves. To lose an old and deeply respected friend and in the very hour of the loss to be confronted by a mystery seemingly defying natural laws is a test of staying power which any man might shirk.

I had set out for Cairo in a frame of mind which I shall not attempt to describe. But this damnable idea that I was spied upon—followed—asserted itself in the first place on the train.

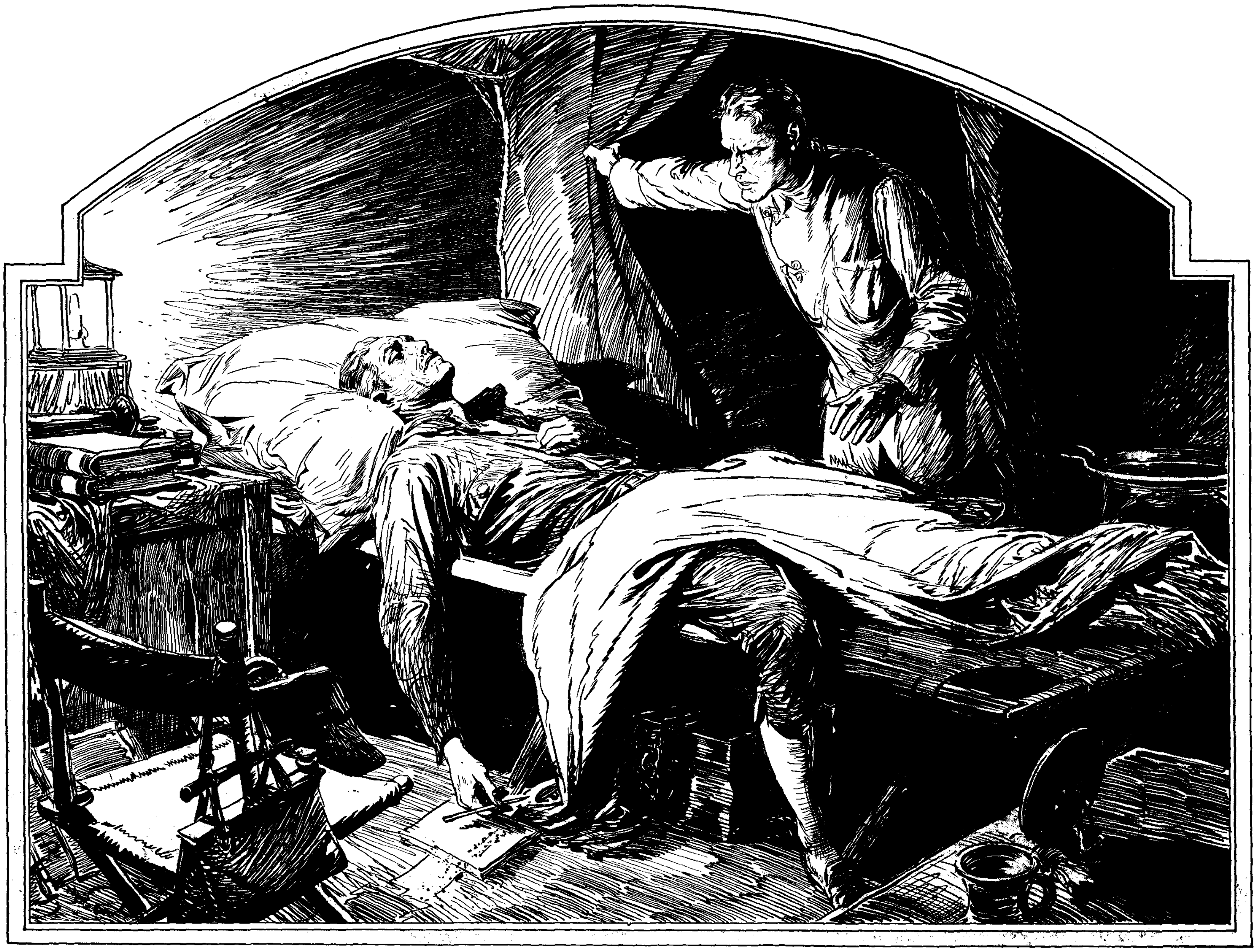
In spirit still back in camp beside the body of my poor Chief, I suddenly became conscious of queer wanderers in the corridor. One yellow face in particular I had detected peering in at me, which possessed such unusual and dreadful malignity that at some point just below Beni Suef I toured the cars from end to end determined to convince myself that those oblique squinting eyes were not a product of my imagination. Several times I had fallen into a semi-doze, for I had had no proper sleep for forty-eight hours.

I failed to find the yellow horror. This had disturbed me, because it made me distrust myself. But it served to banish my sleepiness. Reinforced with a stiff whisky-and-soda, I stayed very widely awake as the train passed station after station in the Nile Valley and drew ever nearer to Cairo.

The squinting eyes did not reappear.

Then, having hailed a taxi outside the station, I suddenly became aware, in some quite definite way, that the watcher was following again. In sight of Shepheard's I pulled up, dismissed the taxi and mounted the steps to the terrace.

Tables were prepared for tea but few as yet were occupied. I could see no one I knew



"He was dead," I said. "Dead in his bed. The scribbling block which he used for notes lay on the floor beside him" about, but of this I was rather glad.

Standing beside one of those large ornamental vases at the head of the steps, I craned over, looking left along Sharia Kamel. I was just in time. My trick had its reward.

A limousine driven by an Arab chauffeur passed in a flash.

But the oblique squinting eyes of its occupant stared up at the balcony. It was the man of the train! I had not been dreaming!

I think he saw me but of this I couldn't be sure. The car did not slacken speed and I lost sight of it at the bend of Esbekîyeh Gardens.

A white-robed, red-capped waiter approached. Mentally reviewing my condition and my needs, I ordered a pot of Arab coffee. I smoked a pipe, drank my coffee, and set out on foot for the club. Here I obtained the address I wanted. . . .

IN a quiet thoroughfare a brass plate beside a courtyard entrance confirmed its correctness. In response to my ring a Nubian servant admitted me. I was led upstairs and without any ceremony shown into a large and delightfully furnished study.

The windows opened on a balcony draped with purple blossoms and overhanging the courtyard where orange trees grew. There were many books and the place was full of flowers. In its arrangement, the rugs upon the floor, the ornaments, the very setting of the big writing table, I detected the hand of a woman. And I realized more keenly than ever what a bachelor misses and the price he pays for his rather overrated freedom.

My thoughts strayed for a moment to Rima, and I wondered, as I had wondered many times, what I could have done to offend her. I was brought back sharply when I met the glance of a pair of steady eyes regarding me from beyond the big writing table.

The man I had come to see stood up with a welcoming smile. He was definitely a handsome man, gray at the temples and well set up. His atmosphere created an odd sense of security. In fact my first impression went far to explain much that I had heard of him.

"Dr. Petrie?" I asked.

He extended his hand across the table and I grasped it.

"I'm glad you have come, Mr. Greville," he replied. "They sent me your message from the club." His smile vanished and his face became very stern. "Please try the armchair. Cigars in the wooden box, cigarettes in the other. Or here's a very decent pipe mixture—" sliding his pouch across the table.

"Thanks," I said; "a pipe, I think."

"You are shaken up," he went on—"naturally. May I prescribe?"

I smiled, perhaps a little ruefully.

"Not at the moment. I have been rather overdoing it on the train, trying to keep myself awake."

I FILLED a pipe whilst trying to muster my ideas. Then, glancing up, I met the doctor's steady gaze; and:

"Your news was a great shock to me," he said. "Barton, I know, was one of your oldest friends. He was also one of mine. Tell me—I'm all anxiety to hear."

At that I began:

"As you may have heard, Dr. Petrie, we are excavating what is known as Lafleur's Tomb at the head of the Valley of the Kings. It's a queer business and the dear old Chief was always frightfully reticent about his aims. He was generous enough when the job was done and shared the credit more than fairly. But his sense of the dramatic made him a bit difficult. Therefore, I can't tell you very much about it. But two days ago he shifted the quarters, barred all approaches to the excavation and generally behaved in a way which I knew from experience to mean that we were on the verge of some big discovery.

"We have two huts, but nobody sleeps in them. We are a small party and under canvas. But all this you will see for yourself—at least, I hope I can count on you? We shall have to rush for it."

"I am coming," Dr. Petrie replied quietly. "It's all arranged. God knows what use I can be. But since he wished it. . . ."

"Some time last night," I presently went on, "I heard, or thought I heard, the Chief call me—'Greville! Greville!' His voice seemed strange in some way. I fell out of bed (it was pitch dark), jumped into slippers and groped along to his tent."

I stopped. The reality and the horror of it stopped me. But at last:

"He was dead," I said. "Dead in his bed. A pencil had dropped from his fingers and the scribbling block which he used for notes lay on the floor beside him."

"One moment—" Dr. Petrie interrupted me. "You say he was dead. Was this impression confirmed afterwards?"

"Forester, our chemist," I replied sadly, "is an M. R. C. P. though he doesn't practice. The Chief was dead. Sir Lionel Barton—the greatest Orientalist our old country has ever produced, Dr. Petrie! And he was so alive, so vital, so keen and enthusiastic."

"GOOD God!" Dr. Petrie murmured. "To what did Forester ascribe death?"

"Heart failure—a quite unsuspected weakness."

"Unaccountable! I could have sworn the man had a heart like an ox. But I am becoming somewhat puzzled, Mr. Greville. If Forester certified death from syncope, who sent me *this?*"

He passed a telegram across the table. I read it in growing bewilderment—

Sir Lionel Barton suffering catalepsy. Please come first train and bring antidote if any remains.

I stared at Petrie, then:

"No one in our camp sent it!" I said.

"What!"

"I assure you. No member of our party sent this message!"

I saw that it had been delivered that morning and had been handed in at Luxor at six A. M. I began to read it aloud in a dazed way. And, whilst I was reading, a subdued but particularly eerie cry came from the courtyard. I stopped. It startled me. But its effect upon Dr. Petrie was amazing. He sprang up as though a shot had been fired in the room and leaped toward the open window.

"What was it?" I exclaimed.

Whilst the cry had not resembled any of the many with which I was acquainted in the land where the vender of dates, of lemonade, of water, of a score of commodities has each his separate song, yet, whilst weird, it was not in itself definitely horrible.

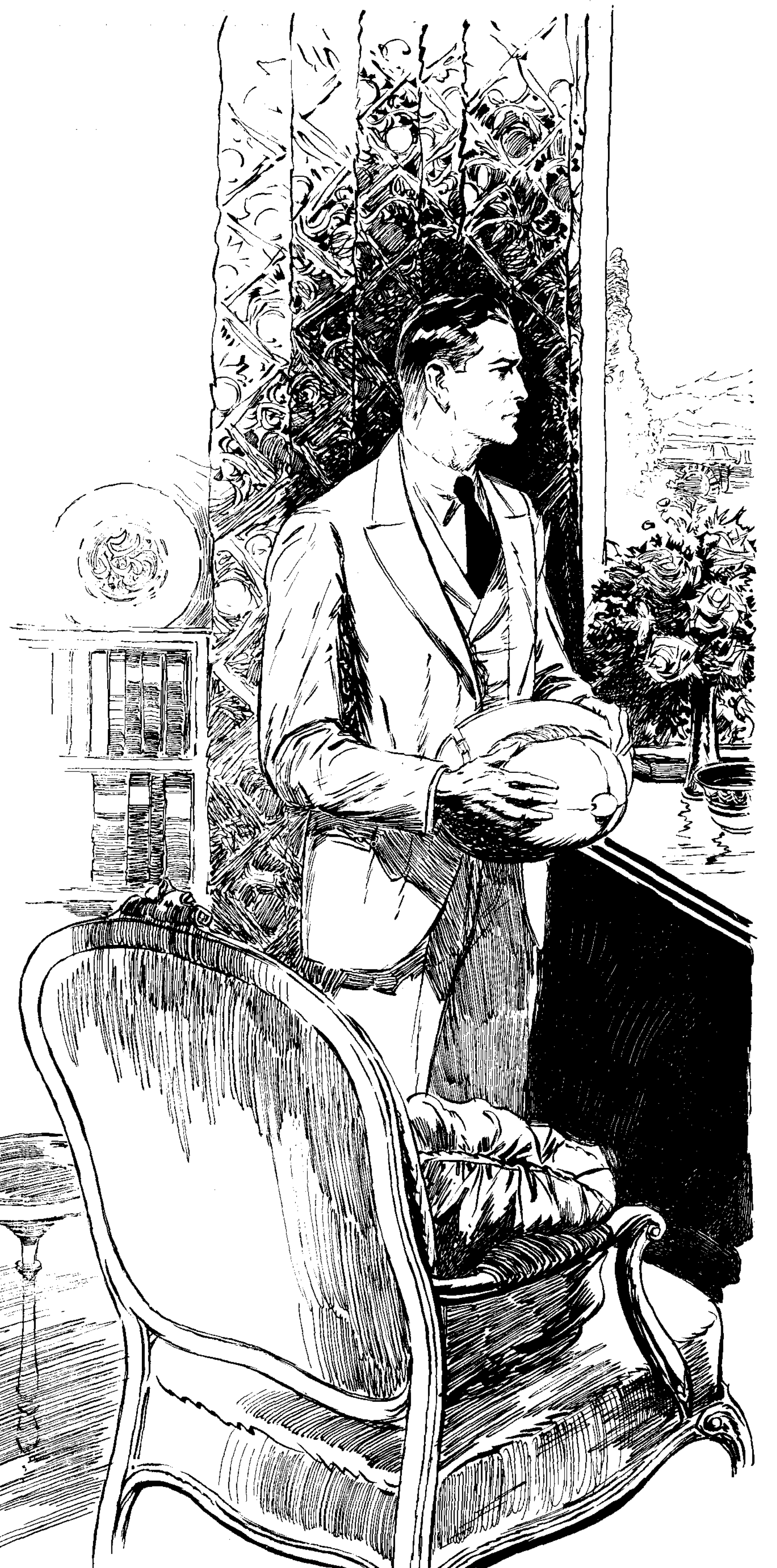
Petrie turned, and:

"Something I haven't heard for ten years," he replied—and I saw with concern that he had grown pale— "which I had hoped never to hear again."

"What?"

"The signal used by a certain group of fanatics of Burma loosely known as dacoits."

"Dacoits? But dacoity in Burma has been dead for generations!"



So, suddenly I spoke—or rather I cried the words aloud: "Do you mean, Mrs. Petrie, that you think he's been *murdered?*"

Petrie laughed.

"I made that very statement twelve years ago," he said. "It was untrue then. It is untrue now. Yet there isn't a soul in the courtyard."

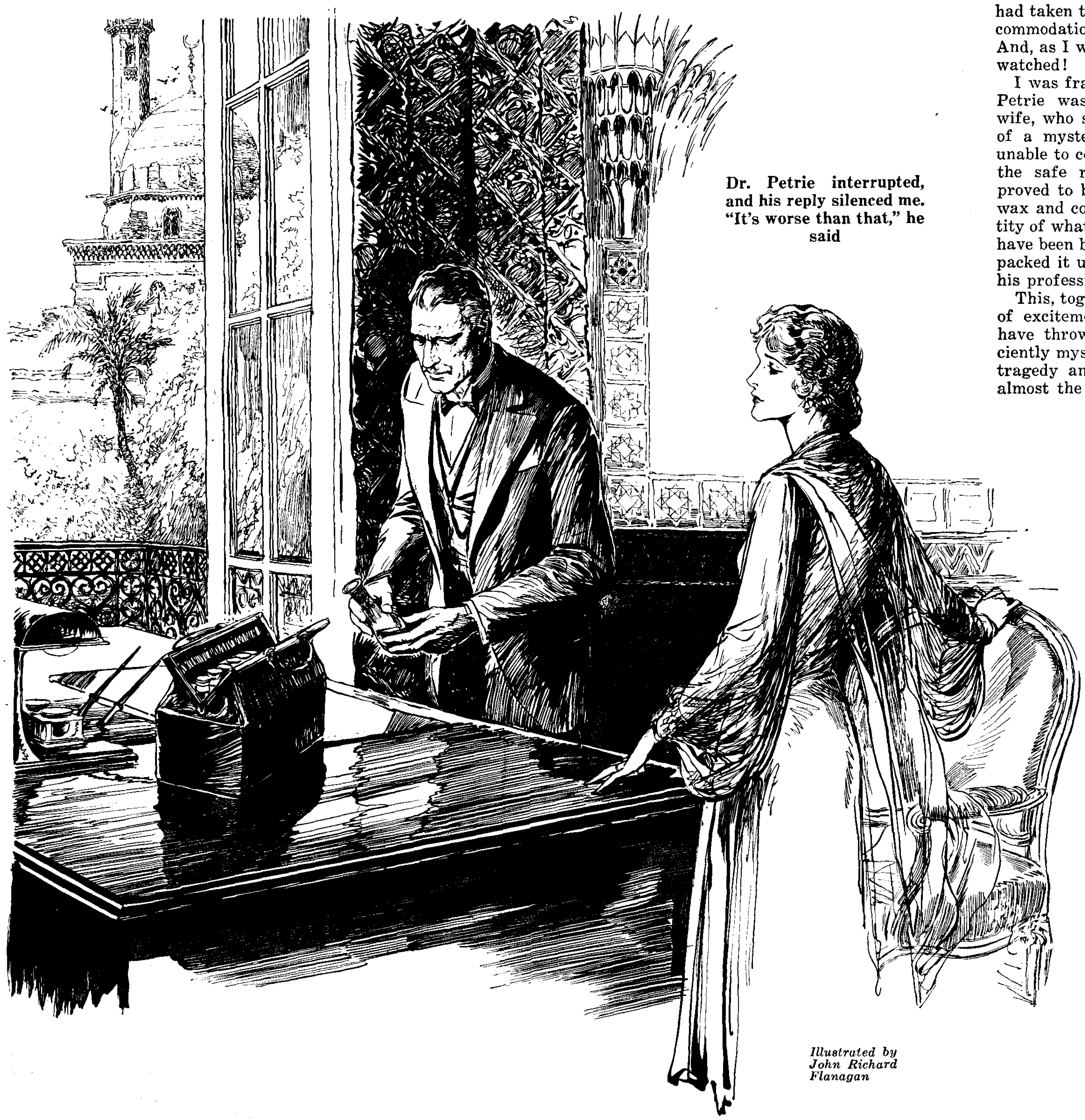
And suddenly I realized that he was badly shaken. He was not the type of man who was readily unnerved, and I confess that the incident—trivial though otherwise it might have seemed—impressed me unpleasantly.

"Please God I am mistaken," he went on, walking back to his chair—"I must have been mistaken."

But that he was not suddenly became manifest. The door opened and a woman came in, or rather—ran in.

I had heard men at the club rave about Dr. Petrie's wife, but the self-chosen seclusion of her life was such that up to this present moment I had never set eyes on her. I realized now that all I had heard was short of the truth. It is fortunate that modern man is unaffected by the Troy complex; for she was, I think, quite the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life. Seeing that she had not even noticed my existence, I wondered, as men will sometimes wonder, by what mystic chains Dr. Petrie held this unreally lovely creature.

She ran to him and he threw his arms about her.



Dr. Petrie interrupted, and his reply silenced me. "It's worse than that," he said

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"You heard it!" she whispered. "You heard it!"

"I know what you are thinking, dear," he said. "Yes, I heard it. But after all it isn't possible!"

He looked across at me, and suddenly his wife seemed to realize my presence.

"This is Mr. Shan Greville," Petrie went on, "who brings me very sad news about our old friend Sir Lionel Barton. I didn't mean you to know, yet. But. . . ."

Mrs. Petrie conquered her fears and came forward to greet me.

"You are very welcome," she said.

She spoke English with a faint fascinating accent.

"But your news. . . . Do you mean—?"

I nodded.

Into the beautiful eyes watching me I saw the strangest expression creeping. It was questioning, doubting; fearful, analytical. And suddenly, Mrs. Petrie turned from me to her husband, and:

"How did it happen?" she asked.

As she spoke the words, I thought she seemed to be listening.

Briefly, Dr. Petrie repeated what I had told him, concluding by handing his wife the mysterious telegram.

"If I may interrupt for a moment," I said, taking out my pocket case, "Sir Lionel must have written this at the moment of his fatal seizure. You see—it tails off. It was scribbled on the block which lay beside him. It was what brought me to Cairo."

I HANDED the penciled message to Petrie. His wife bent over him as he read aloud, slowly:

"*Not dead. . . . Get Petrie. . . . Cairo. . . . Amber . . . . inject. . . .*"

She was facing me as he read—her husband could not see her face. But he saw the telegram slip from her fingers to the carpet.

"Kara!" he cried. "My dear! What is it?"

Her wonderful eyes, widely opened, were staring past me through the window out into the courtyard; and:

"*He* is alive!" she whispered. "Oh, God! *he* is alive!"

I wondered if she referred to Sir Lionel, when suddenly she turned to Petrie, clutching the lapels of his coat and speaking eagerly, fearfully:

"Surely you understand? You *must* understand. That cry in the garden and now—this! It is the Living Death! It is the Living Death! He knew before it claimed him. '*Amber—inject!*' " She shook Petrie with a sudden passionate violence. "*Think! . . . the flask is in your safe!*"

And, watching Petrie's face, I realized that what had been unintelligible to me, to him had brought light.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, and now I saw positive horror leap in his eyes. "Merciful heavens! I can't believe it—I *won't* believe it!"

He stared at me, a man distracted; and:

"Sir Lionel believed it," his wife said. "He wrote it. This is what he means."

And now I remembered those hideous oblique eyes which had looked in at me during my journey. I remembered the man in the car who had passed me at Shepheard's. Dacoits! Bands of Burmese robbers! I had thought of them as scattered. Apparently they were associated—a sort of guild. Sir Lionel knew the Far East almost better than he knew the Near East. So, suddenly I spoke—or rather I cried the words aloud:

"Do you mean, Mrs. Petrie, that you think he's been *murdered?*"

Dr. Petrie interrupted and his reply silenced me.

"It's worse than that," he said.

If I had come to Cairo bearing a burden of sorrow, I thought, looking from the face of my host to the beautiful face of his wife, that my story had brought their happy world tumbling about them in dust. . . .

The train to Luxor was full, but I had taken the precaution of booking accommodation before leaving the station. And, as I was later to learn, I had been watched!

I was frankly out of my depth. That Petrie was deeply concerned for his wife, who seemed now to be the victim of a mysterious terror, he was quite unable to conceal. The object locked in the safe referred to by Mrs. Petrie proved to be a glass flask, sealed with wax and containing a very small quantity of what might, from its appearance, have been brandy. However, the doctor packed it up with care and placed it in his professional bag before leaving.

This, together with the feverish state of excitement into which I seemed to have thrown his household, was sufficiently mystifying. Coming on top of a tragedy and a sleepless night, it was almost the last straw.

Petrie explored the train as though he expected to find Satan in person on board.

"Are you looking for my cross-eyed man?" I asked.

"I am," he returned grimly.

And somehow, as his steady glance met mine, it occurred to me that he was hoping, and not fearing, to see the oblique-eyed spy. It dawned upon me that his fears were for his wife left behind in Cairo, rather than for us. What in heaven's name was it all about?

However, I was too far gone to pursue these reflections, and long before the attendant had come to make the bed I fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by Dr. Petrie.

"I prescribe dinner," he said.

Feeling peculiarly cheap, I managed to make myself sufficiently presentable for the dining car, and presently sat down facing my friend, of whom I had heard so much and whom the Chief had evidently regarded as a safe harbor in a storm.

A cocktail got me properly awake again and enabled me to define where troubled dreams left off and reality began. Petrie was regarding me with an expression compounded of professional sympathy and personal curiosity; and:

"You have had a desperately trying time, Greville," he said. "But you can't have failed to see that you have exploded a bombshell in my household. Now, before I say any more on the latter point, please bring me up to date. If there's been foul play, is there anyone you could even remotely suspect?"

"There is certainly a lot of mystery about our job," I confessed. "I know for a fact that Sir Lionel's rivals—I might safely call them enemies—are watching him closely—notably Professor Zeitland. . . ."

"PROFESSOR ZEITLAND died in London a fortnight ago."

"What!"

"You hadn't heard? We had the news in Cairo. Therefore, *he* can be ruled out!"

There was a short interval whilst the waiter got busy, and then:

"As I remember poor Barton," Petrie mused, "he was always surrounded by clouds of strange servants. Are there any in your camp?"

"Not a soul," I assured him. "We're

(*Continued on page 47*)

Under Fire

The story of a great dog, who loved nothing better than fighting—and a shooting sheriff, who didn't know how to quit

By Alan LeMay

ALL day long they plugged across the high, sun-blasted flats of Blackcap Basin, following the trail of the Corsons. Two men out to bring back four. Or rather, two men and a dog to bring back four men, for Buck Marquette had his dog.

From the lava-strewn sand of the blazing plain rose the Joshua trees, those twisted, bristle-armed growths that stand so still in the blast of the fiery wind, each one alone; but give no shade to the horseman who rides under their tortured shapes. Between the harsh black blocks of the lava wound the swerving, single-file trail of four ridden horses that were striking straight across toward the blank granite walls of the Pilot Range. There was no way out of the Blackcap in the direction marked by the trail—unless the Corsons knew that country better than Marquette did, which he did not believe. He was going to have the Corsons in this pocket.

He had never seen the four riders he sought, but he could picture them in his mind, from the reward descriptions on the handbills. Little Pete Corson would be ahead, a fiery little hornet of a man, the best of the four brothers—vicious as a hydrophobic skunk, and harder to discourage than a mule. Next would be Simon Corson on a gaunt dun horse, then Sol, with his droop-lidded, half-blind left eye; and last of all Har'ld Corson, their quick gunshot, swaying in the saddle from his wound, but dangerous as a rattler yet. There had been a fifth—Walt Corson—but he was dead at Ballarat, as part payment for old Tom Wilgus whom Har'ld had killed at that place, for no sufficient reason.

THE two men who followed the Corson trail had one horse between them. Buck Marquette's buckskin horse, that he had ridden for four years, off and on, was dead among the lava blocks, where they had swung down into the Blackcap Basin. The buckskin had snapped a cannon bone. A bad sign, in a way, for the buckskin horse was the one that had given Marquette his name in that country. "Him on the buckskin"—later shortened to Buck—that was the way you got named around there.

Marquette followed the trail afoot, with Extry Bill McClure trailing along behind on his gaunt bay. But ahead of them—way ahead—always walked big Blue, Marquette's dog, knowing the business as well as the men.

It was funny about that dog. Marquette had acquired him four years back, before he had first ridden into Ballarat, and long before he had been elected sheriff there at the age of twenty-four. Blue had been a pup in a saloon at McGee—ten months old, but with nearly his full growth; and he was making a nice thing of himself for George Blaney, bartender, who matched him against any man's dog, any old odds, finish fight or plain.

Even at that age Blue had been a fighting fool, always ready for trouble, which he valued more highly than food. His full name was Bluestone, after his slaty color, which he got from sheepdog ancestry. But from somewhere or other he had got a blockier build than those coyote-like sheepdogs, bigger and stronger, but not a split second less quick on the belly-rip. He never in his life lost a battle with another dog, and George Blaney made a lot of money on bets with people who thought highly of their own.

Then Marquette came riding through McGee, a grinning, fighting, hell-swaggering rider, twenty years old, on the hunt for trouble. It was Saturday afternoon, and already a fair sprinkling of McGee County was there, half full, and you didn't have to go far to get action. Marquette had not been in Blaney's bar ten minutes when he locked horns with Kenoska O'Connor. The rider off the buckskin unslung his gun belt, pushed it across the bar—it wasn't murder he was after—and smashed O'Connor down with his left.

Within seven seconds Blaney's bar was boiling with wholesale war. Start something with one man in a mining town like McGee, and maybe he will gun you down, but start something with a dozen, and guns are not practical. You find yourself the center of a free-style brawl instead, and that was Marquette's meat. He could smash from any angle with either hand, throw a hundred-and-eighty-pound man over his head, and nicely plant an elbow, a knee or a heel.

His blue-gray eyes smoked like hot steel, and as he fought he talked, begging them to come to him. When Marquette was fighting his voice got a belly-hump into it, like a man putting mules against their collars. "Hup! Hup-hup! Come into it! What do you say, what do you say? Hump! Socko! Once again now! Show you how we do in Wyoming!" For that was where he was from.

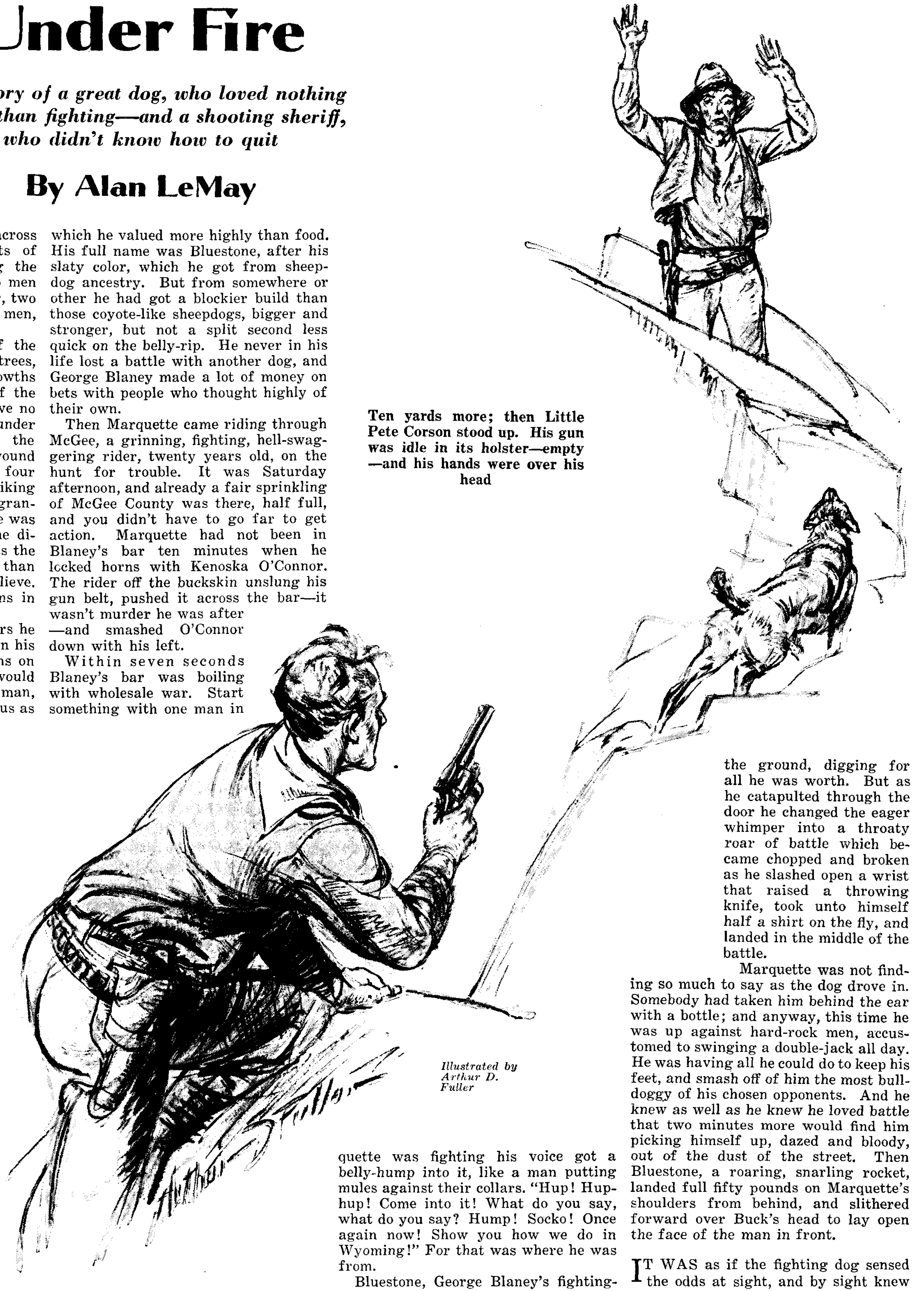
Bluestone, George Blaney's fighting-fool dog, was prowling the chaparral three hundred yards away when that fight started, but he heard the first boom of that joyous fighting voice, the thud of blows, the stamp of feet—and he went into action like an arrow. He had cleared that bar before, and he had a knife scar down one flank to show for it. There was reason, too, for there being only a stump left of his tail, though it only meant he had gone in tail high, not that he had been caught facing any way but into action.

In Blue's throat were little yipping whimpers of pure joy as he shot over the ground, digging for all he was worth. But as he catapulted through the door he changed the eager whimper into a throaty roar of battle which became chopped and broken as he slashed open a wrist that raised a throwing knife, took unto himself half a shirt on the fly, and landed in the middle of the battle.

Marquette was not finding so much to say as the dog drove in. Somebody had taken him behind the ear with a bottle; and anyway, this time he was up against hard-rock men, accustomed to swinging a double-jack all day. He was having all he could do to keep his feet, and smash off of him the most bull-doggy of his chosen opponents. And he knew as well as he knew he loved battle that two minutes more would find him picking himself up, dazed and bloody, out of the dust of the street. Then Bluestone, a roaring, snarling rocket, landed full fifty pounds on Marquette's shoulders from behind, and slithered forward over Buck's head to lay open the face of the man in front.

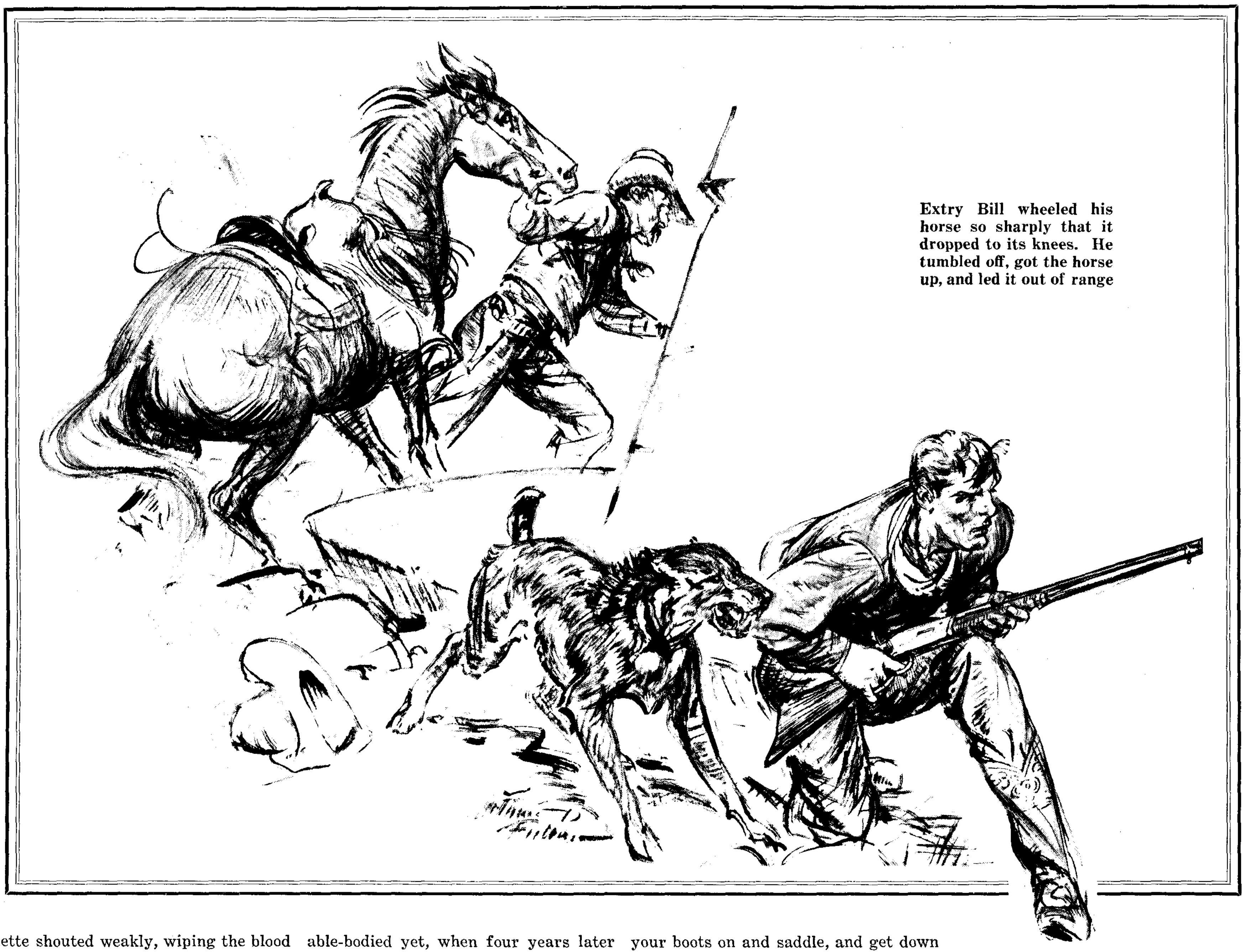
IT WAS as if the fighting dog sensed the odds at sight, and by sight knew the man who was responsible for this ecstasy of battle. In he drove again, and a man who was trying to bite Marquette's leg was turned into a shrieking scramble; then back again between the legs of the lone fighter to set his teeth clean through the boot of another who was trying a lumberman's swing-kick at Marquette's head. A short smother of battle, shot through with shouts, the stampede of boots, and Blue's own ghastly snarling screams of rage and delight—and man and dog stood alone in George Blaney's bar.

"Come back and fight like men," Mar-



Ten yards more; then Little Pete Corson stood up. His gun was idle in its holster—empty—and his hands were over his head

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller



Extry Bill wheeled his horse so sharply that it dropped to its knees. He tumbled off, got the horse up, and led it out of range

quette shouted weakly, wiping the blood out of his eyes with the ribbons of a sleeve. Blue, who had leaped on top of the bar, licked Marquette's ear, and the man, somewhat in need of support, threw an arm across the dog's withers.

George Blaney came out from under the bar, where he had retired upon advice of counsel, fearing gunshot. He was a chunky man with a long angry mustache and resentfully popped eyes. "You've busted into a good afternoon's business," he said, passing Marquette's gun belt back to him. "Now you get the hell out!"

"HOW much for the dog?" said Marquette.

"I'll sell him to any damn' man in McGee for five dollars," said Blaney. "He spoils trade. But I don't like you, and I hate the hell out of Wyoming, and I won't sell to you, not for a million and throw in the hobbles!"

Marquette counted out ten silver dollars, and rang them on the bar. "You can buy and sell men, but not dogs. This ten is a gift: the dog's been mine for an hour."

The barman pushed the silver off the bar onto the floor before Marquette, who let it lie. "If you think you're rocky enough to take that dog out of here—"

"I won't have to," said Marquette; and he walked out.

He was right. Two days later the fighting dog, trailing a length of chain, overtook Marquette, forty miles down the road to Ballarat.

They had been together ever since, and had fought many a brawl together, and won their fair percentage. And by grace of fortune they were alive and able-bodied yet, when four years later man and dog were elected—more or less jointly—to the sheriff's office at Ballarat. By this you will know that Marquette had pulled in his horns somewhat, by then. He had. For by that time he was in love with Ann Walker, the brown-eyed daughter of the man who discovered Ballarat's Queen of Sheba mine. Ann tamed him some; until it got so you had to mention Buck's trying to marry the Queen of Sheba before you could get a fight out of him any more. So, liking him better, but not forgetting that he was a fighting fool and a half, and his dog another, they elected him sheriff by a very slim margin of people who had never been socked by Buck Marquette.

After that he didn't have to hunt trouble any more—it hunted him; but not so soon that he was not starved for a fight by the time the five Corson brothers stabbed their way out of the state penitentiary, stole mounts, and, with five thousand dollars each on their heads, rode south by devious ways, lamming for the wild-horse country of Arizona.

Buck Marquette was asleep in his cabin, his head pillowed on his blue dog's ribs, when Extry Bill McClure brought him word that the Corsons had blazed their trail through Ballarat.

"They've killed Tom Wilgus! The Corsons killed Tom Wilgus, and robbed his layout, and got clear! And I mind by that descripting handbill it was Har'ld Corson killed him, and it's Walt Corson that lays there dead, shot by Tom as his dying stroke. And the boys are rousing the town, and there's a posse forming, and if you want to head it like you got a right, you best pull your boots on and saddle, and get down there to the—"

Buck Marquette swung to his feet and gingerly limbered his left leg, which he had torn in a rock slide the week before.

"Corsons? Where the devil did that outfit come from?"

"They rode in from the north at two this morning—it's two-twenty now. They don't know this country, and they haven't got much start. But, man, they're poison mean! No call to shoot old Tom, right in the stummick, and him with upped hands. Don't you recall the governor's handbill, offering five thousand apiece for the scalps o'—"

"You can just bet your life I remember," said Buck Marquette. "Blue, Blue, we're shot with luck!" He was drawing up his cinch by now.

"There'll be a posse of maybe fifty—"

"Posse hell! We can't afford a posse, Bill. Just you and me—you to stand this volunteer posse back, while I take the Corsons, and we'll split twenty thousand two ways!"

"But they're armed, you damn' fool! Those four Corsons that's left is hard, desperate men, and fighting men, too, and no one or two men is going to—"

"Well, we got Blue, ain't we? Can I marry Ann Walker broke?"

"To hell with Blue! And to hell with— This is a serious matter," the deputy caught himself in time.

"Mount up! They went south, did they? Well, then, come daylight we can cast their trail in the notch of the Lockjaw Hills. Let's go!"

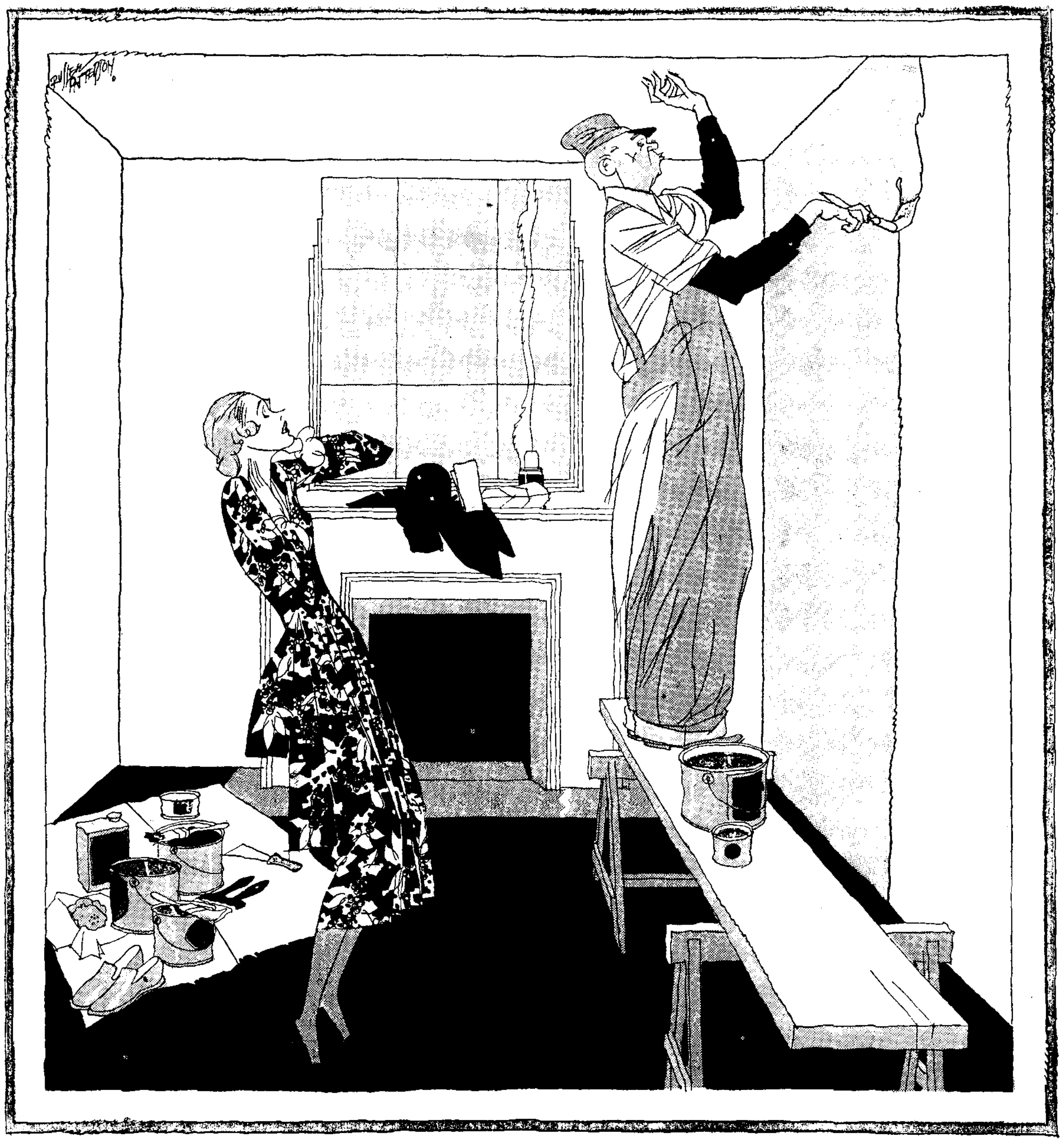
TWO days and a half, a hundred miles, and a dead horse—and Marquette, afoot, with his dog ahead and his still mounted deputy behind, were following a weaving four-horse trail eastward across the vast flat of Blackcap Basin, through the scattered Joshua trees that wavered falsely in the shimmer of the heat.

They had not tasted water since noon of the day before, nor food since the day before that. Against the sheer jagged granite of the Pilot Range queer mirage shapes fluttered, mocking Marquette's eyes. He was too proud to change off and take turns with Extry Bill, riding the remaining horse. Extry Bill was just a nondescript who had been appointed deputy more as charity than anything else, and he was beginning to whine about the odds and the thirst.

As for Marquette, he was limping in spite of himself and plodding on with his teeth set. His tight, high-heeled boots were not built for walking, and his injured leg was unfit. As he stumped onward, raw-heeled, hour after hour, the leg swelled in a flaming fever, numbing and stiffening as the day wore on.

What poison was being ground into the raw flesh by the fine needle-dust of the lava he never knew. But he knew that ahead of him were four vicious varmints on horseback who were heading straight into a trap for the benefit of Buck Marquette. There was a good strapping fight ahead, and fight was Marquette's meat. But there was more to it than that, this time; more to it than duty, and professional reputation, and the avenging of old Tom Wilgus, whom everybody liked. There was the

(*Continued on page 43*)



Once given their head, even union painters can paint a room a wrong color with swift, joyous abandon

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

Mind the Paint

By Anne Vanderbilt as told to Katherine Sproehnle

For that depressed feeling try the right kind of paint and paper in your room before you indulge in self-pity or psychoanalysis. It's surprising what color can do to you

"INTERIOR decoration" has an ugly sound. I wish I knew some other term to apply to an art which is compounded of emotion and instinct as well as practice. Theoretically every woman should possess enough of that celebrated intuition to make her home, or whatever other place she chooses to furnish, entirely charming and suitable, but except to a fortunate few such ability comes only as the result of study, observation and training.

You can almost tell when a woman is furnishing a house by the look that comes into her eye when she sees something she admires in another's house. "The drapery look," I call it, the passion to see if the curtains are really interlined, to lift up the ruffle on the couch and discover whether the chintz is a slip cover or an inseparable companion to the piece of furniture. I've gotten so sensitive to the look that the moment such an earnest seeker comes into my house I take her by the hand and say "My dear, I know just how you feel. Repressions are bad for you; look at the underside of everything you like."

I myself have been lucky enough to travel a great deal, and have done some assiduous looking while I traveled, but it was during war-time in France that I conducted my first serious campaign in the field of interior decoration and realized to the utmost the magnificent or terrible power of arrangement, harmony and paint on human lives and happiness. . . .

Before the United States went into the war I was called upon to organize a large American hospital in Neuilly, just outside of Paris. My first act after details of hospital organization were accomplished was to prescribe color for patients and staff alike.

"We will have bright blue curtains all over the hospital," I said in a firm, assured tone, as if I had crossed the submarine-studded Atlantic for no other reason.

The Color Cure

There was general horror. Whoever heard of anything but white curtains in a hospital? It was radical, it might be dangerous, it might be a germ magnet, it might even make the patients forget they were in a hospital!

During the prolonged general discussion of such a scandalous innovation, I had the curtains made and hung. Everyone was as delighted as if he had thought of it first and forced me into agreement.

I was emboldened by this success. When the United States came into the war I took charge of all canteens in the lines of communication. Despite the hubbub, I felt we must make time for decorative cheer. The dreary gray unpainted shanties and dirty plastered makeshifts of rooms were too similar to the trenches to give the soldiers the relief and stimulation they needed. What could we do? In those days when the arrival of the mere necessities was always a fresh and incredible triumph, how could we manage to get the niceties of drapery and furniture?

Suddenly we thought of paint. The five letters became a magic symbol to us. We bought paint from stores, we begged it from the camouflage service and if we saw an innocent young pot of paint standing around a village street we just drafted it for service in the A. E. F. Everyone indulged in the universal passion for slapping paint on a flat receptive surface.

As we grew more rushed and opened more canteens, we hurled paint over walls and ceilings as a Dutch housewife dashes a bucket of water on her dirty front steps. It obliterated dirt, brightened the place and gave an atmosphere totally different from the mud of France. Men weary and hungry would enter the canteens, look around, smile and throw back their shoulders as if they had seen a pretty face or heard a gay tune.

In France we had to use what color we could get and decide our scheme of decoration on the instant. Here, in time of international and domestic peace, I would advise a little more pondering, though quick decisions and hasty executions develop latent senses which might perish of inanition under more favorable circumstances. In my war experience our color decoration was of necessity crude and bold, but I suppose I discovered more of the effect of color on people by this haphazard trial-and-error method than I had in all the years of careful furnishing, decorating, moving and changing my own various houses. It was to stand me in good stead later.

When I came back to this country after the war it didn't seem a great twist to turn my attention to women. It is, it seems to me, as important for women warriors in the everyday battles of professional and business life to have a cheerful place to come home to as it had been for the doughboys. So when Miss Anne Morgan asked me to take charge of the decoration and furnishing of the residential clubhouse of the American Woman's Association in New York, I found myself with a superb chance to work out my collected theories.

A Chinese Step-Child

I remember well the almost disconcerting opportunity I had to try the theory of quick decisions I have just mentioned. Naturally, in furnishing a twenty-odd-story building with three floors of public living, dining, reading and recreation rooms the finished product doesn't spring full grown from the head of the decorator at one time.

We had a particularly yawning gap, a room which we called the step-child. While the library was paneled in beautiful pine and the great lounge was favored with every piece of lovely old furniture I could lay hands on and the little ballroom was made a complete product in gold and white, this room was used as a dumping ground for paint pots, spotty old ladders and a fine assortment of scrubbing pails.

One fine morning as I was pointing with pride to a recently finished piece of handiwork, someone said: "Did you know we were going to use the 'step-child' for a luncheon for the board of directors day after tomorrow?"

I was shocked, but no protestations that I could make could shake the plan of holding the luncheon there. So I shook myself instead and started out.

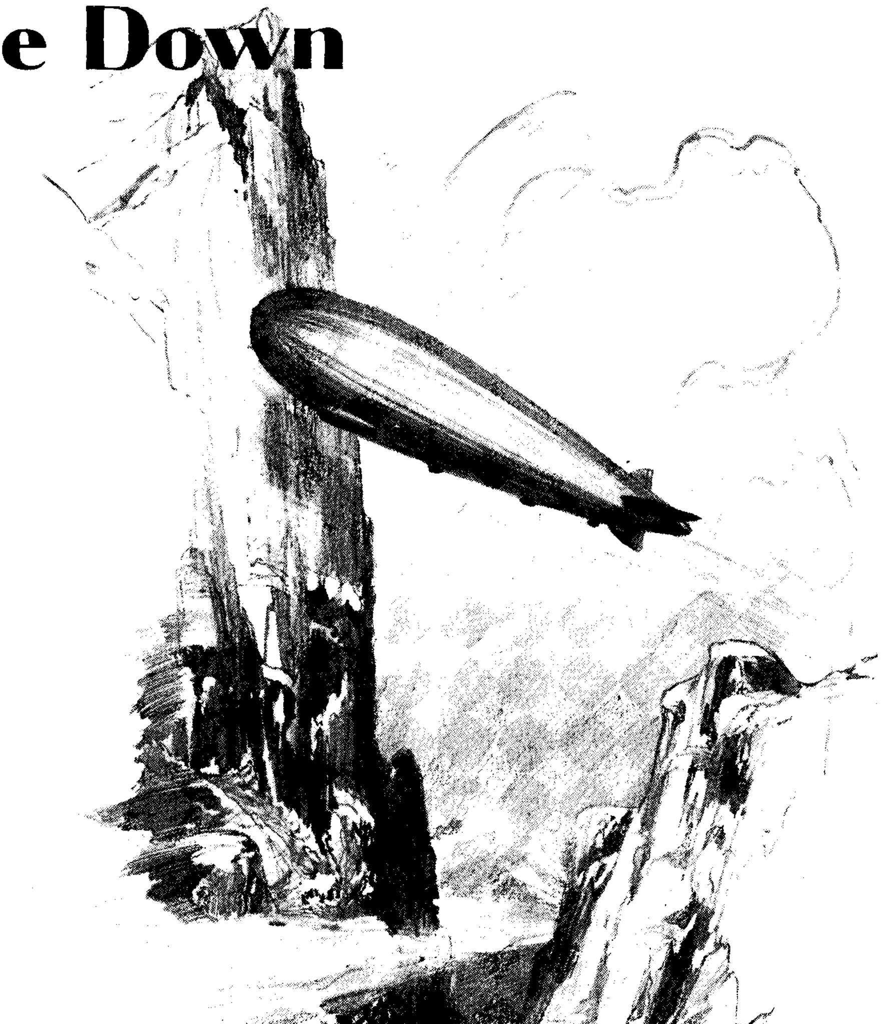
Not only did they want a room overnight, but they wanted a Chinese room overnight—to follow out a scheme we had long ago made for that space. I had thought of doing that room at my leisure, after a careful study of the

(*Continued on page 77*)

When the Graf Broke Down

Here is the story of the Graf Zeppelin's most thrilling voyage. Mr. Nicholson tells of the hours of agonized expectancy when passengers and crew awaited destruction; and the dirigible, with only one engine still functioning, pitched crazily in the jagged gorge of the Rhône

By Frank Ernest Nicholson



The afternoon was now fading rapidly. Suddenly, dead ahead, there loomed out of the deepening gloom the abrupt flank of a mountain

WE WERE somewhere above Spain. I strolled into the control room of the Graf Zeppelin and sat down beside Commander Doctor Eckener. He smiled and laid a hand on my arm.

"Do you understand," he said beamingly, in his simple, broken English, "that nine hours ago we left Friedrichshafen, and in a very short time will pass Gibraltar? You will not see land again until we arrive at Lakehurst! We are making a record! We are . . ."

The booming of a gong deafened us . . . the commander's smile faded, and gave way to an expression of grave concern. The lever of the control instruments of the rear starboard motor became active. Something serious had happened. The whistle of the speaking tube shrilled. Captain von Shiller rushed to the mouthpiece. Every man in that control room watched him breathlessly. After a moment of suspense, he turned to Eckener, apprehension in his eyes: "Rear starboard motor gone—crankshaft snapped!"

Then followed a hurried conference between the commander and his staff—German words snapped back and forth like sparks from an electric transmitter. Should they go on and make the trip with the four remaining motors, or turn back to Germany?

The Graf Zeppelin's five motors, it will be recalled, are located in gondolas suspended some fourteen feet from the surface of the outer bag. In each of these gondolas a mechanic is on duty every minute of the day and night. Eckener ordered a report from each of the men. Captain von Shiller returned to the telephone. Each of the other mechanics reported his motor functioning perfectly.

"Well, shall we turn back?" Captain Lehmann inquired.

The commander hesitated. "I believe we could continue safely—although it would be necessary to go very slowly," he replied, after a moment of thought. Then he rose, started toward the passenger salon. "I shall tell the passengers and leave it to them."

Scarcely had he uttered the words than again the gong sounded—violently. Suddenly the lever on the front starboard motor control spun around. It seemed eerie—unbelievable—yet, the entire scene was being reënacted. Again the speaking tube shrilled—once again von Shiller rushed to the mouthpiece.

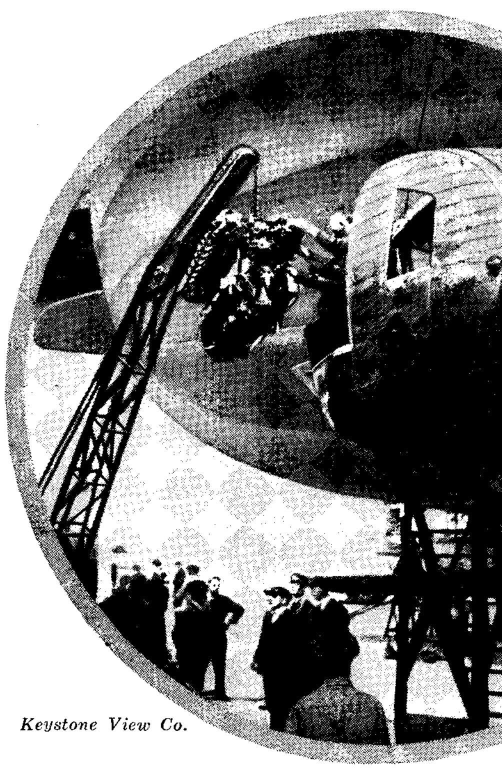
"Now the *front* starboard motor is gone! Crankshaft snapped!"

"Turn back at once!" Eckener shouted the command to the man at the steering control, then started again for the main salon. I followed.

The Confident Passengers

The door opened to reveal a happy group of passengers, their emotions stirred by the thrill of flying from continent to continent. Here was no thought of possible mishap—had they not sensed the smooth precision with which the ship had glided over Europe since the very moment of our take-off? The ship's phonograph was unwinding the plaintive melody of Dvořák's Going Home. Mrs. Pierce and Count Albrecht Monteglas were dancing. In another corner four passengers were immersed in a game of contract bridge. Near the door sat Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, his bearded face buried in a notebook. Cocktail time, other passengers sat grouped in a circle, laughing and chatting as they sipped from frosted glasses. Carefree they were, all worry left behind on the careworn world down there below them.

Dr. Eckener and the author, after the landing at Cuers-Pierrefeu hangar



Keystone View Co.

New engines had to be shipped from Germany and installed before the Graf Zeppelin could return

Suddenly every eye was turned upon the newcomer. Not a word had the commander spoken; not a sound had his entrance caused. And yet—the air was suddenly charged with drama. It was embodied in the commander, framed there in the door.

"I have rather serious news for you," said Eckener, after a moment. "Two of our motors are broken beyond repair. We are turning back to Friedrichshafen. Please remain calm. We shall have to travel slowly. It will take us perhaps thirty hours to reach home. There is no immediate danger—unless more motors break!"

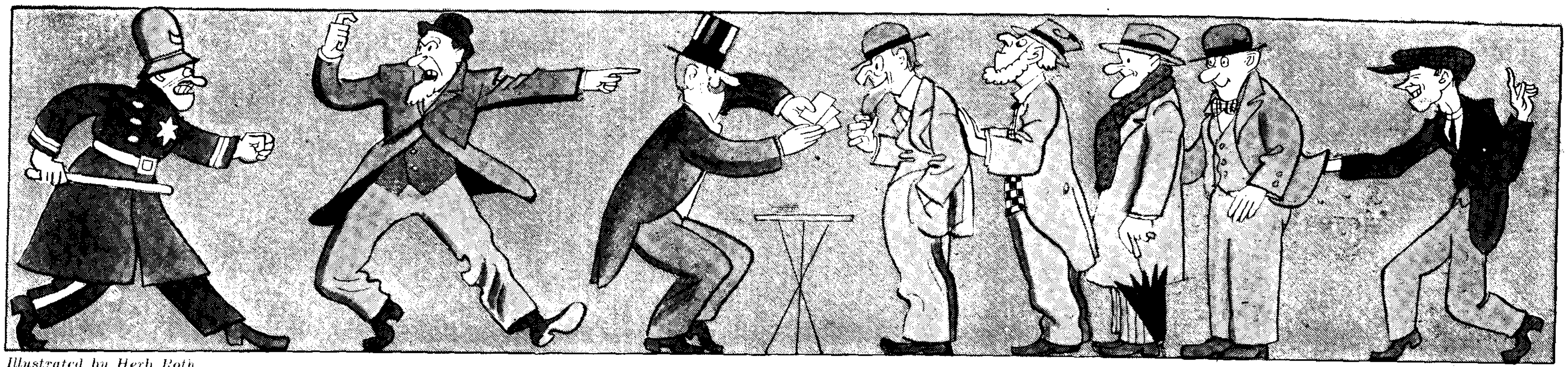
Thus was the news broken to the passengers that our attempt to fly the ocean had failed. It came as a thunderbolt from the clearest of skies. A tense silence followed the commander's announcement. A silence of stupefaction rather than alarm. Someone stopped the phonograph. The cards were put away. Glasses were cleared from the table. And presently the steward started laying the tables for dinner.

An Uneasy Night

We retired rather early, but I doubt whether any of the passengers slept. The ship was now traveling a bit unsteadily. Ordinarily she flies with absolute smoothness, but now, with two fifths of our power gone, we were battling a strong headwind. It was difficult to disrobe, turn out the lights and climb into one's berth.

For that matter, there was nothing reassuring in the uneven pulsation of the motors or the quivering of the ship, felt at intervals during gusts of wind.

(*Continued on page 74*)



Illustrated by Herb Roth

Dirty Work at the Crossroads

Mr. Burgess used to be a confidence man of the old school. Adept at three-card monte, poker, the shell, eight-die cloth, big joint and the country send, he has acquired very extensive and peculiar knowledge of human nature. Here he tells the story of his adventures, giving his associates and victims, for obvious reasons, a new set of names

By Walter Davenport *and* Al Burgess

I GUESS I was about the only man in the Middle West who sort of felt sorry when Kicking Jim Frazer died. As Jim didn't have any kin I know of, maybe I might stretch that and say I was about the only mourner anywhere. At that, my sorrow wasn't what you'd call hysterical. Jim was a cantankerous old nuisance but he had been my partner and he did teach me all he knew about marked cards.

Jim dropped dead in Burlington, Iowa, holding three aces in his skinny hand. He had them because he had dealt them to himself in his own gambling house. But he was getting along in years and his faculties got to cutting up on him when he was needing them most and these three aces he had forced upon himself were ruined by four kings one of his customers had got somewhere. And Jim dropped dead on the table.

"Ye durned swindler," he shouted at the king-holder, who was just radiating cheer and good will about this time. "Whut do you mean, comin' in here actin' like this, you dirty cheatin'—"

And then, as I say, Jim passed out cold with apoplexy. That was the trouble with Jim: always flying off the handle at some customer when things went a little wrong. Probably that customer of Jim's hadn't any idea what it was all about. I never met a man as mean as Jim could be. Always crowding the innocent. After a while I got tired out calming him down. I couldn't keep my mind on the cards and Jim's temper, too.

I parted from Jim along about 1881. If a sucker offered any sort of resistance or delayed succumbing to our combined efforts to take his money away from him, Jim would fly into a tantrum and chide the poor fellow something scandalous. That won't do when you're depending on the public for your living as we were. Still, as I say, I felt sort of sorry about old Jim. He wasn't a well man. I think it was his liver.

I was just a boy about sixteen or so when Jim picked me up. It was in Bushnell, Illinois, and I was working with a plaid-back deck which I'd shaded or marked to suit myself. It was up over a livery stable and I must have been doing pretty well because Jim called me aside after a while and asked me where I'd learned the cheater trade.

"The Tinker showed me some," I said. "Some I picked up myself."

The Tinker was Johnny Lichtenvahl, a crossroads poker player and monte dealer pretty well known in Illinois in the seventies and eighties.

"What's your name?"

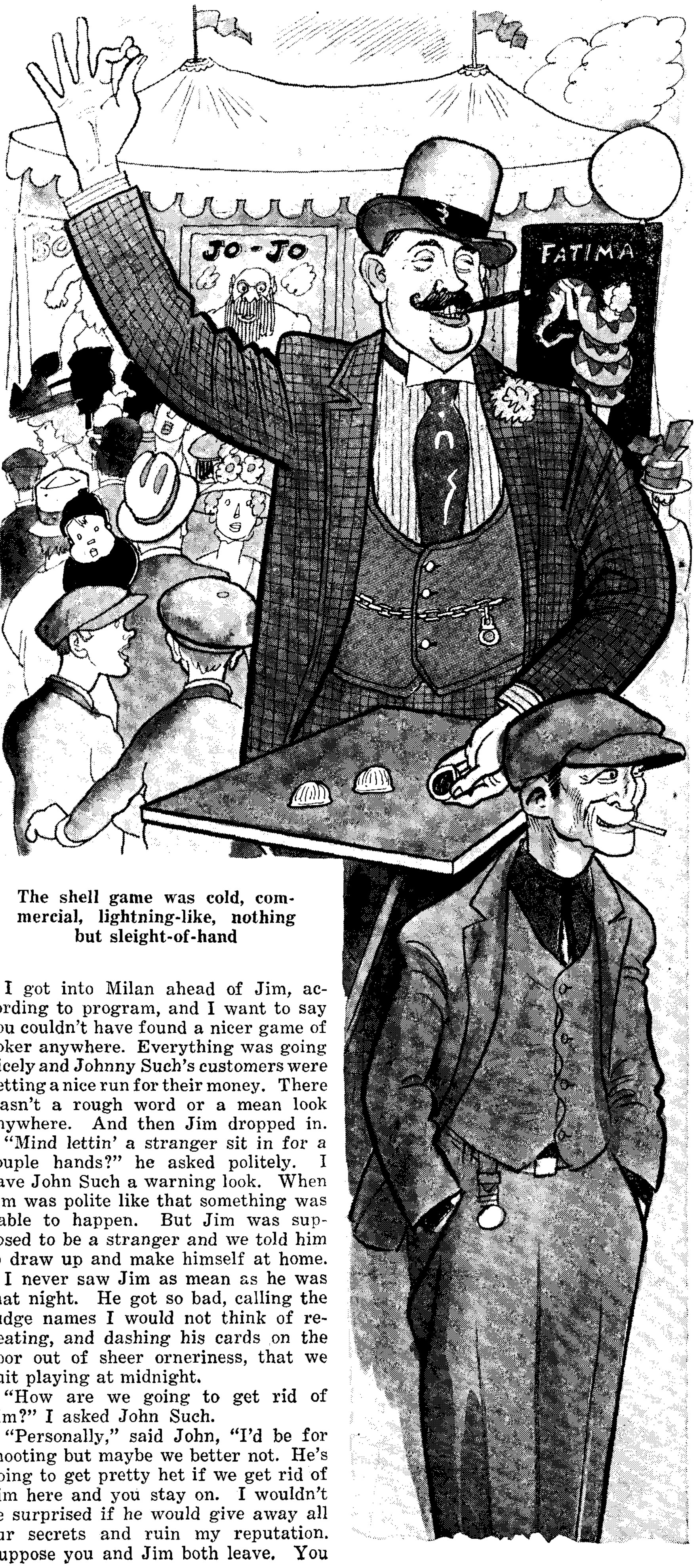
"Al Burgess. I come from Galesburg."

"Well," said Jim, "how about us joinin' up together? I been crossroadin' around a pile of years and kinda know one place from another. But my eyes ain't as good as they used to be and I'm gittin' along some. You're a young feller with a pair of good eyes and a confidin' look. With what I know, you and me together ought to do right smart, seems to me."

Among the various things I learned from Jim was to hold my temper. He never could. We stuck together, though, for a couple of years until it just got so that there was no tolerating Jim any more. The break came in Milan, Missouri, after Jim insulted a gathering of leading citizens including County Judge Grigsby, Banker Warren McCullough and County Clerk Nove Winter and got so mean that John Such, our host at the local hotel, had to throw him out.

Throwing Away Money

Jim and John Such, proprietor of the hotel, were friends too, before that. John was a smart fellow and a good card player. He had a poker game on his second floor and his customers were among the best people in Sullivan County—Judge Grigsby, Banker McCullough and Nove Winter, and the like. Jim and John agreed that I was to come up and sit in the game with marked decks provided by Jim but marked by me, and Jim, John and I would split the proceeds three ways.



The shell game was cold, commercial, lightning-like, nothing but sleight-of-hand

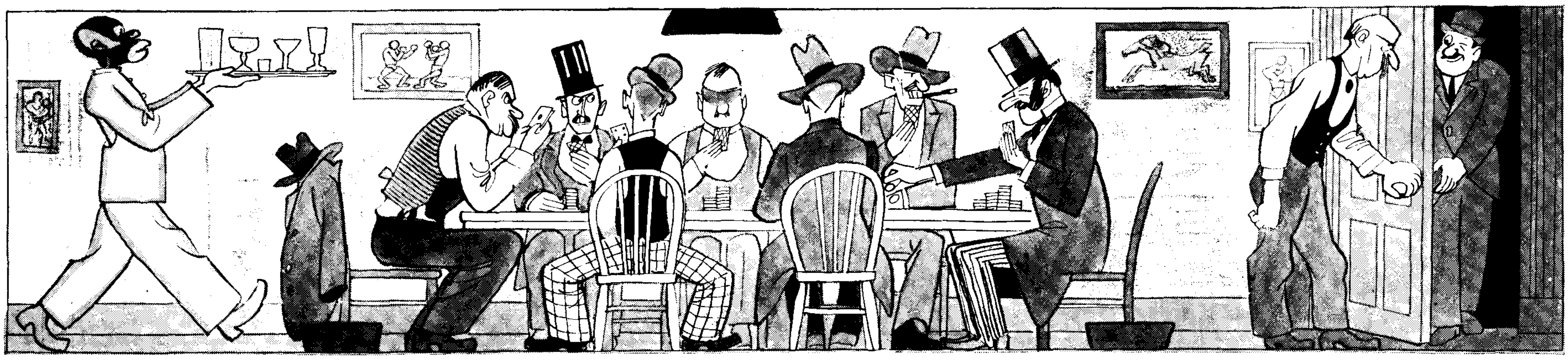
I got into Milan ahead of Jim, according to program, and I want to say you couldn't have found a nicer game of poker anywhere. Everything was going nicely and Johnny Such's customers were getting a nice run for their money. There wasn't a rough word or a mean look anywhere. And then Jim dropped in.

"Mind lettin' a stranger sit in for a couple hands?" he asked politely. I gave John Such a warning look. When Jim was polite like that something was liable to happen. But Jim was supposed to be a stranger and we told him to draw up and make himself at home.

I never saw Jim as mean as he was that night. He got so bad, calling the judge names I would not think of repeating, and dashing his cards on the floor out of sheer orneriness, that we quit playing at midnight.

"How are we going to get rid of Jim?" I asked John Such.

"Personally," said John, "I'd be for shooting but maybe we better not. He's going to get pretty het if we get rid of him here and you stay on. I wouldn't be surprised if he would give away all our secrets and ruin my reputation. Suppose you and Jim both leave. You



get rid of him and sneak back here in two or three weeks."

And that is what I did and that is how Jim and I came to the parting of the ways. A man in our line of business just couldn't treat six or eight thousand dollars like Jim did there in Milan. I went back and without Jim's awful temper to distract me I took $2,500 out of Milan as my part of the merrymaking.

For the next couple of years I crossroaded through the Middle West playing poker for the good houses and meeting lots of nice people and learning a lot of things a young fellow ought to know. I don't say I was the best card manipulator there was. I was known as a good, dependable cold-deck man and a quiet plugger, handling marked cards without getting caught and making practically no enemies. I met gamblers who would have taken a cook stove from a widow woman but early in life I made up my mind that was no way to act. Also I had a very innocent face, which made the public want to take unfair advantage of me, and that was very good for business.

Before Uncle Sam took a hand in the World War and I retired from the grifting profession to become law enforcement officer in the United States navy (seeing that our brave sailors did not forget themselves and do things they'd be sorry for afterward) I had a well-earned reputation for poker, three-card monte, the planting and disposing of gold bricks, top and bottom, eight-die cloth, faro, the country send, the shells, big joint and similar diversions. I had worked with and against many fine, outstanding gamblers including Curly Jack Gorham, Luke Short, Nat Brown, Tony Lane, Jeff Davis, Joplin Sam Parkes, Dan Stewart, Frank Flynn, the boss of Hot Springs, Chet Wilson, who went astray from keeping bad company and took to robbing post offices, Marx Gumberts, Jim Sturgis and others too numerous to mention. I had been retained by gambling houses of all manners and descriptions, from rooms over saloons to the gilded palaces of sin in Hot Springs. I had worked the circuses, including the Sells Show, Howe's Great London Circus, McMahon Brothers, S. H. Barrett and Company and the Great Harris Nickel Plate Show.

In short I have lived a full and satisfying life, arriving now at my seventieth year with a clear conscience, knowing that I never took a nickel from a man who wasn't quivering to take two from me. Looking back over it serenely, without any more money than I have regrets, which is about none, it looks like a circle to me. I'm just about where I started.

This crossroading through the Middle West after getting rid of Jim brought me after a while to Fort Scott, Kansas, where my friend Dick Hastings was dealing faro. I was just a young fellow learning that the world is full of bumps, including bankers like Mr. Bradfield in Paris, Missouri. I have no hard feelings for Mr. Bradfield any more but he certainly hurt me the day I went into his bank and asked him to give me a one-hundred-dollar bill for a parcel of fives and tens I had picked up here and there with my favorite cards. After counting my money seven times he charged me forty cents for doing me that favor and, while I paid it because I did not want to argue with him, I was obliged a few years later to sell him a gold brick for $4,500. I was glad to learn later that he was very mortified, although I was never vindictive.

When Dick Hastings saw me that day in Fort Scott he put his box aside for a minute and told me Curly Jack Gorham had gone into the hotel business in Lincoln, Nebraska, with Nat Brown, who used to be superintendent of the Pony Express. And Curly Jack wanted to see me.

A Sociable Game

I must say that Curly and Nat had a mighty pretty set-up. The Nebraska legislature was in session and one of the state's outstanding patriots was about to be elected to the United States Senate with the help of his owner, the Union Pacific Railroad. Curly was very glad to see me and introduced me to a noble but highly larcenous old gentleman he called Judge Savage.

The judge, who looked as if he was always about to lead in prayer, took me aside and, through more whiskers than I had ever seen before in that bewhiskered era, told me that he was working for the railroad, too, and that in its interests he had taken a couple of rooms in Curly's hotel.

One of them was furnished with a dozen chairs, a poker table and a dozen packs of cards, which I treated with skill and care, shading the backs of some with ink where it would be noticeable only to the highly trained eye, and deftly scoring the corners of others. A few friends drew up chairs and a sociable game of poker was born.

In the adjoining room the judge had set up an improvised but attractive bar where drinks were served without charge, and into this room came Nebraska's lawmakers to greet the judge and partake of his hospitality. They had to go there, you see, to get a nice little book full of satisfying facts about the splendors of the Union Pacific Railroad and de luxe photographs of its officials, to say nothing of stirring pictures of the scenery along the route.

Give and Take

Somewhere in each book the judge had inserted a five-hundred-dollar bill which the legislators seemed to suspect, as none left the books behind but tucked them carefully into their inside pockets.

Then the old boy led them right into my room where, as I say, a game was going on. I declare, it certainly surprises me as I look back on it. Hardly any of those boys declined to sit in, hating to hurt the judge's feelings. And I must say I never played with a finer lot of gentlemen. Not one of them squawked over the loss of his money. We took twenty thousand dollars of that Union Pacific money before the judge decided he needed a change of air. He and I split it fifty-fifty, which was satisfactory to me, I never being a greedy man, but which seemed to irk the judge something terrible.

The judge couldn't seem to get his mind off my ten thousand dollars. He said something about me being pretty young to have all that money in cash, and wouldn't I like him to help me in placing it where it would pay nice dividends. I told him that I wasn't much of a business man, but from what I had seen of our captains of industry I thought maybe my cash was better off if left to repose in my hip pocket, which was very deep and lined with leather, to say nothing of a row of buttons on the flap.

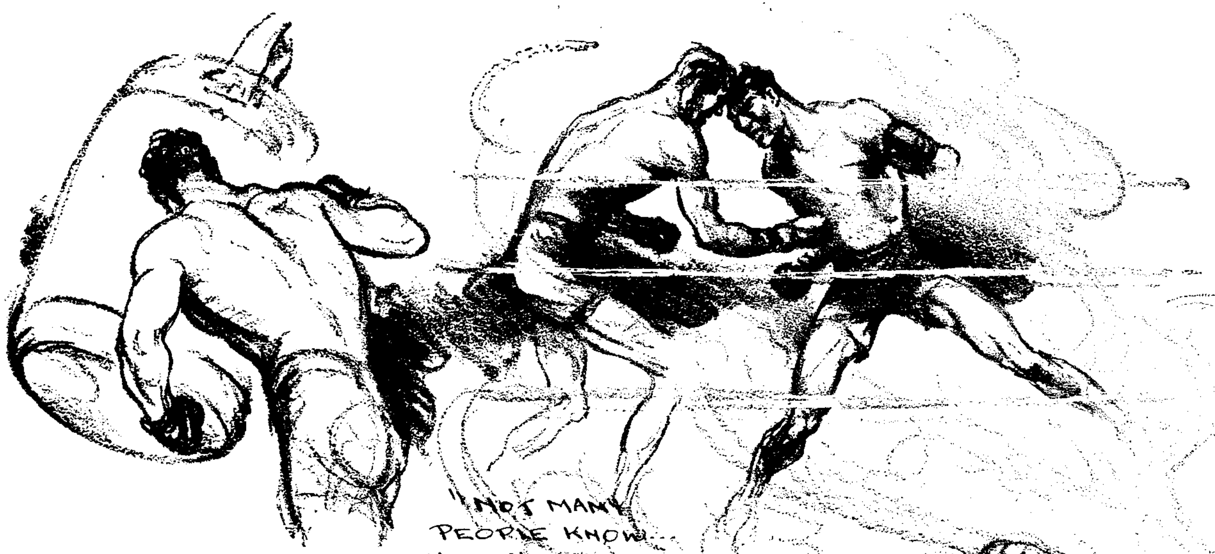
But the judge was a very persistent old party. He suggested that we go to Omaha, where a friend of his was dealing faro. Between us, he thought, we ought to take the bank right away from the fellow. But I said I was a little tired and needed a rest and that I was thinking of a girl in Kansas City, as boys will now and then, and that I would move over to K. C. for a few days and investigate the sentiments of the lady. So the judge and I parted and there were tears in the lovely old chap's eyes too. He just couldn't get his mind off my ten thousand dollars.

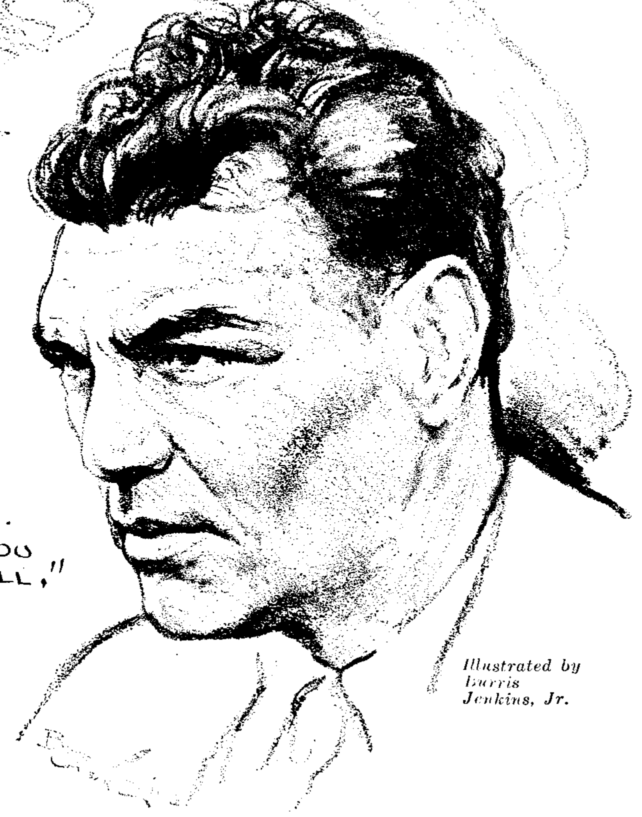
After a brief season of moseying around partaking of the good things of life, I went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where Tony Lane, Jeff Davis, Joplin

(*Continued on page 60*)

By Grantland Rice

If Jack Dempsey starts a comeback he won't have to travel very far, for he has kept in condition since his last big fight and could bring plenty of action into the next one


"NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW HOW HARD AND LONG I SLUGGED AT THAT BIG BAG--"


"IF I FELT THERE WAS ONE MORE FIGHT IN MY SYSTEM... WELL, YOU CAN'T TELL."

Illustrated by Harris Jenkins, Jr.

"Well, you can't tell"

BOB ZUPPKE, the University of Illinois football coach, watched Jack Dempsey swing easily through the lobby of a hotel and then take two steps at a time on his way to the next floor.

Zuppke is one of the smartest football coaches in the game and he has ability to size up an athlete's possibilities, especially for speed and quick reflexes.

"There's a natural athlete," Zuppke said. "You can tell by the way he moves around. He may be nearly thirty-five but I'd still like to have him for an end on my team."

We joined the Manassa Mauler at lunch. Zuppke was further impressed with Dempsey's keenness and alertness and he was especially interested in the power of his wrists and hands. As Dempsey left after an hour's interesting talk and again took two steps at a time on his way downstairs, Zuppke said:

"If that man hasn't one more good fight in his system I must be blind. I know condition when I see it. He may not be able to go at top speed for many rounds, but he would still be a dangerous fellow for four or five rounds."

The first interesting point Dempsey brought out in his luncheon conversation was that he had been boxing for nearly twenty-seven years. "I started when I was eight," he said, "and I'll be thirty-five in June. I had an older brother who was a boxer, so of course I had to get a pair of small boxing gloves and go to it with four or five kids in the neighborhood about my age and size. But I guess most of it was slugging, swinging with all we had. Anyway, when you start at eight you feel at home with gloves on in a ring. I don't believe many thought that when I met Willard at the age of twenty-four I had actually had sixteen years' boxing experience, which was a lot more than Willard had ever had."

"What's the trouble with most of the heavyweights today?" I asked Dempsey.

"They are not willing to give their entire attention to building themselves up and learning the game," he said. "It's the same as any other business. If you want to succeed you've got to work hard and learn all you can.

"I first decided to put all I had on offense and let the defensive side take care of itself. But I studied that side more than people think. In one of my first fights in New York when I was still young I met John Lester Johnson, a big, rough black man, who was then pretty good. I was getting along all right until one round when I came in with my left elbow too high. Johnson was smart enough to lift it a little higher and then crack two of my ribs with a terrific body punch.

In the Heavy Bag

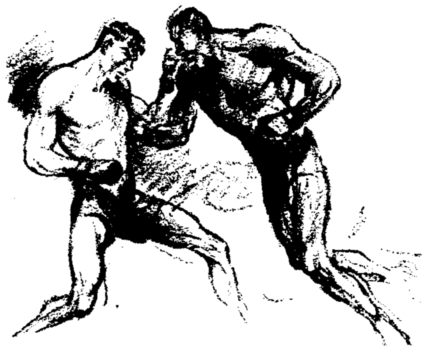
"That punch didn't do me any good that night but it helped me a lot, later on. It taught me something about body protection. As I went along, every time I got hit I learned something and found ways to improve my defense that wouldn't take away from my attack."

"How did you ever build up that punching power?" Zuppke asked.

"Largely through a heavy bag," Jack replied. "I don't believe many people appreciate how hard and how long I worked slugging away at that big bag. That wasn't a matter of a few weeks but a hard, steady grind for several years."

"The three things that count most in a football attack," said Zuppke, "are power, speed and deception. How does that system tie up with the attacking side in the ring?"

"I counted mainly on power and speed," Dempsey said. "I used to weave and bob to give my opponent a moving target to hit at, but I guess there wasn't much deception about it. My idea was to get in close in a hurry and get in one good punch. If the other fellow started a swing I tried either to beat him to it or to take it and let him have a harder one in return."


"...CAME IN WITH MY LEFT ELBOW TOO HIGH... CRACKED TWO OF MY RIBS..."

"You look to be in great shape now. What chance is there for one more fight?" I asked.

"Who is there to fight that could draw a lot of money?" Dempsey asked in return. "We should have had a heavyweight champion by now and we would have had one if Tex Rickard had lived. Everybody knew last summer that Sharkey and Schmeling were the only two heavyweights that counted. If they had been matched in September there would have been a new champion and the whole game would have boomed.

"I've kept in fine condition and have continued light training and if I felt there was one more battle in my system—well, you can't tell. It depends a lot on just who my opponent would be."

"Do you think Schmeling's long layoff will hurt him much?" Dempsey was asked.

"Naturally it won't help him," he said. "He was coming along in a hurry early last summer and with one or two more fights under his belt he would have been a hard one to beat. But he has been out of action now for over seven months and he will need a lot of hard work to pick up the time he has lost. Schmeling is aggressive and a good puncher and that's the combination the crowd likes to watch."

"You two ought to give the crowd plenty of action," Zuppke suggested.

"That's the kind of fighter I like to meet," Dempsey said with a grin. "I'm willing to go to them and if they will also come to me there won't be much time wasted in getting some action."

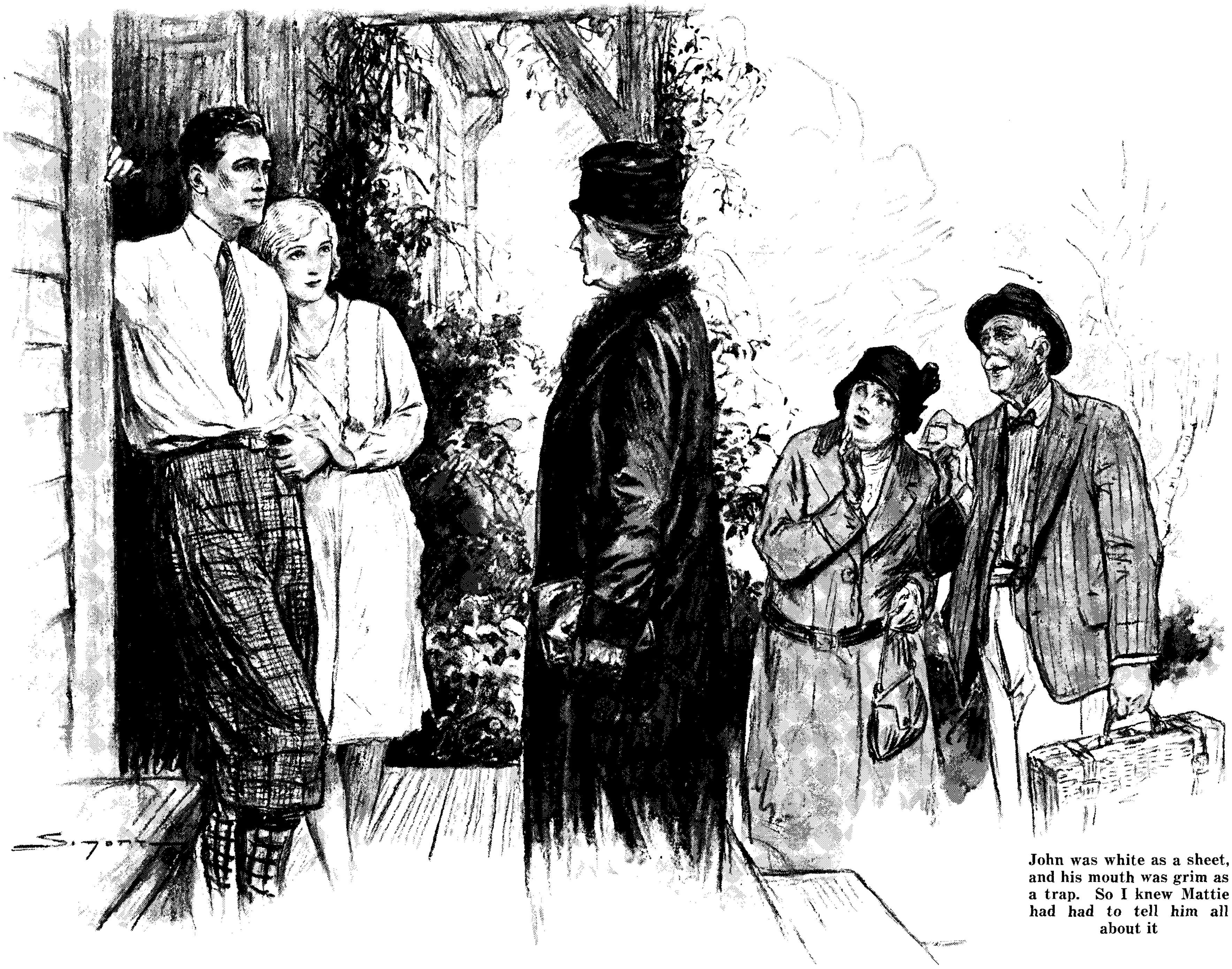
Dempsey, with all his restless eagerness to keep moving and to find action, undoubtedly hopes to be the Tex Rickard of promoters. He believes that fight promotion is a combination of business and the willingness to take a chance. He believes he knows the business side of the game and he is also willing to gamble if it looks worth while.

There's Hope Yet

He has big plans for the coming summer season and it may be upon the outcome of these plans that his chance of trying another fight will depend. The Old Mauler may venture one more fight if his promoting plans don't work out. He may even decide to fight again, no matter what happens on the promoting side. The coming summer or next September will be his last chance. He will be thirty-five in June, just about the age Jim Corbett was when he carried Jeffries along for twenty-three rounds at a dizzy pace.

After the Dempsey interview I asked Corbett what chance he thought Dempsey would have in one more stand.

"It would all depend upon his opponent," Corbett said. "Take a man like Schmeling, who comes to you. That would make a great fight and Dempsey would have a fine chance to win. But he would have to win in about four rounds because I don't believe his legs would last much longer. He would have hardly any chance against a good boxer who could keep away four or five rounds or tie him up. But against an aggressive opponent willing to swap punches I think Jack would have a good chance and the crowd at least would see a real fight."



John was white as a sheet, and his mouth was grim as a trap. So I knew Mattie had had to tell him all about it

Three's a Crowd

The trouble with John and his sweetheart was one that has darkened many a happy home—they couldn't believe that Mother knew best

By Vera Santini

I NEVER did like Mattie, you know; even before my son married her, I told him so quite frankly. "You'll have trouble with that girl, mark my words! She's one of the 'soft answer' kind," I said; "the kind that says 'yes, dear,' and slips round behind your back to suit herself. Those low-voiced little blondes are slippery as eels, and as smart at wiggling out of things."

Up to the time he met Mattie, I'd never had any trouble with John. The night his father died, when John was ten, he said to me, "Mother, don't you fret; I'll take care of you." I can see him now, standing beside me, his big dark eyes all frightened-like, but his mouth stubborn with keeping back the tears, and his hands gripping mine hard.

"You'll have to, John, my boy," I told him, for his father's insurance had run out, which didn't surprise me—a more shiftless man than my late lamented you wouldn't find in a day's run, and always full of excuses, too. When I married him, he was a bookkeeper in the city firm my John works for now, but by the time he died he'd come down to clerking in the dry goods store here in town, and every minute he could slip away, he'd be puttering as if his life depended on it out in the shed here—his workshop he called it.

"If you'd put some of that energy into paid work, you'd get somewhere," I used to say.

"What's the use of trying to satisfy you, Henrietta," he'd say to me, "if whatever I do is wrong?" And he'd look at me and sigh.

ONE day—that was the day before he was run over—he burst out: "Henrietta, did you ever stop to think that if you gave me a boost instead of a knock every time I put my foot inside this house, I might surprise you by amounting to something?" Always making excuses, he was, shiftless right up to the end. Even the day he got run over, the bus driver said he'd had plenty of time to get out of the way.

"Looked around at me when I blew my horn, and I'll swear with my last breath that he just shrugged his shoulders and took it standing, instead of jumping out of the way like anyone else." That's what the bus driver said.

Well, to get back to John; there was nothing shiftless about him. I saw to that, all right. He was up at five, ran a paper route before and after school, and worked in the drug store at night. Stood real well in his classes, too. He was a great one to read about people, biographies, he called 'em. Many's the time I've taken his book away from him when he was little.

"There's no use filling your head with all this nonsense," I said, "while what little sense you have goes wool-gathering. Where's the wood I told you to bring in? And you've forgot the butter from the store. What good does it do you to read about Benjamin Franklin? Keep your mind on your job."

"And my dreams to myself, I suppose," he'd answer.

"Dreams never got your father anywhere," I'd tell him. And he'd look at me, his big dark eyes all puzzled-like and his forehead puckered, with his head a little on one side like he was listening to something I couldn't hear.

He was seventeen when the war broke out, and wild to join the navy—he was just a runner then in the firm he's with now—but I wouldn't stand for any such nonsense. And lucky I didn't I said to him later on, or he wouldn't have got on so fast. But he just gave me one of those broody looks of his—like his father he is, sometimes, but not shiftless, for I've seen to that.

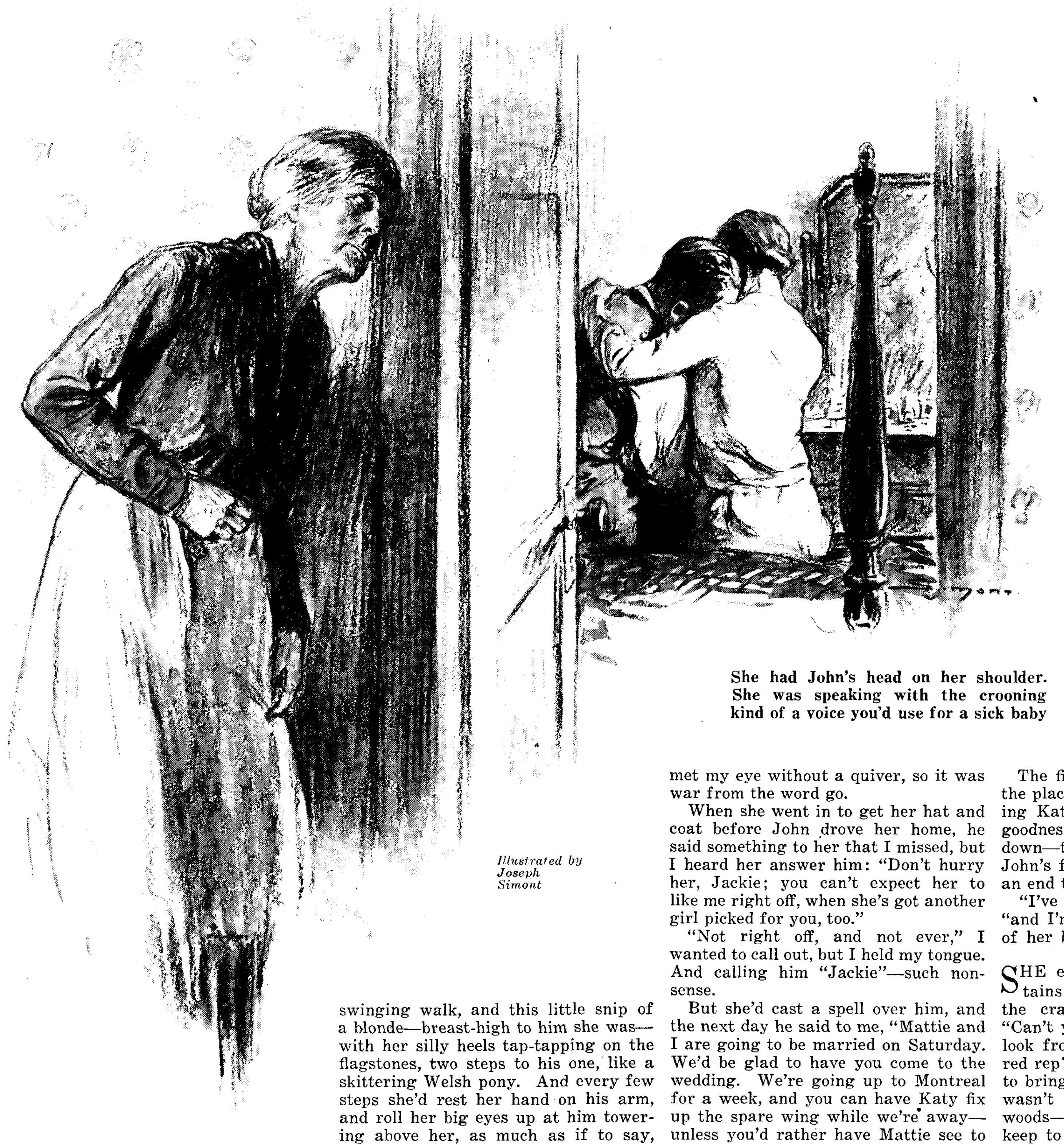
"Don't you ever think of patriotism, and owing something to the country you live in?" he asked.

"I've got all I can do to think of myself," I answered. "The country sees to collecting my taxes prompt enough, I notice."

"Well, I've had my schooling off the country, and when I get somewhere, which I will," he said, "I don't intend to forget it."

I let that pass. There's no use arguing with John when he gets that stubborn look.

I KNEW that John would make his way—he's not my son for nothing; but I never expected him to get on so fast, and I can't say I approved of it, either. If he'd married Harriet, the girl I picked out for him, he'd be living right beside me in the spare wing, and no nonsense.



She had John's head on her shoulder. She was speaking with the crooning kind of a voice you'd use for a sick baby

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

But he took up with this Mattie. Her uncle was sales manager in the firm John worked for, and Mattie kept house for him. She was an orphan, and I guess he was glad enough to get her off his hands, and on to a likely boy like my John.

The first hint I had of it—John was always one to keep his mouth shut—was one morning.

"I'm bringing Mattie Morrow out to supper tonight; be nice to her, won't you, Mother?" And that was the first I heard of Mattie.

He could hardly expect me to open my arms to her, knowing how I'd picked Harriet for him. "You'll never read women right," I said. "You'll be taken in sure as shooting. You better stick to Harriet that you know all about."

But he had that stubborn look round his mouth again. "You haven't even seen Mattie yet," he said, kind of short.

I was right, though. Little and blond she was, with coaxing ways, the slick kind. You could see she was twisting him around her finger. It's lucky he has me, I thought. It takes one woman to see through another, and I soon let her know I had her measure, all right.

They came down the path from the gate, my tall dark John with his free swinging walk, and this little snip of a blonde—breast-high to him she was—with her silly heels tap-tapping on the flagstones, two steps to his one, like a skittering Welsh pony. And every few steps she'd rest her hand on his arm, and roll her big eyes up at him towering above her, as much as if to say, "Oh, you great big wonderful man!"

John had never had any of that nonsense from me. I'd brought him up sane and sound, and it gave me a sinking spell to see how he took it.

"Here we are, Mother," he called. He was all jollied up. "Mother, this is Mattie."

"John's told me what a wonderful mother you've been," she purred, arching herself up to me like a kitten.

"I've brought him up in the way he should go, till now, at any rate," I said. I guess she got what I meant, for she wasn't so purry after that.

SUPPER was ready, and we went right in. I'm not one to hide my feelings, so I'd told Katy to set out our everyday china, and we had cold meat and tea, canned peaches and plain bread. When John saw that Katy'd made no hot biscuits, he looked at me and raised his eyebrows.

"Miss Morrow must learn to take us just as we are," I said, real short. He might as well know right off how I felt about it.

"I'm so glad your mother isn't making company of me," she said easily enough, smiling at him as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. But she met my eye without a quiver, so it was war from the word go.

When she went in to get her hat and coat before John drove her home, he said something to her that I missed, but I heard her answer him: "Don't hurry her, Jackie; you can't expect her to like me right off, when she's got another girl picked for you, too."

"Not right off, and not ever," I wanted to call out, but I held my tongue. And calling him "Jackie"—such nonsense.

But she'd cast a spell over him, and the next day he said to me, "Mattie and I are going to be married on Saturday. We'd be glad to have you come to the wedding. We're going up to Montreal for a week, and you can have Katy fix up the spare wing while we're away—unless you'd rather have Mattie see to it later."

No stranger was going to meddle round my house, but I held my tongue. When a thing's done, it's done, I always say; but I made up my mind to keep a pretty close watch on her—I knew John would thank me for it sooner or later.

So they were married at the Little Church Around the Corner. Mattie's uncle gave her away; he was sales manager in the firm John worked for, as I've told you. That Fred Briggs, that John had always clung to, in spite of all I'd said, was best man, and a girl friend of Mattie's stood up with her.

I knew that no good could come of it, so I sat there feeling all the heart go out of me. And every time I looked at Fred Briggs I got madder. I must have sensed how my judgment was to be confirmed, and how he'd be at the bottom of it all. I remembered what a pestiferous boy he'd been, always the cause of any trouble my John was mixed up in, and all the times I'd chased him off the place, and spoken to his mother about keeping him away from my John, till it all seemed more than I could bear to see my son looking like a man in a golden dream, and that Mattie all shining with joy at getting him away from me.

So I made up my mind right then and there that if I fixed up the spare wing for her, like I'd have done for Harriet, she would see to it that I never set eyes on my boy, so I had Katy wash the sash curtains in his old room, and I put in an extra dresser, and took out a couple of chairs. They could just sit downstairs with me, I thought.

When they got back from Montreal, they settled down in John's room, and there was no more talk about the spare wing, except what I heard Mattie say when I was passing through the hall.

She was sitting on the foot of the bed—her back was to the door; it must have blown open, I guess—and she had John's head on her shoulder, like she was comforting him, and she was saying with the crooning kind of a voice you'd use for a sick baby, "But, Jackie dear, it doesn't matter to me, truly it doesn't. There's no use putting your mother to all that bother. You know I'd be happy even in a hut, so long as you were there." More soft soap, of course. You know as well as I do that anyone as easy-going as that will bear right close watching.

The first few days, she was all over the place; mussing in the kitchen, coaxing Katy—who is addle-pated enough, goodness knows, much as I keep her down—to show her how to make all John's favorite dishes. But I soon put an end to that.

"I've had Katy five years," I said, "and I'm not going to lose her because of her being interfered with."

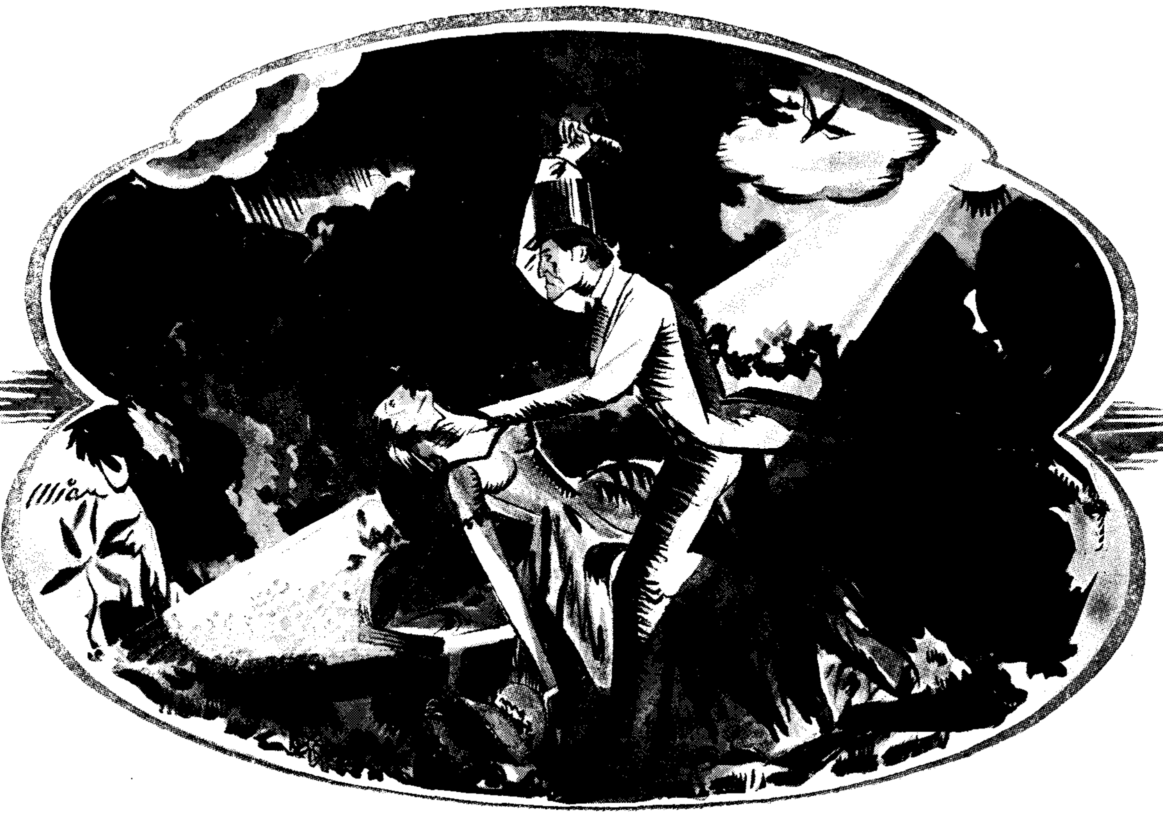
SHE even wanted to make new curtains for their room. She brought me the craziest samples you ever saw. "Can't you realize how funny it would look from outside, in place of my nice red rep?" I asked her. So she got John to bring her some books, and when she wasn't reading, or wandering in the woods—seems as if she just couldn't keep to the road like anyone else—she was sewing clothes. Real handy she was about keeping herself dressed up. "If you'd make those for Mr. Hardy, down at the dry goods, you could put by some money," I'd tell her. It didn't seem right for a young married woman to set so much store by clothes. "You've got your man now," I said to her one day; "you don't need to set any more traps."

She gave me a funny look, slantwise out of those blue eyes of hers that she'd open so wide, and her head was cocked on one side like one of those pert little wrens I'm always chasing off the porch. "I've got my man," she said kind of slow. Then she smiled in that coaxing way of hers that always put my back up. "But I want to keep him too," she said.

"John knows his duty," I answered real short. "He'll do it old clothes or new, so you don't need to waste your time on fluff."

She had a way with men that worried me. John had no money to waste then, so she'd be in the house with me, quiet as you please, when, as I said, she wasn't walking over hill and dale; but let John bring one of the men from the office home for supper, and she'd be a

(*Continued on page 71*)



Illustrated from old prints by George Illian

The Mystery of Mary Rogers

By Winthrop D. Lane

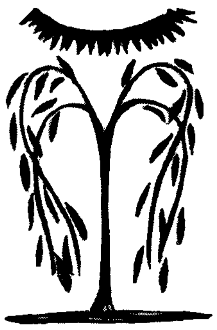
The London alleys of Sherlock Holmes, the Paris of Arsène Lupin, never hid a mystery as sordid and baffling as this one of early New York. Edgar Allan Poe, the keenest detective mind the world has ever known, tried his brain at it. Later evidence showed he had made several hits. Can you complete the unraveling?

IN 1841 Mary Rogers, the "beautiful cigar girl of New York," worked for John Anderson, tobacconist at 319 Broadway, just north of City Hall. Many prominent people bought their tobacco there: Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, Gen. Winfield Scott (the Mexican War hero) and James Gordon Bennett (founder of the New York Herald).

History does not tell us to what particular charms Mary owed her great reputation for beauty. Whether she was light or dark, petite or willowy we do not know. But all accounts agree that she was beautiful, and a great asset to John Anderson in selling smokes to the young blades of the day.

The accounts say also that she was as modest and demure as she was lovely. This, no doubt, is one reason why her mysterious disappearance, and the later finding of her murdered and mutilated body, caused such a sensation all over the United States and crowded less dramatic news out of the papers.

Mary lived at 126 Nassau Street, where her mother kept a boarding house. On the morning of Sunday, July 25th, she stopped at the door of Daniel Payne, one of the boarders, and said that she was going to spend the day with a cousin, Mrs. Downing, who lived at 68 Jane Street, almost two miles away.



Payne said: "All right, Mary, I'll call for you this evening, and we'll walk home together."

Payne was Mary's lover and they were engaged.

But Payne did not keep his promise. A violent thunderstorm arose in the afternoon, and Payne thought that Mary would prefer to spend the night with her cousin, as she had done before.

There were no telephones in those days, and people did not call each other up and rearrange appointments as easily as they do now; they guessed at each other's movements. So Payne went to bed, supposing Mary safe.

Next day she did not come home. Mrs. Rogers became alarmed, and in the afternoon sent to Mrs. Downing's to see where Mary was. Mary had not been there.

Mary's Rejected Suitor

Payne came home from work in the evening to learn that Mary was missing. He started right out in search of her. Though it was a long trip, he went to a friend, Mrs. Pitcher, in Harlem, partly by bus and partly walking, but Mary had not been there. Payne was distracted.

Next day he continued the search, wandering about from street to street and finally crossing the ferry to Long Island City. No clues anywhere. Night came and the mystery thickened.

Payne went to the office of the New York Sun and inserted an advertisement conveying the news that Mary Rogers was lost.

Now, it so happened that there was in New York another young man very much interested in Mary's whereabouts. His name was Alfred Crommeline. He, too, had boarded at Mrs. Rogers' boarding house, but had moved away. Falling under the spell of Mary's charm, he had asked her to marry him; she had refused, and he was disconsolate. Still, he did not act in a bitter manner. He said that if she or her mother ever got into trouble, they were to send for him.

It ought not to have surprised him, therefore, to receive, on the Friday before the fatal Sunday, a note from Mrs. Rogers, but in Mary's handwriting, asking him to call at the Rogers' house.

He did not go; he said that he had been received coolly there the last time and did not wish to go.

On the next day, Saturday, Mary's name was written on the slate outside his door (people had slates outside their doors in those days for messages) and a rose was thrust into his keyhole.

Mrs. Rogers said later that the purpose of these visits by Mary was to get Mr. Crommeline to assist in cashing a due bill for $52 left her by a boarder; but young ladies intent only on cashing due bills do not leave roses in keyholes. Crommeline may have missed a chance to make up with Mary.

On Tuesday Crommeline had heard that Mary was missing, but did not attach much importance to the rumor. When he saw the advertisement in Wednesday morning's Sun, however, he knew the search was serious. On that day, therefore, two young men were trying to find Mary Rogers.

Crommeline knew no better than Payne where to go, but he was more lucky. His quest took him to Hoboken.

In those days the Hoboken waterfront was a center of amusement. It was not the string of docks, factories and warehouses that it is now. New Yorkers went there for an outing on a Sunday afternoon. The Stevens brothers had opened their Elysian Fields, a place of amusement; and not far away was Sybil's Cave, for refreshments.

People spoke of "charming Hoboken," and said that the air was "fresh and invigorating." Ferries ran frequently from the foot of Barclay Street, and the cost of the trip was six and a quarter cents. Between three and four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon three men, whose names are unimportant, were strolling along the "river walk" just above Sybil's Cave. In the waters of the Hudson River, 200 yards from shore, they saw what looked like the body of a human being floating. Running to a dock, they got a boat and brought the body to shore.

Where the Search Ended

It was the body of a young woman. Around the neck was a piece of lace torn from the dress, tied tightly enough to cause strangulation. The face seemed to have been hit repeatedly by a blunt instrument, so that it was unrecognizable. Marks of cords were on the wrists. There were other disfigurements. A bonnet hung by its ribbons around the neck; the clothing was torn; and there were kid gloves on the hands.

As usual, a crowd gathered. Somebody made the body fast by tying it with a rope to a large stone. Everybody craned to see; nobody knew who it was.

Not far away Alfred Crommeline was looking for Mary Rogers. He would go up to a person and say: "Have you seen—" and then give a description. Or he would begin: "Were you here Sunday, and did you see—?" But he got no helpful answers. All at once he saw the crowd.

Breaking into the circle around the body, he bent

(*Continued on page 50*)

Stepdaughters of War

By Helen Z. Smith

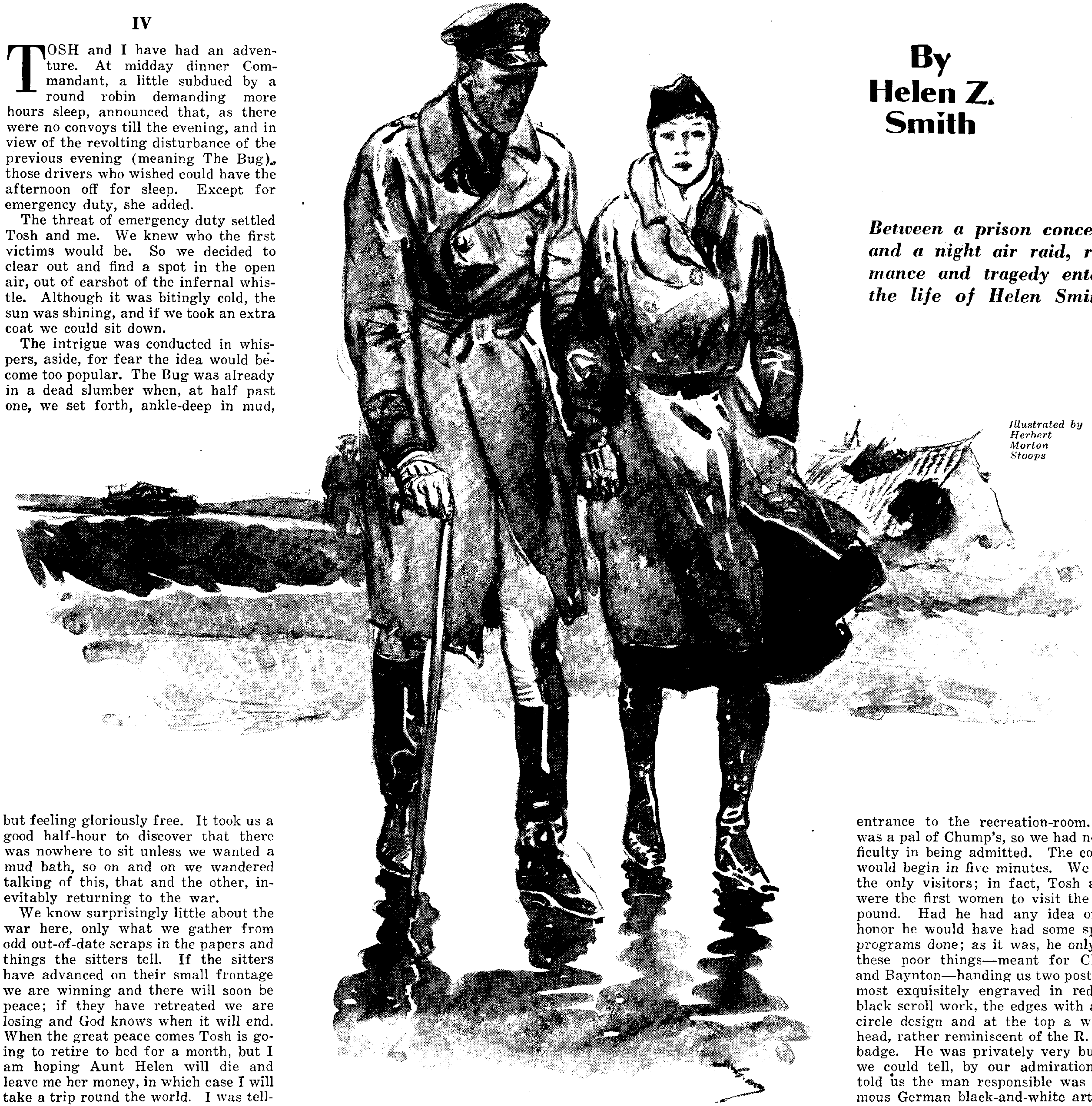
Between a prison concert and a night air raid, romance and tragedy enter the life of Helen Smith

IV

TOSH and I have had an adventure. At midday dinner Commandant, a little subdued by a round robin demanding more hours sleep, announced that, as there were no convoys till the evening, and in view of the revolting disturbance of the previous evening (meaning The Bug), those drivers who wished could have the afternoon off for sleep. Except for emergency duty, she added.

The threat of emergency duty settled Tosh and me. We knew who the first victims would be. So we decided to clear out and find a spot in the open air, out of earshot of the infernal whistle. Although it was bitingly cold, the sun was shining, and if we took an extra coat we could sit down.

The intrigue was conducted in whispers, aside, for fear the idea would become too popular. The Bug was already in a dead slumber when, at half past one, we set forth, ankle-deep in mud, but feeling gloriously free. It took us a good half-hour to discover that there was nowhere to sit unless we wanted a mud bath, so on and on we wandered talking of this, that and the other, inevitably returning to the war.



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"Have a heart, old dear, I'm going up the line tomorrow: I'll probably be dead mutton before I get a chance to kiss another girl"

We know surprisingly little about the war here, only what we gather from odd out-of-date scraps in the papers and things the sitters tell. If the sitters have advanced on their small frontage we are winning and there will soon be peace; if they have retreated we are losing and God knows when it will end. When the great peace comes Tosh is going to retire to bed for a month, but I am hoping Aunt Helen will die and leave me her money, in which case I will take a trip round the world. I was telling Tosh this when we barged clean into two officers round a blind bend.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed one of them. "Old Tosh!"

"Chump!" Tosh delightedly seized the speaker by the hand and pumped energetically. "What the hell are you doing this far from home?"

"I've been here eight weeks."

"I can beat that—I've had eight months."

Tosh then introduced me and he introduced the other man, a Captain Baynton, who asked where we were going. Tosh airily informed him that we were absent without leave and had no plans. Then, suggested Captain Baynton, why not come with them? They were bound for a concert in the German prisoners' compound. Tosh's friend thought this a tophole brainwave, and Tosh said she was game if I was, though we'd probably be set to rebuild the convoy as punishment if Commandant found out. "She's pretty bloody, isn't she?" asked Chump, and Tosh replied that if she said what she thought of Commandant in public she'd be put in clink for a year. So off we plowed through the mud, laughing.

It was good to laugh again. By the time we reached the prisoners' compound I felt quite young. It was quite an imposing affair. The prisoners had built it entirely. There were corrugated tin huts and a big recreation-room—islands in a sea of mud. The outside barricade was quite unnecessary. Any unfortunate prisoner who tried to escape would be wallowing up to the neck in thick greasy mud before he had gone a yard. The planks laid down for us to walk on had sunk a foot deep. One false step and overboard we would have gone. Chump thanked God he was not tight as usual and proved his assertion by walking the chalkline for us, holding up the hem of his overcoat coyly like a woman with a train and swaying over the mud at a perilous angle. Tosh laughed so much at his antics she nearly fell in herself.

The officer in charge met us at the entrance to the recreation-room. He was a pal of Chump's, so we had no difficulty in being admitted. The concert would begin in five minutes. We were the only visitors; in fact, Tosh and I were the first women to visit the compound. Had he had any idea of the honor he would have had some special programs done; as it was, he only had these poor things—meant for Chump and Baynton—handing us two postcards most exquisitely engraved in red and black scroll work, the edges with a fine circle design and at the top a winged head, rather reminiscent of the R. F. C. badge. He was privately very bucked, we could tell, by our admiration and told us the man responsible was a famous German black-and-white artist.

Caged for Safety!

While they talked on one side, Tosh translated the program for me. There were German ballads on the piano, a wedding song and a humorous recitation entitled *Heinrich Fliegenbutton*, but mostly the items were choral selections—*Verlassen, Verlassen* and similar things. We then went inside, where I had the shock of my young life. We were seated in a big cage with bars—iron bars—exactly like a cage at the Zoo.

I shall never stare at an animal in a cage again; I shall feel too sorry for it. If it experiences half the embarrassing sensations I experienced its life must be one long torture. Five minutes passed before I dared glance up from my program and meet the hundreds of staring eyes. Brown eyes, blue eyes, small eyes, large eyes—curious eyes all of them, and all hungry and unspeakably filled with longing. I went scarlet. Once I dreamed I was traveling in an underground carriage without a stitch of clothing—I felt exactly now as I did then. Naked and exceedingly ashamed.

The prisoners circled round and round the cage whispering and pushing the front ones away when they had stared long enough. It was the first time most of them had ever seen an Englishwoman and Tosh whispered that their remarks were distinctly uncomplimentary. While they admired my red cheeks my bust was too small and my legs inches too thin, and while Tosh's bust and calf measurements met with universal approbation they did not like her wind-tanned face. Unanimously they decided that Englishwomen were not physically attractive. They were very nice about it, Tosh translated, the remarks were more in sorrow than in anger, all without a smile and quite impersonal, with none of the cheeky, witty Cockney atmosphere our own Tommies would have managed to infuse into a similar situation. Most of them would have condescended to consider us, however, in lieu of anything more exciting, Tosh translated.

Fortunately neither Chump nor Baynton spoke German, and the officer in charge had no idea Tosh was an expert linguist. As it was he kept shooting agonized glances in our direction when the whispers became too penetrating. Tosh and I were almost in hysterics with suppressed laughter at his facial expressions.

"What's that they are saying?" Chump kept asking, and he would say: "Oh, they are wondering what kind of uniform the ladies are wearing," or, "They are admiring the big fur gloves Miss Smith has and saying how warm they must be in this weather." It was killing, in view of the actual remarks.

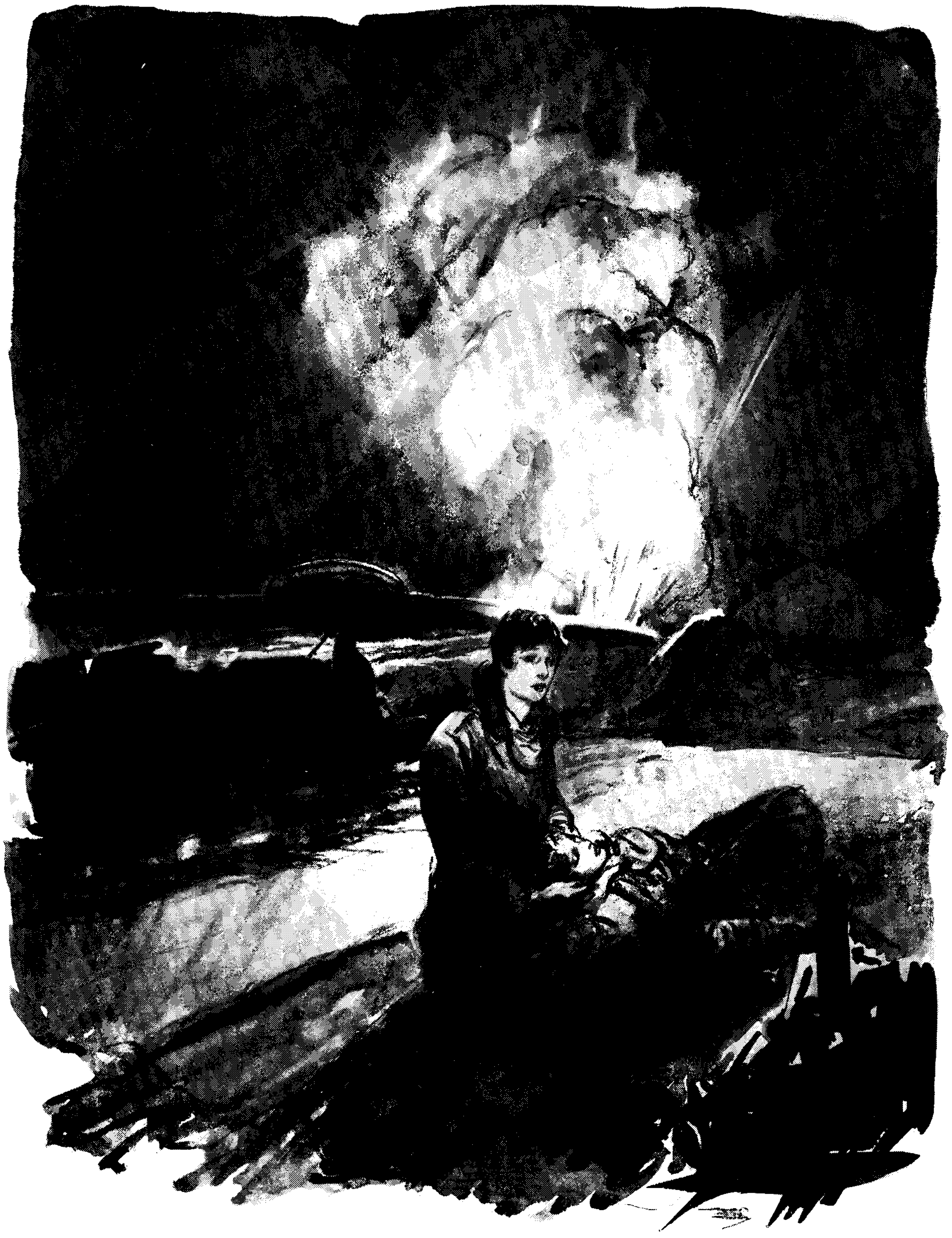
Finally, just as a young man had glued himself to the cage near Tosh and was treating her to the most passionate glances, a prisoner called Von Someone opened the piano, an order was ripped out, the men took their seats on the benches and the concert started, to my relief. It is something of an ordeal to sit in a cage and be stared at by hundreds of men who haven't seen a woman for months. The iron bars seem less iron-like as the seconds pass. It is not the pleasantest feeling in the world.

The concert was excellent—or we were ready to be amused by anything. The pianist in particular was good, although Chump called the officer in charge a liar when he said he was the Paderewski of Germany. In a minute, Chump said, he'd have the Kaiser on the platform doing a song and dance. The officer was furious; he was very proud of the talents of his prisoners.

I wish I could have understood the comic recitation, *Heinrich Fliegenbutton*, which amused Tosh more than the prisoners, who received it much in the resigned manner that Mother adopts when Father tells his pet stories at dinner parties—whereby I gathered they had heard it on many weary occasions.

A Change of Outlook

The elocutionist, said the officer in charge, was a former head waiter at the Savoy. "Oh, make him Von Hindenburg," pleaded Chump, but the officer in charge ignored him. Queer, one never speculates on a waiter being an enthusiastic amateur reciter off stage, so to speak, particularly a dignified head waiter in a first-class hotel, but I suppose we all have our little weaknesses.



"Splinter—got—me." I can hardly hear her

Baynton kissed me on the way back. It was not a platonic kiss, either. When I pushed him away he said: "Have a heart, old dear, I'm going up the line tomorrow; I'll probably be dead mutton before I get a chance to kiss another girl."

So I let him kiss me again. I have never looked at it in that light before.

We arrive back to find tea in full swing. Commandant has not discovered our absence, either. Cheers. Everyone is feeling better after the rest. Tosh and I tell the adventure to our gang in whispers.

"Mentally undressing us," chuckles Tosh. "Poor old Smithy's face—if you'd seen it. Beetroot."

"Poor wretches," sympathized Chutney, "and I'd like to let Mrs. B—— loose among them."

We shout with laughter at the idea.

"Tantalize them with your buxom charms, Tosh, if you must, but don't torture them by giving them Commandant. Talk about punishment duty!"

We shout with laughter.

"Nothing will convince me that all men are so—so animalish," insists Etta Potato.

"Where are you going, Smithy?" asks Tosh.

"Must see how The Bug is," I tell her.

The Bug is not in our room. Out on emergency duty, then? I rush back to the board. Her name is on the top of the list, crossed out. My relief is painful. What an idiot I am. I return slowly to the bedroom to carry out the decision it has taken me weeks to make—cut my hair off. I cannot bear the filth and worry any longer. What Mother will say I do not dare contemplate, but as I will probably never get leave it seems futile to worry.

Following Tosh's Lead

I get The Bug's scissors and begin to snip. As I snip I think of Baynton. I feel sorry we are unlikely to meet again. Into the newspaper goes my hair. Would Baynton like me with short hair? What a fool I am. What will happen to Mother's story of me and Trix now?

The deed is done. I examine myself in the mirror. Not bad. Makes me look about sixteen. Something quite pleasant about the feel of short hair. Boyish. Tosh thinks it will become quite a universal fashion, but I don't agree. It isn't feminine enough. Women will never adopt a mode that isn't essentially feminine. I suddenly see three letters on the bed—Mother, Roy and Trix.

I honestly believe Mother writes one letter, makes several copies and inserts the date when each Tuesday comes round. Every letter is an exact replica of the last. She always has a cold and is always "carrying on" and she is always being appointed to a new committee and she must always close because she is going to a most important recruiting meeting. Oh, here is something fresh. The new maid Jessie has just gone to a home to have a "war baby" at the expense of the War Baby League. One must help the war babies, mustn't one? I think of poor little Tanny, who was turned out to fend for herself three years ago in a similar situation. There wasn't a war on then. Well, out of evil cometh good if only temporary good. . . .

Roy—going up the line tonight—no date—why don't people date their letters?—he will write again soon—if anything happens to him good-by and thanks for the photograph in uniform.

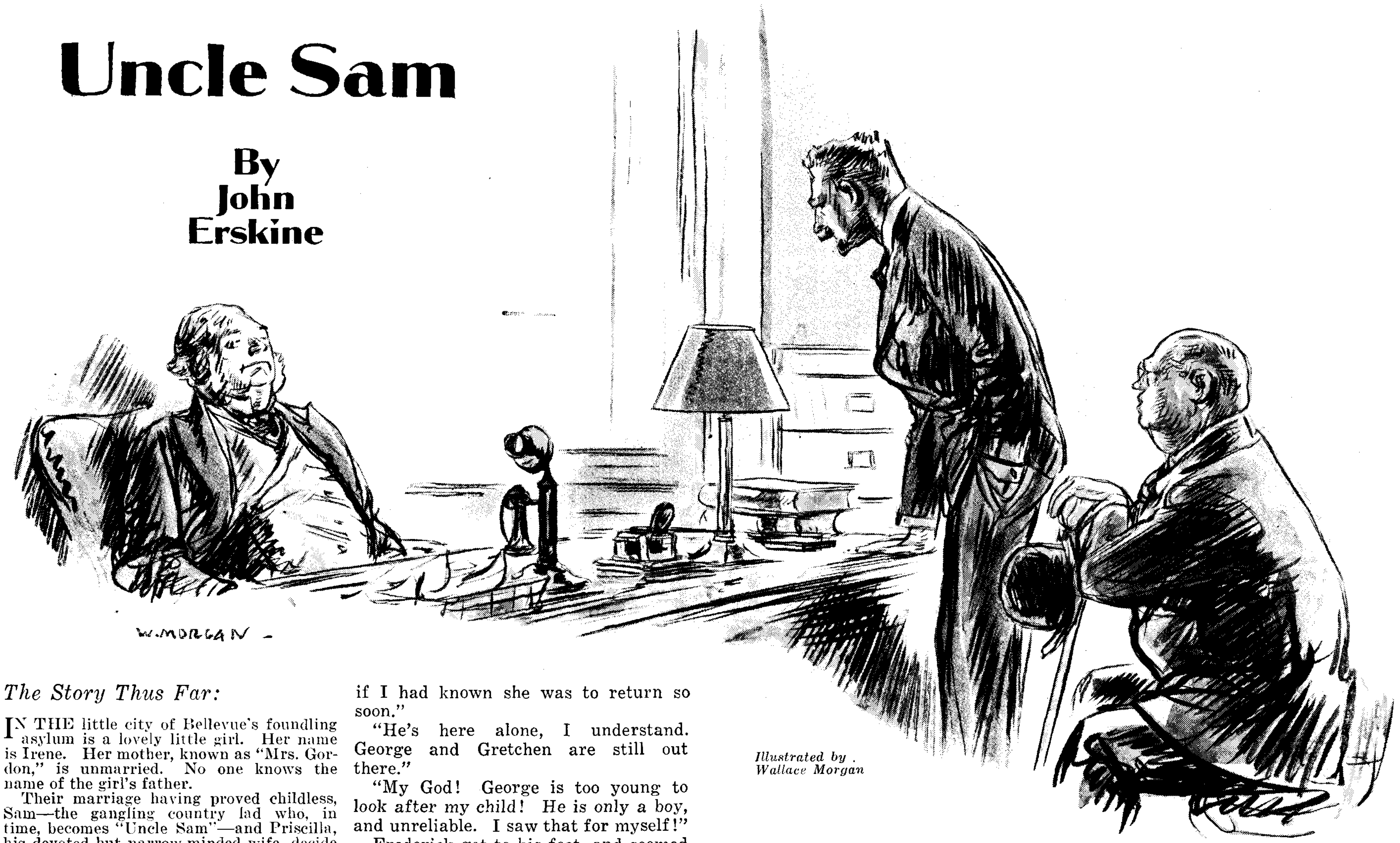
Written at least a week ago. I open Trix's letter slowly.

Not well at all—

(*Cont'd on page 34*)

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"See here, John," said Orlando, "did you and Sam talk business?" John suddenly looked benign. "Not in particular. Just an exchange of ideas"

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE little city of Bellevue's foundling asylum is a lovely little girl. Her name is Irene. Her mother, known as "Mrs. Gordon," is unmarried. No one knows the name of the girl's father.

Their marriage having proved childless, Sam—the gangling country lad who, in time, becomes "Uncle Sam"—and Priscilla, his devoted but narrow-minded wife, decide to adopt Irene. Meeting "Mrs. Gordon," to discuss the matter, Sam receives a rude shock. The woman is Mary Stewart, an old sweetheart! Another shock follows swiftly. Pledging Sam to secrecy, Mary confesses that the little girl's father is one of Sam's brothers—Orlando, who has recently married!

Irene comes to live with the young couple in their little farmhouse near Bellevue. And Priscilla learns "Mrs. Gordon's" identity! Remembering his promise, however, Sam refuses to discuss the matter; and Priscilla suspects the worst: that Sam is Irene's father. . . . Thereafter, Sam and Priscilla gradually drift apart. . . .

Ten years go by. Oil has been struck on Sam's farm. He is wealthy. He controls a bank, a taxi service, a hardware factory. All are successful. He is powerful, resourceful, strong. Only three persons, however, really love him: his lovely sister, Antoinette, Irene (now a successful professional dancer), and Mary Stewart, who adores him. He is far from happy. His brothers, envious of him, think he is "money-mad." His friends fear that he is overreaching himself. Ugly rumors (totally unfounded) concerning his relations with Mary Stewart are afloat. A struggle for the control of his bank (in which, apparently, Priscilla is siding with Marlet and Whitcomb, two of his opponents) is impending. Sam is in trouble.

Irene, whom he adores, comes to visit him. She is madly in love; but, due to some complication, she is never going to marry. She is, obviously, suffering—and there is nothing Sam can do! . . .

Priscilla is visiting Antoinette. They discuss Sam—Priscilla attacking him, Antoinette loyally defending. Then they receive a surprise. Sam has arrived—for a visit!

IX

IN THE middle of the afternoon Frederick was sitting in his office finishing the day's letters. He gave the impression of enormous industry.

The door was flung open suddenly, and Orlando came in.

"You've heard about Sam, I suppose," he said, straddling a chair.

"What about him?"

"He got in this morning. On a tour, I understand. He's over at John's now."

Frederick looked indignant. "Where is Gretchen? Isn't he taking care of her? I wouldn't have let her go to him if I had known she was to return so soon."

"He's here alone, I understand. George and Gretchen are still out there."

"My God! George is too young to look after my child! He is only a boy, and unreliable. I saw that for myself!"

Frederick got to his feet, and seemed about to fly to a rescue.

"Oh, the children are all right, Fritz. Sit down and calm yourself. I wanted to talk to you first before we see Sam. I suppose you know what John will be trying to get out of him."

Frederick looked up, curious.

"John can disguise it as he likes, but he's been kept going in recent years by Sam's money. I have no objection to that, and I dare say Sam is shrewd enough to be sure of his profits, but I've been wondering why John should be the only one of us to get help of that kind. I haven't been able to do everything I've wanted to. My children need quite a number of luxuries we can't afford, and so far as I can see, the possibilities for expansion here have come to an end. You remember I asked Sam years ago if he didn't want a lawyer in Bellevue, and he would have none of me. Well, that's all right, too. Now that he's here, I could play the same game as John and have a little private talk with him. But in that case where would you come in? After John and I get through, there might not be much left."

It seemed to be on Frederick's lips to deny all need of aid from Sam, but he restrained the impulse, and sat still a moment, puzzled and annoyed.

"It occurred to me," Orlando went on, "that you and I ought to decide together what we'll say to Sam, and then we could talk to him in John's presence and all arrive at some program fair to us and not too hard on Sam."

As Frederick looked at his handsome brother satisfaction slowly increased and spread over his round face.

"That would be very reasonable," he said, "and I should think Sam would appreciate it."

"As I see it," said Orlando, "since he has made a fortune and seems likely to make more, he'll naturally be glad to give us a lift. I shouldn't care to take anything from him which might be construed as charity, but an investment which would yield him a fair return is after all what he is looking for. He'll finish Bellevue before long, and then he'll want some other place to build up. We ought to give him a chance at his home town."

"But I don't see how he can find an opportunity here. He likes to get a big return on his investments, doesn't he?"

Orlando laid his hat on the desk and unbuttoned his coat.

"I DON'T suppose you've followed all the plans I have suggested for beautifying the city. We have been neglecting our æsthetic development. I haven't been able to get a respectable appropriation for one of the things which really cry to be done. We need endowment for the art gallery, and for music. Do you think this old town of ours will vote it? Never! Our schools are forlorn relics, inside and out. We ought to have better buildings, and I dare say the instruction could be improved. The park could be enlarged. On that subject I have talked myself deaf and dumb."

"All very fine, but I don't see an investment there for Sam."

"I do," said Orlando. "I can put his money where it will do him the most good."

Frederick was puzzled.

"If you want him to give these things to the city for old times' sake, go ahead and ask him. Much good it will do you! He'll know as well as any of us that what you are after is a gift."

Orlando half shut his black eyes at his brother.

"You are rather slow at times, Fritz. If Sam should give a little gift, with the understanding that the town would meet him more than halfway, somebody would have to do the work and the contractors would be paid, wouldn't they?"

"You mean you will be in on the contracting end?"

"Well, that's done, you know."

"It isn't quite honest, is it?"

"You mean it isn't advertised."

Frederick shook his head again.

"Don't misunderstand me," resumed his brother. "I don't mean anything crooked. But if Sam were to do something to stimulate business here—and there is more than one way to do that—why, business would profit, and I could tell him where to put his money so that he'd have his share. That's perfectly straight, if you look at it sensibly."

"I don't believe he'll do it."

"Well, we might propose it to him, don't you think? All I want to be sure of is that you won't talk about it to him behind my back. I'll stand by you the same way, Fritz. What are your ideas?"

"Nothing in politics," said Frederick. "I was going to ask him for a plain loan to build up the business. It isn't fair that John should expand his trade if I can't sell in Bellevue. We might make a combination and work together."

"There's another thing, Fritz. You took Gretchen out there, and John sent George. Sam hasn't said a word to me about my children. I'd like my boy to visit him for a while."

"It's not a good place for young people! If you're wise, you'll keep him at home. The boys and girls there are as wild as Indians, and they are all spoiled. I am wondering what Gretchen is doing, now that Sam's back is turned."

Orlando declined to be scared off.

"In any case, you took her out there and left her. I've as much courage as you; I'd like to take as big a chance with my offspring, and John says George's prospects are pretty bright. He wouldn't have the boy come home for anything."

"If I get your idea," said Frederick, "we are to make a joint proposal to Sam to lend us all about the same amount of money equally, and to entertain the same number of children so that we can all dwell in complete harmony back here."

"That's a fair way to put it. I think we have done pretty well so far with the haphazard arrangement, but my wife every now and then asks me why George and Gretchen are getting the best of it while Rafael is still wasting his time in this worn-out place, and if she keeps on with her gentle prodding, I'll have to find a good answer. Rafael's quite a boy now."

"You said Sam is over at John's now?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd better see what John is asking him, hadn't we?"

ORLANDO took his hat and waited while Frederick brushed himself off and got his walking stick.

"It's rather a pity," he said, "we couldn't have had a joint program with John before Sam got here."

They walked down the street at a swift pace.

When they reached John's office, they found him alone.

"Glad to see you both," he greeted them. "Sit down."

"Where is Sam?" said Orlando.

"At the hotel. I wanted to take him home with me, but he says he is here for a short time, and it would be more convenient to stick to his room there."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing, so far as I can make out. He is not in the bank any longer, you know."

"I thought that probably wouldn't last," said Frederick.

"Oh, it is lasting, all right. He seems to have retired on his fortune. Put someone else in his place. I guess his investments are sound enough. He said he was going to look you two up. Wants to tell you about Gretchen, Frederick."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing at all. He seems to like her. I say, Frederick, what's got on your nerves?"

"See here, John," said Orlando, "did you and Sam talk business?"

John looked suddenly benign. "Not in particular. Just an exchange of ideas."

"Well, Frederick and I think we three ought to have an agreement with him before he goes back."

"Yes? About what?"

"Well, to put it in plain words, if he's disposed to help his elders in the family, we think he should do something for us as well as for you."

John flushed. "He's not helping me, as you put it."

"Nonsense! It makes no difference how we put it. His money and his influence in Bellevue helped you over a bad moment by enlarging your trade, and he took George out there for a career you never could have given him at home. That's all fine, and we're glad of it, but Frederick could make use of a little encouragement of that sort, and so can I."

"Well, what have I to do with that? You can talk to Sam, can't you? Ask him for what you want, and see what he'll give you."

"That's not it," said Orlando. "The aid ought to be divided equally."

"Why should it? What does he owe you? If you want to talk business, why not be fair? Sam feels indebted to me for the start I gave him, and I don't see why he shouldn't repay me. You and Frederick never helped him in the slightest, so far as I know."

ORLANDO was growing excited. "Will you kindly tell me what help you gave him?"

"I furnished him with his first hardware. If he hadn't had my things to sell, he could never have begun."

Frederick was growing purple.

"That's not true! You never gave him a thing. He *bought* those tins from you, and Antoinette lent him the money."

John was ever so little embarrassed. Apparently he had not cared to remember all the details of the transaction.

"He paid me back, of course, but why shouldn't he?"

"Well, if he paid you back, it was a business transaction, and you gave him nothing."

"John, just to come down to plain facts," said Orlando, "how much has he lent you up to date?"

"That's not a proper question. I have told you I don't consider he's lent me anything. I haven't had to borrow. Precisely how much he invested in his hardware factory in Bellevue, he never told me. I have a record, of course, of my sales to his store, but that's my own business."

"See here, John," said Frederick. "Whatever it is that Sam has done for you, Orlando and I think you've considered yourself rather than the family. We'd like to know in the first place what Sam has done for you, and in the second place how you think we could approach him for us three, all of us. It is an unusual chance for us, with him here on a visit. We can sit down and talk it over and go into a real partnership, all four brothers. That's the right way."

"I think it's rather a cold-blooded way," said John. "If you two haven't kept up your personal relations with Sam, I can understand that you are embarrassed now to approach him about money. He and I have been in correspondence steadily ever since he left home, and our business dealings have grown naturally out of our intimacy. I don't care to reduce that relation to a cool business proposal. I'd advise you two to cultivate his friendship, to begin with, and let other things follow logically."

"Very well," said Orlando, rising, "Frederick and I will see Sam together and leave you out."

John made no reply. He was adjusting himself to new circumstances.

"Well, if you're determined to talk with him, I'll come along, to protect him from you."

"Protect him, did you say?" said Frederick, touchily.

John smiled at him.

"Wait a minute till I leave some instructions here. I'll be ready at once."

THE bell rang. Antoinette heard a voice at the door. Rose, coming for her, met her running down the hall.

"Sam!"

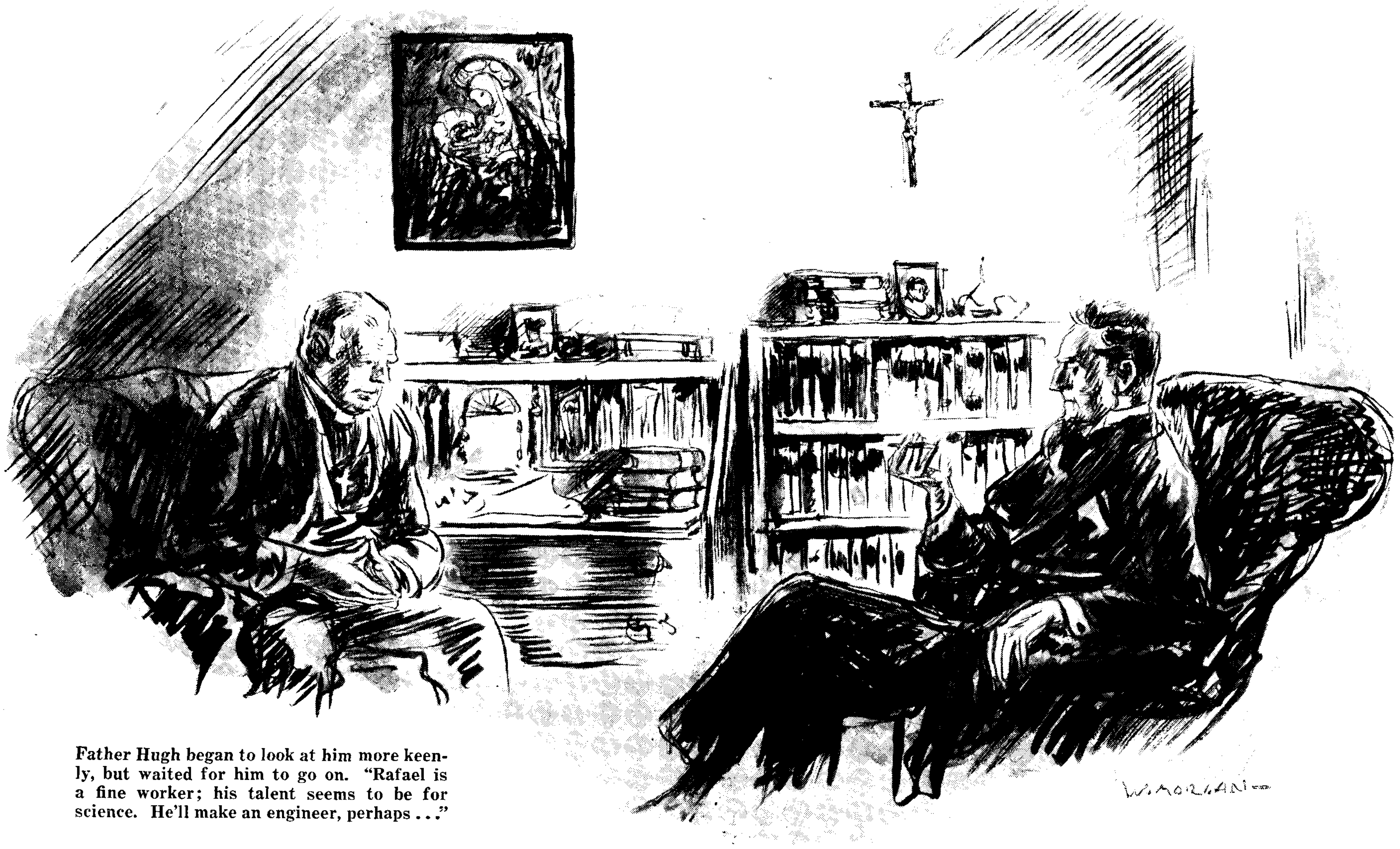
He didn't kiss her at once nor fling his arms about her. He had a package under his arm, like a bundle of books, and he laid it on the hall table and threw off his hat and coat, as he used to do when he came in at the end of the day. He was acting over his boyhood again. It made her unspeakably happy that his voice shook a little.

"Is there anything in the pantry, Antoinette? Study makes a fellow hungry."

WHILE Sam had been president of the bank, he had been content with mere furniture—a table, a few chairs, a letter file. Now his private office in the bank building was decorated with pictures of scenes he had visited. His trip had awakened in him an affection for antiquity and a consciousness of æsthetic need.

Outside he could hear Perry Hill talking with a visitor. Perry was his secretary now. When Tom Wiggins had taken over the bank, he had asked for Phil Berton to carry on with. The request had been accompanied by an implication, which Tom perhaps had not intended, that the bank had previously been maintained by Phil's information and sagacity.

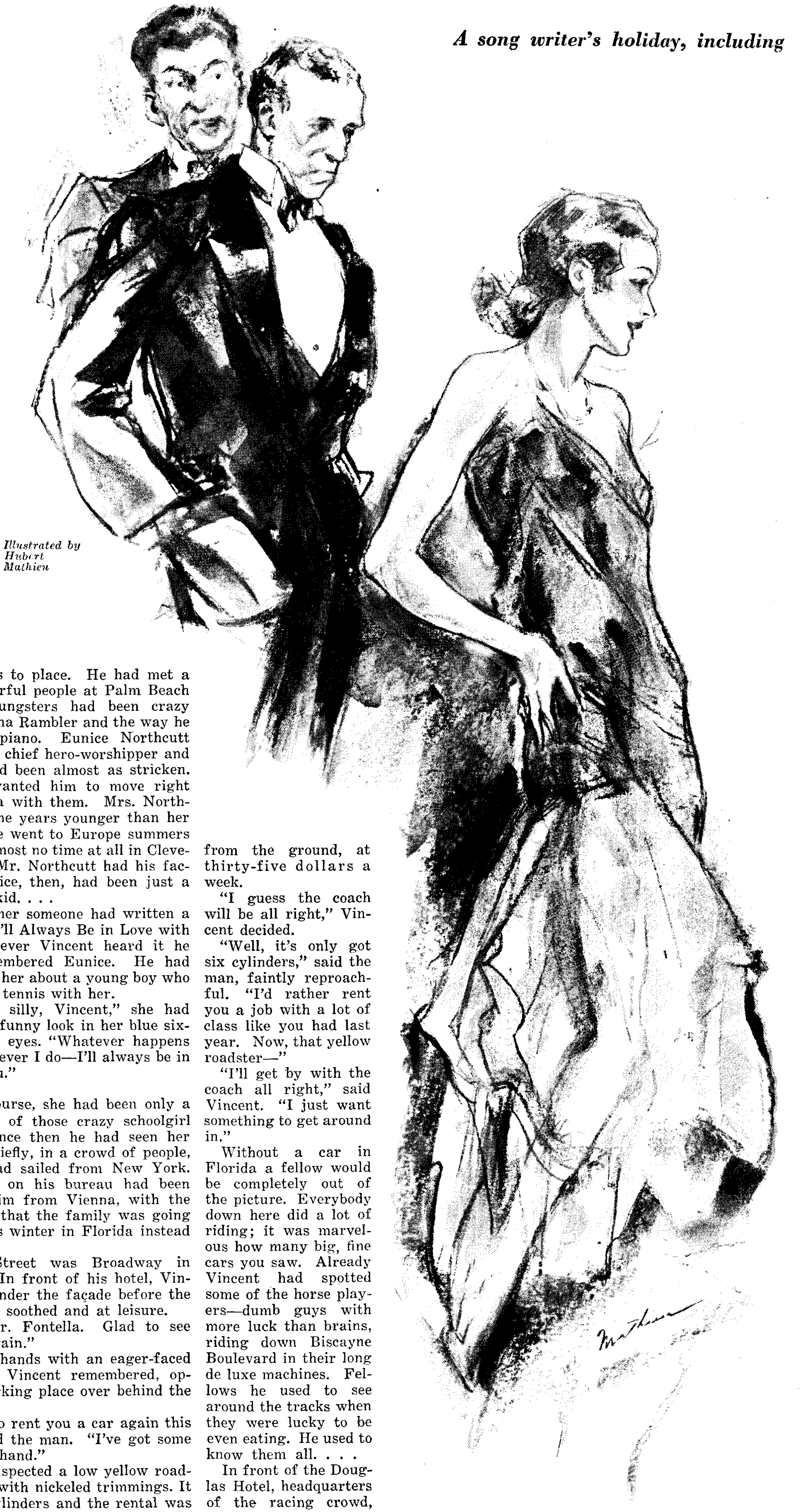
(*Continued on page 55*)



Father Hugh began to look at him more keenly, but waited for him to go on. "Rafael is a fine worker; his talent seems to be for science. He'll make an engineer, perhaps . . ."

Vacation

A song writer's holiday, including



Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

THE hotel clerk remembered Vincent Fontella from last winter. "Glad you're back again with us, Mr. Fontella. Boy, Mr. Fontella's bags! How'd you leave New York?"

"They're freezing to death up there," said Vincent, shivering slightly at the memory. "I didn't get warm till this side of Jacksonville."

"Writing any new songs?"

"Oh, I'm working on a couple of numbers—kind of stabbing around." Behind the horn-rimmed spectacles that gave him a slightly studious aspect, Vincent's dark eyes smiled negligently. The balmy weather was already seeping into his blood. "Listen—is there a letter here for me?"

There was, indeed, a letter being held for his arrival; a stiff, bluish envelope, faintly scented. Vincent put it away to read later. What he desired most now was a bath and fresh clothes. While he was in the tub his wardrobe trunk was brought up and he made a leisurely selection from an amplitude of satisfying garments, all new and extravagant purchases out of his last royalty check.

But he wasn't going to worry about money—Bluffing the Blues Away was catching on all over the country now, was beginning to look like a hit.

It was pleasant to thrust his legs into the crisp softness of flannel trousers, to feel the perfect snugness of the gray cloth coat his tailors had created so painstakingly; it was all lined with silk and had squared shoulders and narrowed hips.

That letter waiting on the bureau to be opened made a fellow feel young again.

Again?

NO, he was still young—not a trace of gray in his thick dark head of hair. He could pass for thirty any day, easy. Nothing old-fashioned about his tunes either—he had kept pace. The trouble was that it was hard to find a good lyric writer to work with any more. Ten or twelve years ago you had to fight off boys with marvelous ideas. Great ideas like Poor Butterfly. They used to come and beg a fellow to collaborate. Real writers with hearts and souls.

Ten years ago Vincent would have ripped the envelope open at once, with quickened heartbeats singing in his eardrums. He lit a cigarette and sat down in a soft chair by the open window.

Eunice . . . a sweet kid. . . .

"Darling, darling Vincent—" she wrote. "Do you realize what an angel you are? Your wire thrilled me to death. I was just back from a week in Nassau with some people when it came, and I'm counting the clock ticks till I see you. Why don't you come right on out and stay here with us? I'd love to have you and Mamma says it is all right with her. She is all sewed up with a pretty silly crowd here. Papa was here for a week but he has gone back to Cleveland. Vincent darling, if you don't want to come out right away, why, just phone me and I'll drive in to Miami. Maybe I'll inspire you to write a new song—who knows? Phone me right away. Ever, EUNICE."

He took her silver-framed photograph out of his trunk and set it on the bureau. Her beauty was of the frank boyish type. It was difficult to believe she was twenty-one now; when he had first met the Northcutt family she had been sixteen.

That winter his Carolina Rambler had been sensational, and he had taken seven grand from the bookies by playing favorites to place. He had met a lot of wonderful people at Palm Beach and the youngsters had been crazy about Carolina Rambler and the way he played the piano. Eunice Northcutt had been the chief hero-worshipper and her folks had been almost as stricken. They had wanted him to move right into the villa with them. Mrs. Northcutt was some years younger than her husband; she went to Europe summers and spent almost no time at all in Cleveland where Mr. Northcutt had his factories. Eunice, then, had been just a darn sweet kid. . . .

Last summer someone had written a song called I'll Always Be in Love with You. Whenever Vincent heard it he always remembered Eunice. He had been teasing her about a young boy who used to play tennis with her.

"Don't be silly, Vincent," she had said, with a funny look in her blue sixteen-year-old eyes. "Whatever happens to me—whatever I do—I'll always be in love with you."

BUT, of course, she had been only a kid—one of those crazy schoolgirl crushes. Since then he had seen her just once, briefly, in a crowd of people, when she had sailed from New York. The picture on his bureau had been mailed to him from Vienna, with the information that the family was going to spend this winter in Florida instead of Italy.

Flagler Street was Broadway in miniature. In front of his hotel, Vincent stood under the façade before the dinner hour, soothed and at leisure.

"Hello, Mr. Fontella. Glad to see you back again."

He shook hands with an eager-faced fellow who, Vincent remembered, operated a parking place over behind the hotel.

"I'd like to rent you a car again this winter," said the man. "I've got some beauties on hand."

Vincent inspected a low yellow roadster replete with nickeled trimmings. It had eight cylinders and the rental was sixty dollars a week. There was a blue coach, conservative and a little higher from the ground, at thirty-five dollars a week.

"I guess the coach will be all right," Vincent decided.

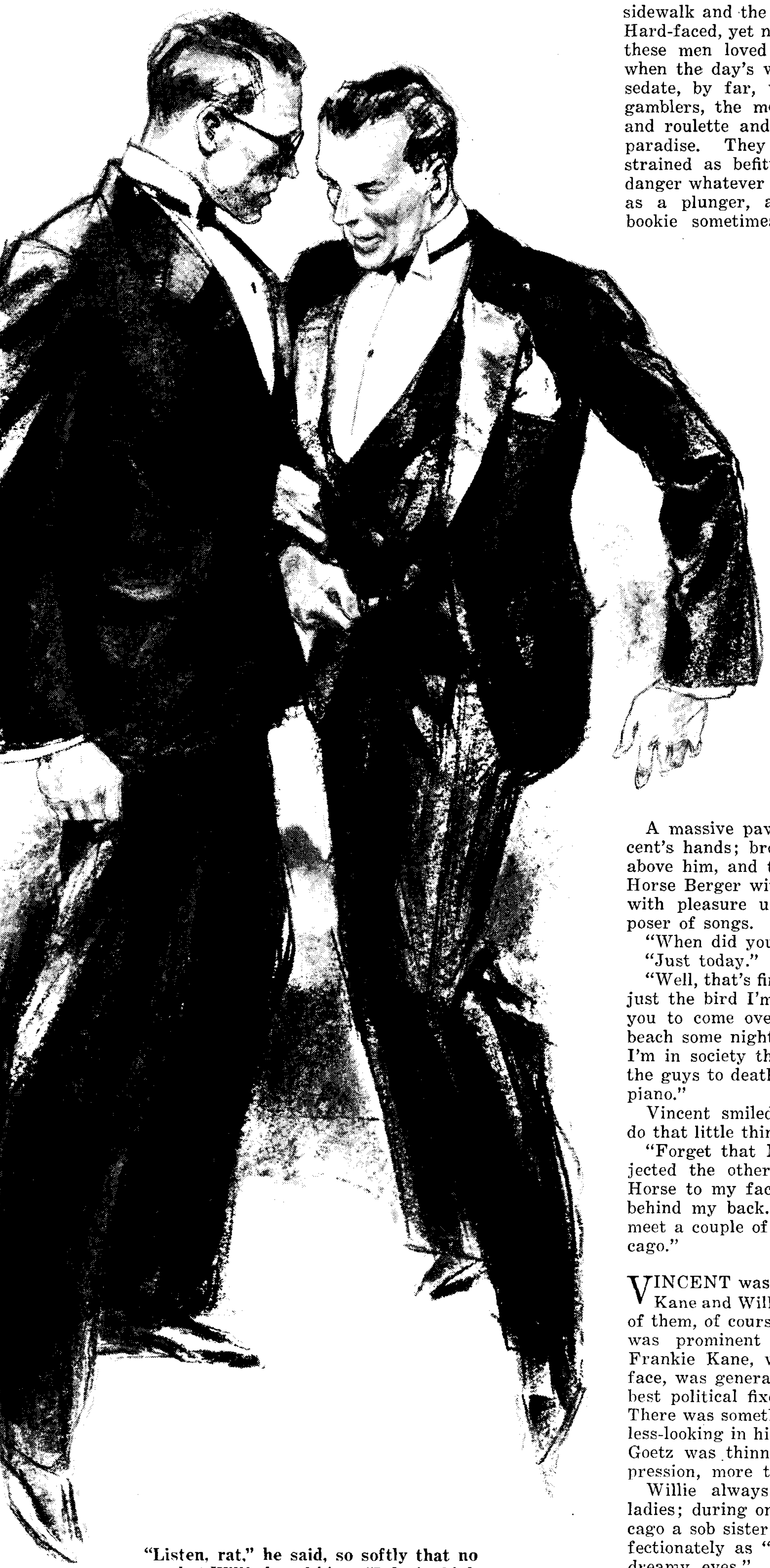
"Well, it's only got six cylinders," said the man, faintly reproachful. "I'd rather rent you a job with a lot of class like you had last year. Now, that yellow roadster—"

"I'll get by with the coach all right," said Vincent. "I just want something to get around in."

Without a car in Florida a fellow would be completely out of the picture. Everybody down here did a lot of riding; it was marvelous how many big, fine cars you saw. Already Vincent had spotted some of the horse players—dumb guys with more luck than brains, riding down Biscayne Boulevard in their long de luxe machines. Fellows he used to see around the tracks when they were lucky to be even eating. He used to know them all. . . .

In front of the Douglas Hotel, headquarters of the racing crowd, there was always a jam of horsemen on the *some extremely hot numbers—with grace notes supplied by Eunice*

By Robert Terry Shannon



"Listen, rat," he said, so softly that no one but Willie heard him. "I don't think you can take it. I think you're through!" Willie's face lost color

sidewalk and the veranda at this hour. Hard-faced, yet nervous about the eyes, these men loved to relax and gossip when the day's work was over. More sedate, by far, were the hard-money gamblers, the men who ran the crap and roulette and poker games in this paradise. They were quiet and restrained as befitting gentlemen in no danger whatever of going broke, whereas a plunger, an owner or even a bookie sometimes blew the roll and had to be staked.

It was all a business and, as in most other lines, those who succeeded were somewhat past the first flush of their youth. Some of the men in front of the Douglas were Vincent's age, but most of them were ten years older, though their blond and elaborate wives, by some special dispensation of nature, seemed to remain perpetually in their twenties. Vincent sauntered past the hotel; here and there someone nodded to him casually; then, a heavy hand slapped him on the back, and a powerful arm squeezed around his shoulders.

"Well, well, if it ain't my old pal, Vincent Fontella! How's the boy?"

A massive paw gripped one of Vincent's hands; broad shoulders towered above him, and the bold, bony face of Horse Berger with its pale eyes looked with pleasure upon the slender composer of songs.

"When did you get in, Vincent?"

"Just today."

"Well, that's fine! Listen, kid, you're just the bird I'm looking for. I want you to come over to my place at the beach some night and join our parties. I'm in society this winter. It'll tickle the guys to death to hear you play the piano."

Vincent smiled politely. "Sure, I'll do that little thing, Mr. Berger."

"Forget that Mr. Berger stuff," objected the other. "You can call me Horse to my face just like you would behind my back. Say, I want you to meet a couple of my friends from Chicago."

VINCENT was introduced to Frankie Kane and Willie Goetz. He knew both of them, of course, by reputation. Each was prominent in the beer racket. Frankie Kane, with his round, ruddy face, was generally supposed to be the best political fixer on the North Side. There was something affable and harmless-looking in his calm eyes, but Willie Goetz was thinner, more sulky of expression, more temperamental.

Willie always went big with the ladies; during one of his trials in Chicago a sob sister had described him affectionately as "the boyish killer with dreamy eyes." Both celebrities were very polite to Vincent.

"So you pound the box, do you?" Frankie Kane grinned. "Well, I ain't got no objection to music."

"If it's good," qualified the boyish killer.

"Youse guys are just dumb," Horse Berger informed his house guests. "I'm telling you this is Vincent Fontella and he has wrote more sweet song hits than any boy in the racket. Ain't that right, kid?"

"No, Berlin and Donaldson and Mort Delaney wrote a few more, I guess," Vincent said.

"To hell with them guys!" boomed Horse Berger. "Listen, Vincent, you gotta come over tonight and play the piano for the boys. We'll take you over with us right now."

Vincent was being swept to the curb where an opulent limousine with a chauffeur was waiting, but he pulled back.

"LISTEN, I can't make it tonight. On the level I can't. I got some people down here I got to see—my sister is coming in on the evening train and I got to meet her. But I'll come over if I can possibly make it."

"Well, you better had!" Horse Berger growled. "Here's the address."

He dug out a printed card which Vincent put in his billfold with great care.

Living as he did on Broadway, it was impossible for Vincent to escape some slight acquaintance with birds like Horse Berger. A crowd much more to his liking was to be found in the evening at the Venetian Kitchen, and when he entered the restaurant he was pleasantly recognized by a dozen people. Amid warm greetings he sat down at a table with a small bookmaker, a vaudeville hoofer and three pert girls stamped with the sauciness of the show business.

He had a pleasant evening with a lot of camaraderie. One of the girls sang a song and did an eccentric dance that was good for a million laughs. When the place was nearly empty Vincent himself took the piano and played a dozen pieces with his own tricky rhythm that everybody called marvelous. Then the girls had to leave as they had a previous date to go dancing at one of the beach hotels. Vincent had to promise positively to call them up any time he felt like it.

Almost before he realized it he was alone at the table, alone with a rather surprising check. Alone he walked back to his hotel. When he had undressed for the night, he dropped into a chair by the window and, with a lighted cigarette, fell into a fit of abstraction.

Would life always be like this? Would he always be yearning and carrying on? Maybe he should have married some nice girl—one that knew what it was all about. Not a show girl. One of these home girls that saved a fellow's money and inspired him.

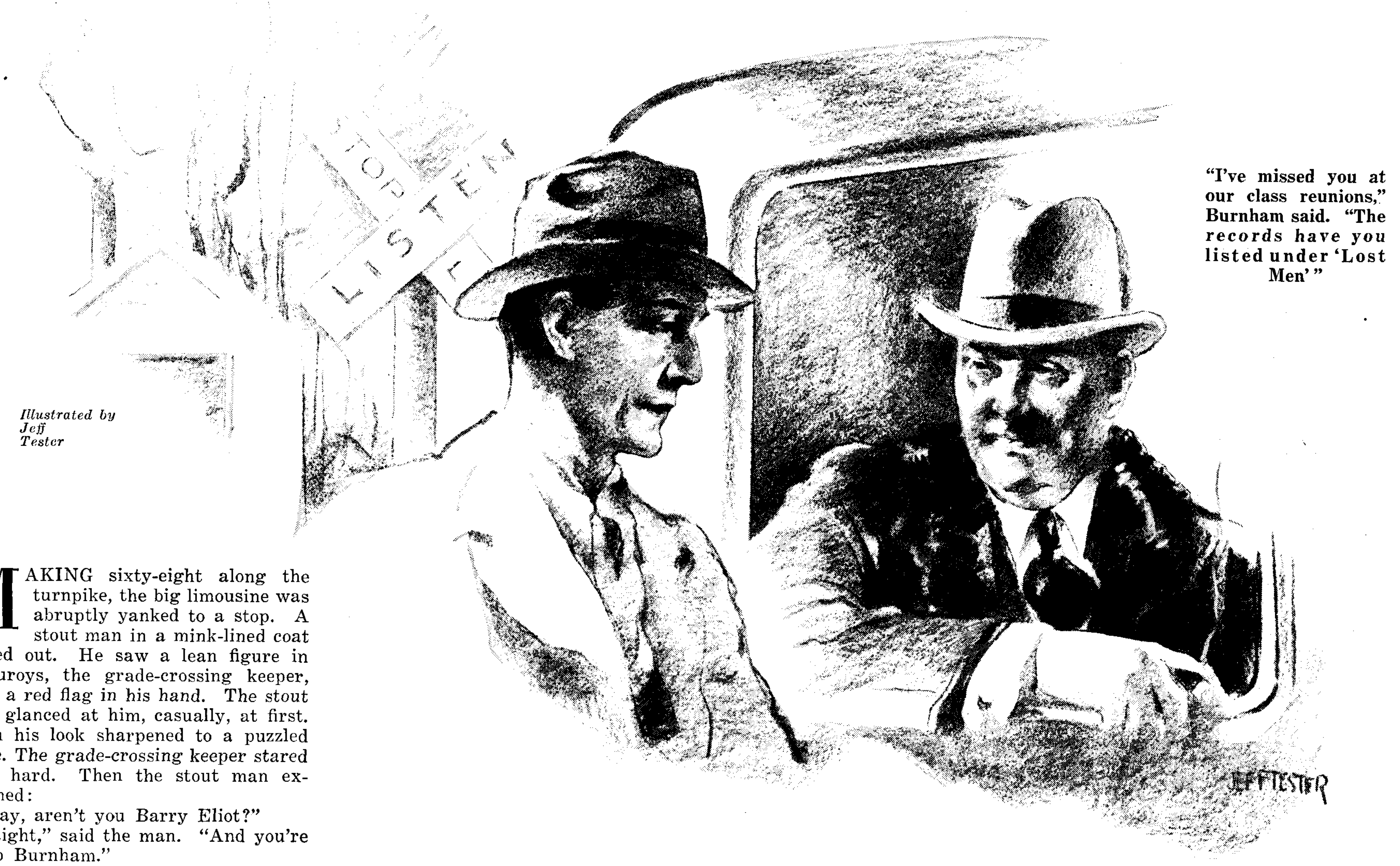
But most women were such fools about lyrics—they just weren't capable of understanding. It would drive a guy crazy to be married to a girl that was dumb about songs, no matter how sweet she was.

Dreams of harmonies and melodies crowded in elusive succession through his sleep and among them vaguely, curiously, moved the dim slender form of Eunice Northcutt. In the morning the round tones of her voice, fresh and actual, came to him over the telephone.

In her eagerness to see him she was driving into Miami at once. Her car drew up in front of his hotel and they were off immediately for luncheon at the beach.

"You haven't changed the slightest bit, Vincent!" she said to him across the table on a tiled piazza close to the sparkle of the green-blue southern

(*Continued on page 62*)



"I've missed you at our class reunions," Burnham said. "The records have you listed under 'Lost Men'"

Illustrated by Jeff Tester

Two Wise Men

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Richard Connell

MAKING sixty-eight along the turnpike, the big limousine was abruptly yanked to a stop. A stout man in a mink-lined coat looked out. He saw a lean figure in corduroys, the grade-crossing keeper, with a red flag in his hand. The stout man glanced at him, casually, at first. Then his look sharpened to a puzzled stare. The grade-crossing keeper stared back hard. Then the stout man exclaimed:

"Say, aren't you Barry Eliot?"

"Right," said the man. "And you're Chub Burnham."

"Well, I'll be everlastingly jiggered," cried the stout man, and thrust out a pink hand. Eliot shook it warmly.

"So this is where you've been hiding all these years," said Burnham. He was embarrassed.

"I'm not hiding," Eliot said.

A long freight train began to lumber slowly by.

"I've missed you at our class reunions," Burnham said. "Especially the twenty-fifth. The records have you listed under 'Lost Men'."

"I'm not in the least a lost man," said Eliot, with a grin. "I'm a found man. Yes, I work here—regularly."

"Is there—" Burnham began.

"NO," cut in Eliot, "there's not a thing you can do for me, Chub. Thanks just the same. Oh, yes, there is. You can let me keep this job. This is one of your railroads, you know. Probably you, personally, don't make out the payroll so you never saw on it 'Eliot, B., crossing attendant, $80 per month, Crossing No. 27, Pine Corners, Vermont.'"

"I'd be glad—" Burnham began again.

"Forget it," said Eliot. "In me you see a perfectly happy man. How many of the fellows in the Class of 1904 can honestly say that?"

Burnham shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Not many, I expect," he said.

"Are you, Chub?"

"Well, fairly happy. I've had a pretty good life—"

"Yes, I know," said Eliot. "I read the papers. Big financier, aren't you, Chub? And some of the other boys are governors, and presidents of banks, judges, and important doctors—but I wouldn't swap careers with any of you. Look at you and me. Same age. But you look ten years older. I'll bet right now you have a headache from worrying about some deal, or your income tax—"

Burnham laughed wryly.

"True enough," he said. "But, Barry, surely you, one of the most brilliant men in the class—"

Eliot stopped him with, "—ought to have a headache, too. No, thanks, Chub. And get this straight. I'm not down on my luck. I picked out this job deliberately and I've held it twenty years. Crossing keeper and rustic philosopher—that's me. No aches in my work. On duty from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. Only six trains pass here a day. My flag-waving act takes five minutes for each train. So I actually work half an hour a day. How about you?"

"Ten hours a day is about my average," said Burnham. "But you must have a lot of time on your hands—"

"To read and think," said Eliot. "I've read all the old boys and the moderns, too. I've even had time to read all of Marcel Proust. You used to love books, Chub. Read much nowadays?"

"Well," said Burnham, "not much. Too busy. Financial reports, mostly—"

"You see!" said Eliot. "I've got the right idea."

"How so?" Burnham asked.

"About living. When I came out of college I had the same ambitions you all had—money, power, luxury, fame, success and all that rot. I pitched into selling bonds with the rest. I was what they call 'making good,' too. Looked as if at forty I'd be a millionaire—and a grouch. I faced the fact that I was horribly bored by bonds. So I tried selling wool. Bored again. Then I manufactured shoes and needles, and put up apartment houses. I just plain didn't like the life. So I quit the brisk and dreary world of business and came out here.

"Chub, you're one of the big shots in Wall Street, but only one of many. Here in my little kingdom I'm king. Look at those hills! My scenery—and as beautiful as Devonshire or Lorraine. And there are some rather decent trout streams around here. I've fished them all. A grand life, Chub. This shack I get rent-free from the company.

"My eighty a month buys me everything I want. Books, mostly. Look at this suit. Cost fourteen dollars six years ago. I'm just as warm as you are in that swell coat. As for food, I cook my own meals and if you will have lunch with me I'll fix up some fried brook trout that'll make you go home and murder your high-priced chef—"

"SORRY, Barry, but I can't," said Burnham. "I'm rushing to a directors' meeting at Burlington. Big power project—"

"I never have to rush anywhere," Eliot said. "In twenty years I haven't hurried once. You can't say that, Chub."

"Never have done anything but hurry," grunted Burnham. "But, Barry, what about your future?"

"All arranged. After twenty-five years of service I get a pension. It wouldn't pay your monthly cigar bill, but it will be ample for me. But I won't retire. Are you going to?"

"Can't," snapped Burnham. "Tied up in too many things. Got to stick."

"Tough," said Eliot. "But suppose I hadn't been here with my little red flag and you had smacked into that train? Business would go on, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, sure," said Burnham. "But I don't want to quit, Barry. Maybe work will kill me; loafing surely would. I'd last on your job just four months. Then I'd jump under a train, just to get a little excitement. Excitement—Barry! That's the big thing in life. That's what has kept me plugging away. Your theory is all wrong. You've dodged life. I've faced it, and fought it. You're responsible for the safety of six trains a day. I'm responsible for a thousand trains. Sure, my work is harder; but it has more kick in it. Barry, you've missed something."

"What?"

"The thrill of the fight. Sailing in against odds and making the other fellow quit. Taking a busted railroad, like this, and putting it on its feet when they said you were a fool to try; having a dream, and making it come true. That's living—"

Burnham pulled out a thin platinum watch.

"Eleven-forty-two," he said. "Got to go. Can't be late for that meeting. Well, good-by, Barry, old man. If I—"

"Thanks, Chub. Nothing you can do. I'm sitting pretty. Good luck—and, say, you haven't convinced me. . . . I'm glad about your success, but I think you've made a bad bargain with life, Chub. Well, good-by."

Down the road the giant car whizzed. Burnham sank back on the thick, soft upholstery. He sighed.

"The lucky stiff!" he said.

Eliot took his red flag into his shack and stuck it behind the door. He looked around at his neat, plain room, and then at the hills, bronze and crimson with the colors of autumn.

"The lucky stiff!" he said.

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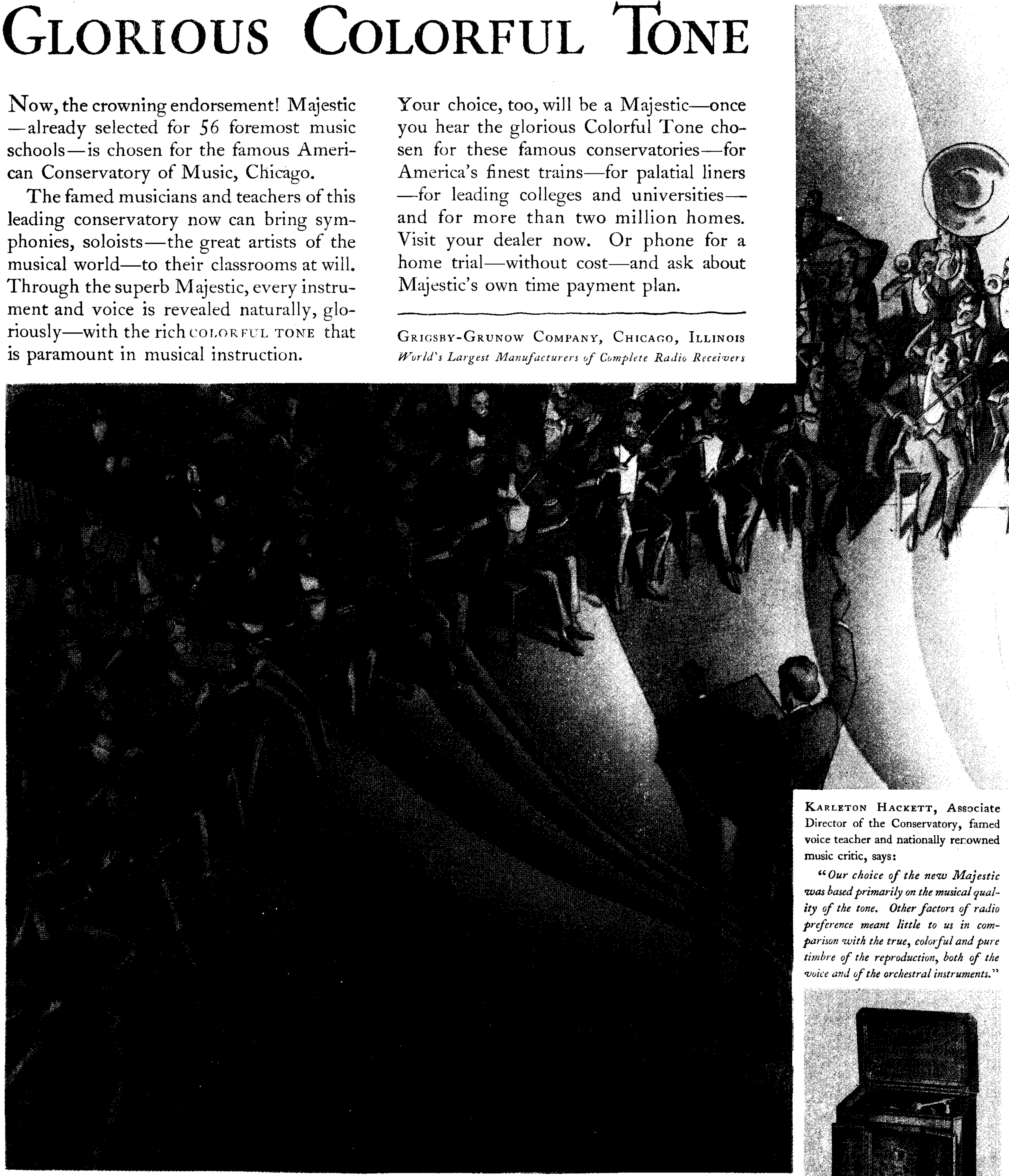

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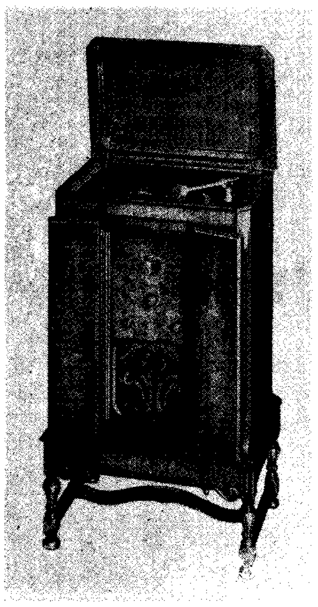

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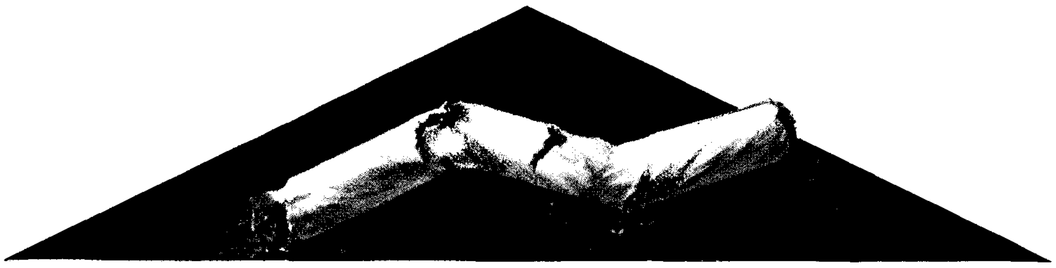

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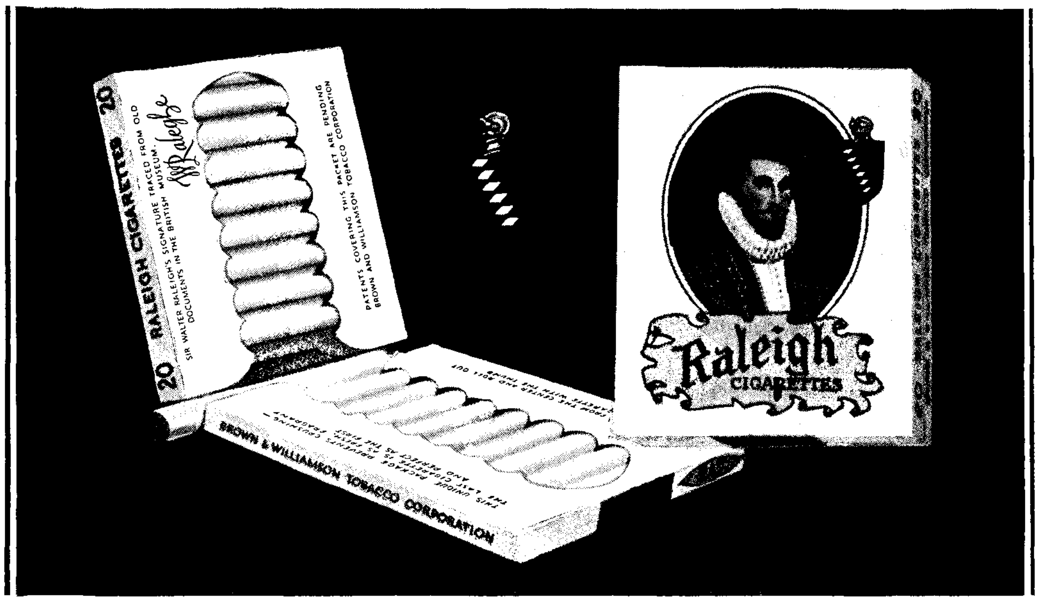
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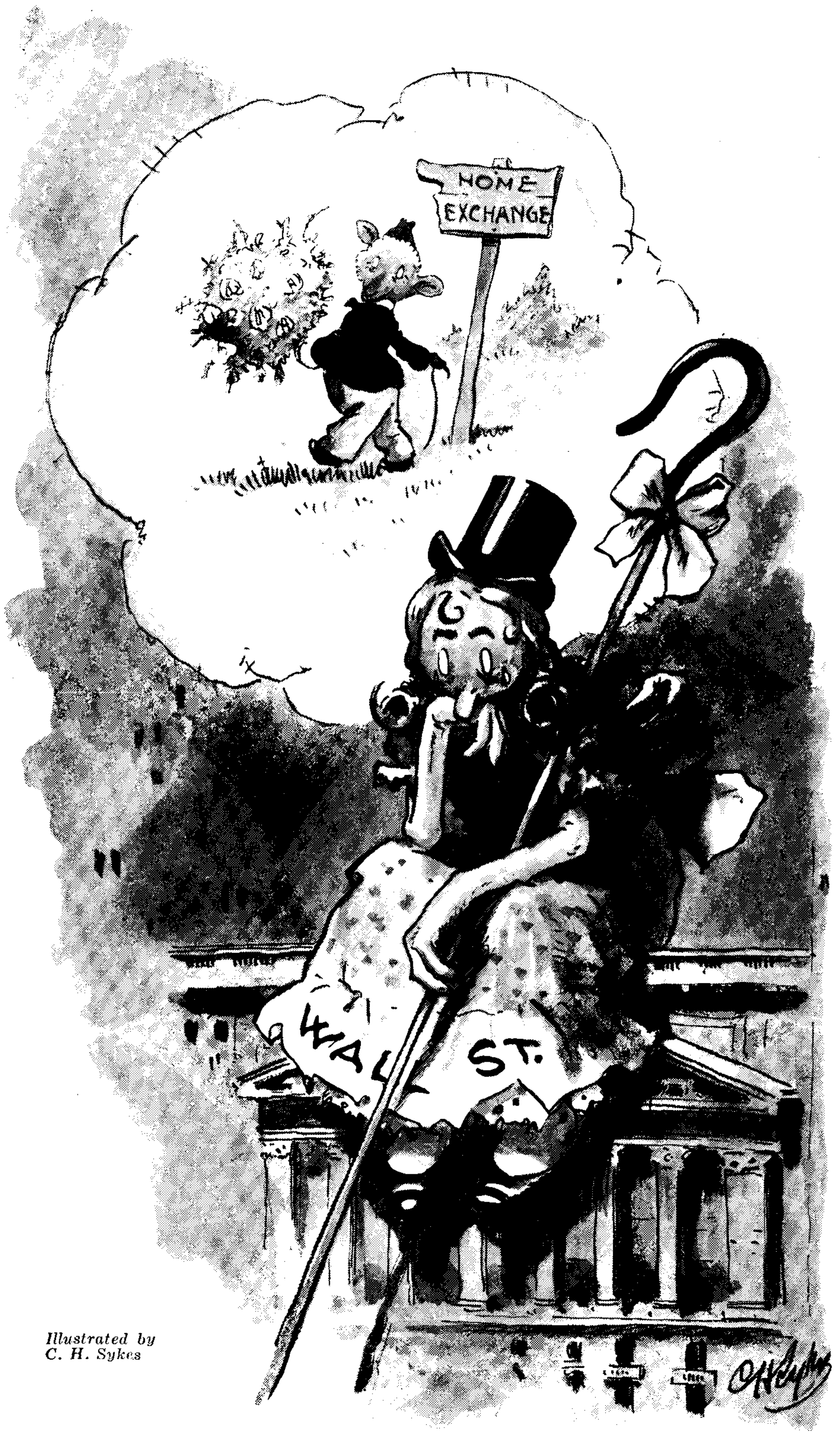
Small Change

Time was when you had to go to New York to get what you thought was coming to you—like the Maine farmer going to Bangor. But that has changed, is changing and is going to change a lot more. Particularly if it's stocks and bonds that intrigue you. Today there are more than twenty lively stock exchanges in the United States wherein everything that can happen to you in Wall Street can be yours. And more are being organized. And they're all predicting that the day is coming when Wall Street will be just an old-fashioned trading post

By John T. Flynn



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Now the local exchanges are full-fledged, with whole pastures of lovely lambs

WHEN the big volcano in Wall Street began to rumble and throw out hot bonds and molten stocks last October, sending the speculators fleeing in terror down its sides, there were some twenty-two other smaller volcanoes that went into action all over the country.

It was a whole range of volcanoes that was in eruption. When we talk about stocks and exchanges we think always of the one big exchange in New York. The public has hardly become aware of the fact that old exchanges which languished for years have suddenly taken on a new importance and a feverish activity. The country is full of little Wall Streets and some of them not so little, either—La Salle Street in Chicago, State Street in Boston, Montgomery Street in San Francisco and Spring Street in Los Angeles or even Exchange Court in Hartford.

There have always been stock exchanges of one sort or another around the country. The Baltimore Exchange goes back to 1838, the Hartford Exchange to 1876, the St. Louis Exchange to the mauve decade when a 500,000-share day on the New York Exchange was considered a sensation.

Most of the local exchanges were at first little more than trading posts hooked up with exchanges for dealing in commodities, like oil in Pittsburgh and grain in Chicago. Now they are full-fledged stock trading bazaars, with large brokerage offices, with listed stocks, tickers, ticker hounds, call money, bulls, bears and—of course—whole pastures of lovely lambs.

In almost all these exchanges one sees reflected the same tremendous impetus to stock trading which has amazed the world in Wall Street. Indeed as you look over these husky young markets you see that they have much in common.

All are growing at an amazing rate. The value of seats has run up to astonishing figures. All are looking themselves over and adopting, one by one, the drastic regulatory measures of the New York Exchange. On most of them the leading brokers are also associate members of the New York Exchange. All of them are getting high-hat and are moving into handsome new buildings—if they have not already done so.

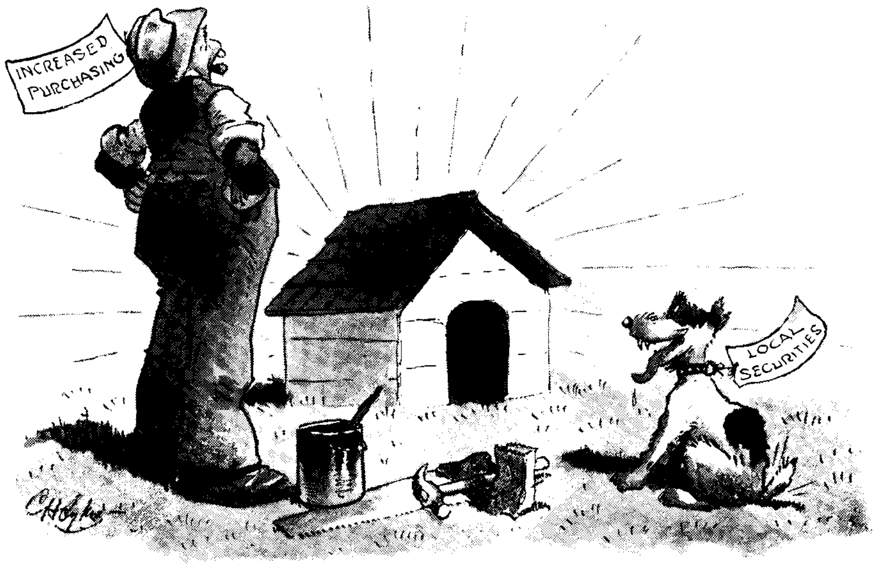
In Chicago as many shares of stock were sold on the exchange in the first eight months of 1929 as were sold in the four years of 1924 to 1927 put together.

What Price Seats?

In San Francisco the total sales of stock traded in 1928 were greater than the total of all the years from 1919 to 1927. And last year the figures for 1928 were almost doubled.

You could have bought a seat on the Los Angeles Exchange seven years ago for $3,600. The last recorded sale was for $150,000.

A seat on the Boston Exchange valued at $5,500 five years ago sold for $45,000 last year. Back in 1925 someone said the chief use for a seat on the Philadelphia Exchange was to sit down in it. The price hit a low that year of $2,000. But they are standing up now in Philadelphia and the cost of an exchange membership is up to $40,000.



Local exchanges in the Federal Reserve districts will distribute the local stocks

On the new exchange of the Twin Cities—the Minneapolis-St. Paul Stock Exchange—organized in January, 1929, the seats were sold at $1,000. Ten months later one sold for $6,500.

Of course the reason for all this is obvious. Stock exchanges are places for selling securities and the crop of securities now available for the market is big enough to keep all these exchanges busy.

Every factory, every store, every business of every kind has been dissolved into a bunch of securities. Once upon a time a department store was a department store. Now it is a flock of common stocks. In the old days a man with a department store for sale just strapped it to his back and peddled it around for six or seven years till he found a man who wanted to buy a whole department store. Now he breaks it up into a couple of hundred thousand common shares, loads them into a basket, takes them down to the local stock exchange and passes them around. When he gets through, the department store belongs to four or five thousand people. And so with everything turned into stocks and bonds we have to have a lot of stock and bond markets—stock exchanges, we call them.

In Chicago the growth of the stock exchange and the emergence of LaSalle Street is one of the amazing phenomena of the last half-dozen years. Take the business there for a single month. In August, 1927, the total number of shares sold was well under a million. In August, 1929, it was over six million. The turnover in stocks for October last year equaled the total sales for the entire year of 1927.

Deflation that Inflates

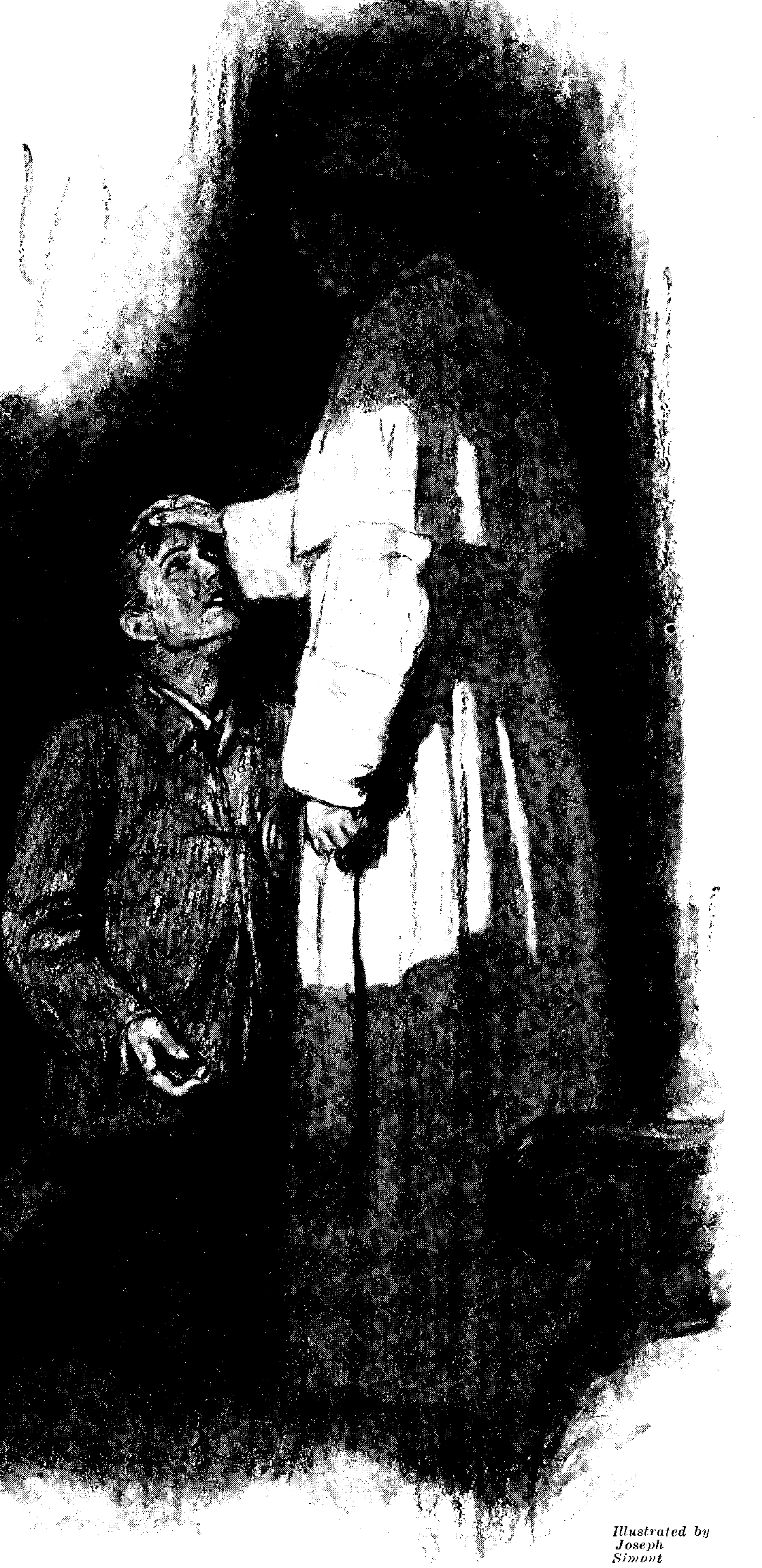
On October 24th, last year—the first day of the stock break—sales on the Chicago exchange were 1,220,000. On the first day of January, 1929, the market value of all listed shares on the Chicago board was nine and one-half billion dollars. In November, even after the deflation following the crash, the market value of listed shares was sixteen billions. A man with an ambition to be a stockbroker in the Windy City could have satisfied it in 1927 with an investment of $2,500 for an exchange seat. Two years later a seat

(*Continued on page 38*)

The Unrepentant Thief

Maybe it never happened—only two men in all the world know

By John B. Kennedy



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"The hand on my head was a strong hand. The Pope smiled. 'You shall see the Thief,' he said"

MORTON found the man squatting like an ordinary beggar on those deceptively shallow waves of stone that roll between wild iron fountains to the pillars of St. Peter's. His clothes were decent and he was unburdened by the usual trays of pious gimcracks displayed to tempt pilgrims. His lean brown cheeks spread in a sardonic smile, and to Morton's surprise he spoke in perfect English, jerking a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the great black gate to the Vatican.

"They will not let you in, eh?" he laughed with a chattering sound from his white teeth. "It is too hot and the saints are sleeping."

He laughed again. The pikeman guarding the gate in his ribboned costume of yellow, red and blue heard that laugh. His pikehead glinted in the coppery sunlight as he turned to glare.

"I am the only man," said the squatter to Morton, "who ever broke into that tomb of the living without challenge by those gaudy wastrels."

Morton thought for a moment he had run into one of those mad poets to be found in Rome who recite aloud when people will listen and to themselves when people will not. The afternoon was dead with heat; the Quirinal was closed; no loafers were bold enough to bake on the marble portico of the magnificent blasphemy of Victor Emmanuel. Its gold and glass glinted mockingly at the black battlements of Sant' Angelo above the Tiber, as Morton and his stranger wound through yellow streets to an inn where, the stranger claimed, the wine was cool and cheap.

"I am a famous thief," the stranger said in a subdued tone that yet held a braggart touch as he plucked clippings from a frayed pocket folder. The clippings were in French, of which tongue Morton knew the elements that enable an average American newspaper correspondent to pick a sketchy substance of a story. Morton gulped his first glass of wine and sipped at the second, wondering if he would find a dog-day story or an hour's entertainment or merely mild alcoholic relief from the unbearable sun. His day report would not have to be filed until six o'clock, and until the wafer-thin Roman evening papers he had nothing but Sahara climate and a vague papal indisposition to report.

SO HE sipped wine and listened.

"That is my name there," said the stranger, his brown face bright, his eyes hard with eagerness. "This is the report, as doubtless you recognize, of the robbery of the Raphael Duc de Veruzzi from the Musée at Lyons.

"That, I did," he smiled, accepting one of Morton's Milano cigarros, ugly twists of coarse tobacco like bent thumbs.

"And that is why I am in Rome, permanently," said the stranger. "For I did not contemplate stealing that Duc de Veruzzi from Lyons. No. My commission was to acquire the Muratti masterpiece of The Unrepentant Thief. You have heard of that magnificent picture? No? It is not as well known as many inferior works of Muratti.

"A great maker of chocolate in Lyons had purchased it from a thief in Milan, we learned—that is, I and my associates. Noble fellows, those, and one of them now on Devil's Island for abominable clumsiness. You understand, we were thieves of art and artists at thievery. You could leave your watch and your money in my keeping here, friend, and it would be safe as in your pockets—safer, for there are nimble-fingered gentry in Rome.

"We learned that this manufacturer of chocolate had placed the picture in the Musée at Lyons. We had exact measurements of frame and canvas. There was difficulty—not getting into the Musée at night, for I had hidden there all day in a hollow replica of the tomb of Barbarossa; the difficulty was in getting out. My pocket torch failed just after I had located the picture. Cutting it skillfully from the frame, I picked my way through room after room and escaped—would you believe it?—through the huge front doors after dexterous work on the head of a night watchman.

"That afternoon, the newspapers mocked what had already been my humiliating discovery. I had stolen the Raphael of the Duc de Veruzzi. Annoying, of course. But more annoying was *the information that* the Duc had only recently been placed in the Musée to occupy the spot vacated by Muratti's Unrepentant Thief, which had been secretly returned by order of the government to Florence.

"Disposing of the Duc for a sum that permitted my disappointed associates to drink themselves into the hands of the police, and me to live little better than a beggar here in Rome, I made it my life resolve to obtain the Muratti.

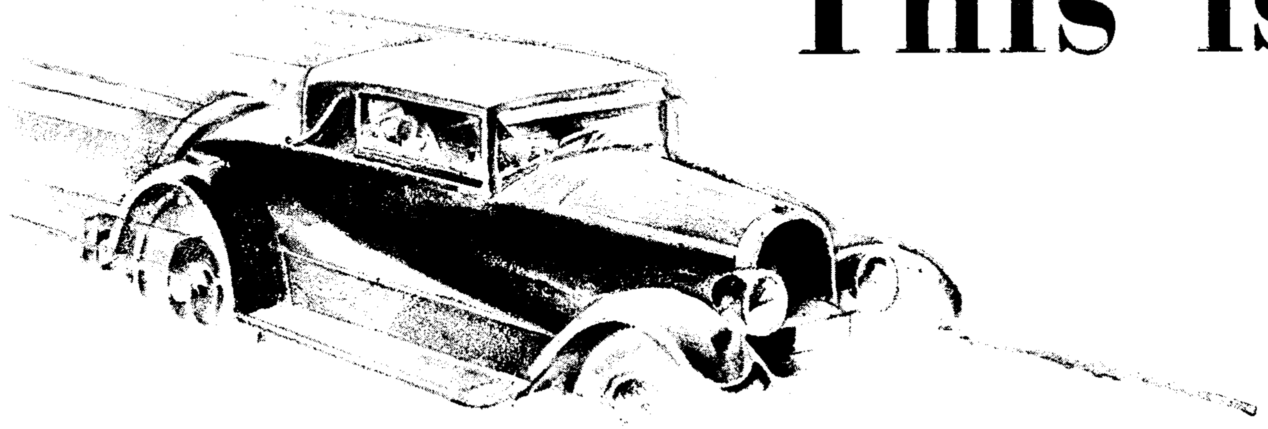
"In Florence I haunted the municipal gallery and bribed my way to search the private galleries, for had I asked too many questions suspicion would have been aroused. Learning that its real owner, a certain Signor del Toso, enormously rich maker of munitions for the war, had withdrawn it from public display, fearing attempts to steal it, I investigated.

"One night I entered his house and stalked through his long hall of exquisite things. There were so many treasures to steal that I was almost tempted to delay search for the particular jewel I sought. Suddenly a footfall came behind me. It was a tall man in servant's uniform. Before I could wield this little toy—a blackjack, yes—he had gripped my wrist.

"'You want the Muratti Unrepentant Thief?' he said to me. And when I said yes, he laughed.

(*Continued on page 70*)

From the cross-roads hardware merchant to the proprietor of a metropolitan filling-station chain . . . This is what



they know about oil for your engine

You will find the New Mobiloil at all kinds of dealers — handsome filling stations on densely-traveled highways, and just as often in obscure by-ways.

Big dealers — little dealers; immaculate service-station men — grimy trouble-shooters, hardware merchants, car agents, storage garages — we are proud of every one of them.

And here is what they have in common:

All appreciate the vital importance of correct lubrication. All know that oils which sell at the same price may give very different engine results — in hill-power, in easy starting, in quick acceleration, in carbon-deposit, in repair expense.

They know that back of Mobiloil is the greatest lubrication experience in the automotive field. They know that back of the Mobiloil Chart is the most extensive study of automobile engines in all the world.

They know that oils which cost less to *buy* may easily cost far more to *use*. They know, too, that oils which cost more than Mobiloil cannot possibly deliver more lubricating value.

That's why they carry Mobiloil and hang up the Mobiloil Chart. With Mobiloil in your crankcase they know that your engine will keep its first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles.

That's an important fact to remember next time you stop for oil.

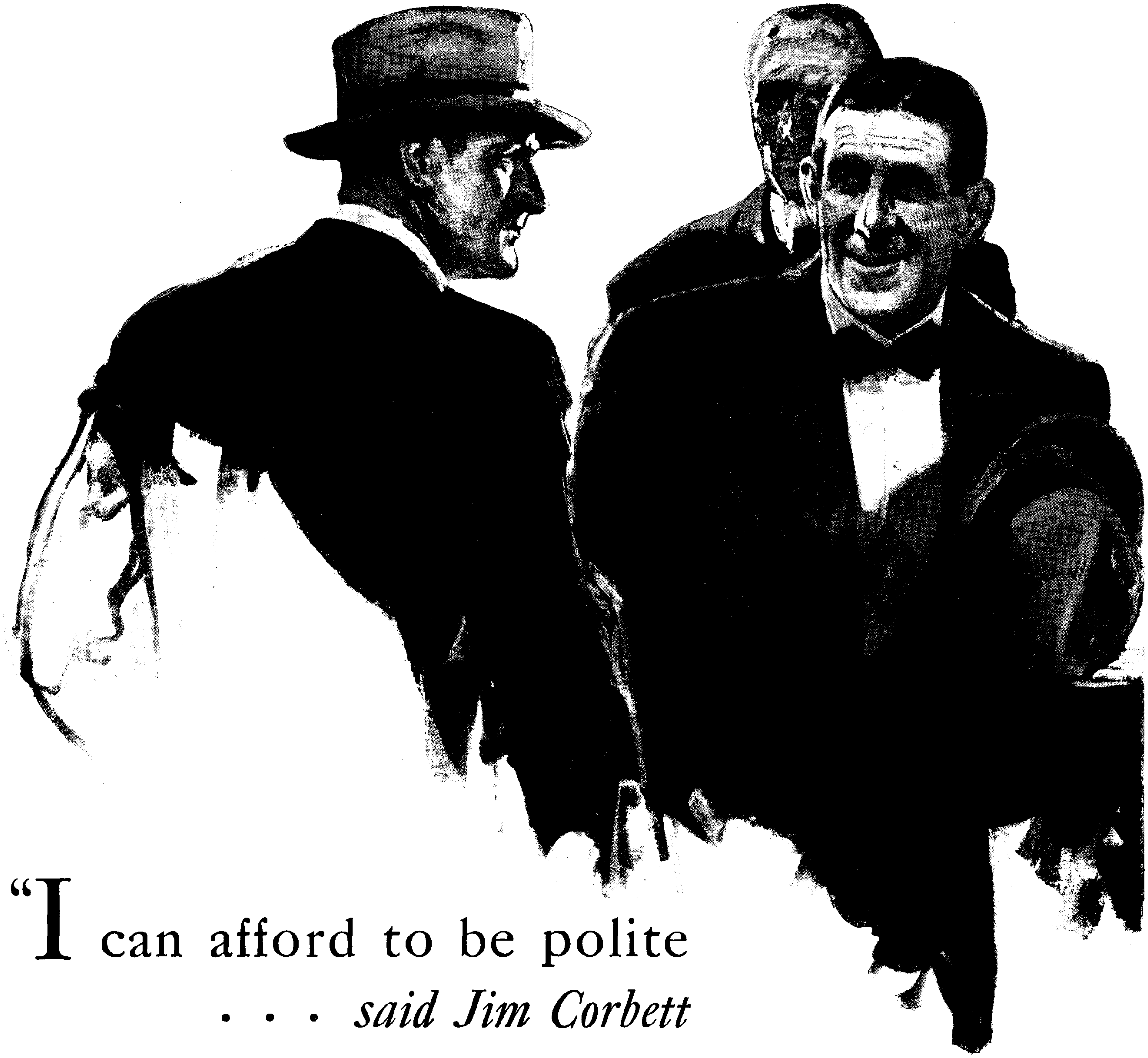
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN



"I can afford to be polite . . . *said Jim Corbett* "I've got the Punch to back it up."

They were passing through the corridors of a downtown club. A well-known manufacturer and his friend, Jim Corbett.

Wham!—*Someone bumped into Corbett, almost knocking the "Ex-King of Fistiana" breathless.*

Corbett bowed with Chesterfieldian grace and smilingly excused the clumsy offender.

"Jim," exclaimed the astounded manufacturer, "you're the politest man I ever knew."

"I can afford to be," was Corbett's good-humored reply, "I've got the punch to back it up."

• • •

That very afternoon, in his offices, the manufacturer overheard a clerk make a surly retort to an important caller. And Jim Corbett's remark came back to him with new and pointed significance.

"I wonder," he thought, "if we have to use rudeness here as a sort of protective shell for our weaknesses. Surely this business is big enough to be able to afford courtesy. '*We've* got the punch to back it up'!"

Quietly, he started an investigation on the manners of his organization. He eavesdropped on every department. He questioned outsiders. He disguised his voice and 'phoned in to his own office, listening hopefully for "the voice with the smile." He dug into correspondence files to see whether all inquiries were handled with graciousness and care.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

But the revelations were far from reassuring. The whole organization seemed to be suffering from sore-thumb or toothache. The air was tense with fretfulness. Nerves were touchy . . . dispositions overwrought.

And it didn't take him long to find out why. The girl at the information desk, for instance, had been working overtime for weeks, helping the bookkeeping department on belated work. The telephone girls were doing odd jobs for other overcrowded departments. The office manager, ordinarily an affable personality, was becoming an irascible driver. Everywhere he found a surly, distraught morale. With both clerks and superiors chafing under the irk of overtime and office confusion.

RICO TOMASO

The investigation pinned the trouble right down to where it belonged—to antiquated, cumbersome and inadequate business methods for handling the day's office routine.

It may seem a far cry from the problem of increasing a corporation's good will to the problem of handling office operations in a smooth, automatic and orderly manner. But the two problems are dovetailed and inseparable.

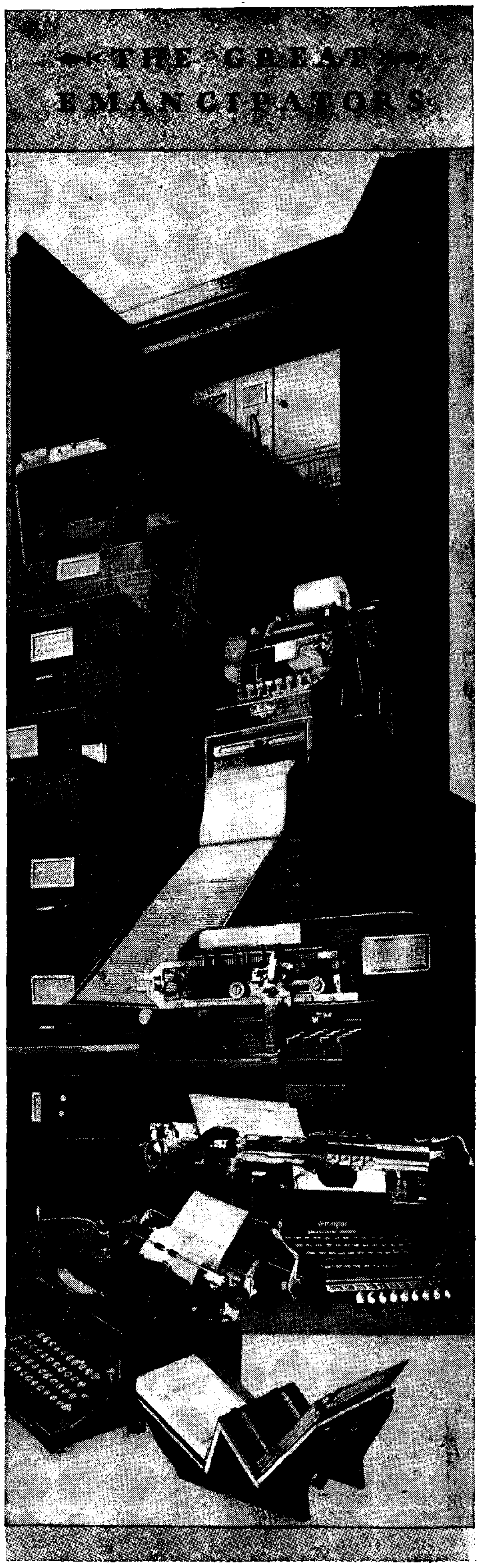
Good will is dependent on genial and gracious service and contact. But courtesy cannot thrive in a hectic and disordered atmosphere where overstrained nerves and worried minds are the rule.

The task of securing modern methods and machinery to take the friction out of office operation, speed up the day's routine and abolish overtime, is today a comparatively simple task.

For no longer need a business man consult a number of sources and listen, in confusion, to the conflicting arguments of various "special pleaders" for different devices. Today there is one headquarters, one central source for the finest of business machines, devices and methods, which he can turn to for a complete and harmonized system of business control.

That headquarters is Remington Rand. With a coast-to-coast network of 4,000 Remington Rand business analysts at the disposal of business men everywhere, it is only necessary to go to your telephone and call the nearest Remington Rand office to have one of these impartial and qualified counsellors of business control in your office tomorrow morning.

Or, if you prefer, write to Remington Rand headquarters direct, stating the particular phase of business operation of most immediate interest to you. That will bring a man with special experience on your particular problem. A conference with Remington Rand on any phase of your office or business problems. It is merely a costless way of making sure you are right or of discovering just where you are wrong, if at all.



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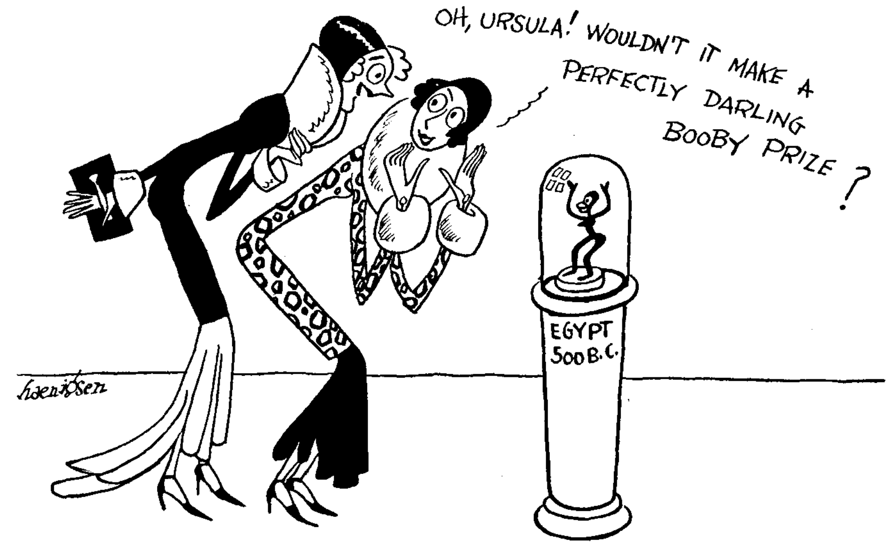

OH, URSULA! WOULDN'T IT MAKE A PERFECTLY DARLING BOOBY PRIZE?
EGYPT 500 B.C.

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-4
H. 9-8-6
D. A-J-4-2
C. Q-7-4-3

West
S. 7-5-3
H. Q-7-5
D. 9-5
C. J-10-9-8-5

East
S. 9-6-2
H. 10-4-3-2
D. 8-7-6
C. K-6-2

South
S. A-K-Q-J-10
H. A-K-J
D. K-Q-10-3
C. A

HAD the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, been played in a game of Auction Bridge, South, with such great strength, would not have deemed it necessary to bid more than one Spade, and as that bid would have been followed by three passes the auction would have ended without the suspicion of a thrill. However, the hand was played at Duplicate Contract.

Conservative Souths started by bidding four Spades, figuring that their hands might lose one Heart and two Diamonds and consequently make only four-odd if partner failed to render assistance. Two probable tricks is the requirement to jump partner's bid of four; and while North furnishes one with his Ace of Diamonds, there is some question whether the Jack of Diamonds with the Ace, and the Queen of Clubs, can be considered the second. All but one North player passed when South bid four Spades; one bid five Spades and over that South bid six.

About half of those who held the South hand thought that, as either a Heart or Diamond opening would be apt to make the hand worth eleven tricks, and as partner could not be expected to have enough strength to jump a bid of four, it was wiser to bid five originally. The risk in the five-bid was not so much that five could not be made as that partner would jump with some such holding as the King and Queen of Clubs, which would not assist South in his slam-going aspirations unless partner's hand contained some other entry. However, about half of the players in the South seat determined that their hands justified five Spades; which of course called for a bid from North.

The Play

As it happens, the play would not be varied in any way by the bidding. West opened the play by leading the Jack of Clubs, which was won by South's singleton Ace. With the Queen of Clubs unplayed by dummy, East of course retained the King. At every table South led trumps to tricks 2, 3 and 4 (at one table, as a semi-squeeze, t trick 5 also). After that, most of the Declarers led the Ace of Hearts to be sure that West would not win with a lone Queen, and then four Diamonds, taking the last in dummy. Then came the Heart finesse which failed, and consequently the Declarer took twelve tricks.

It was only at one table that the player who wielded the laboring oar appreciated the possibilities of the situation. There, one player, who was one of those playing with a four-Spades contract, realized that the 50-50 chance of the finesse could be avoided if West's original lead had been from a five-card Club suit. It was not to be supposed that West had led from a King-Jack-Ten combination, and consequently the King of Clubs could be placed in East's hand; so if West had five Clubs, East's King must fall on the third round. The one Declarer who appreciated this possibility realized that the establishment of dummy's Queen of Clubs was worth trying for, as he probably could get three Diamond entries in that hand. If he could not get the necessary Diamond entries, or if he failed to drop the adverse King of Clubs, he would not have burned his bridges, as the Heart finesse still would be available; so that one Declarer played the hand in this way:

To tricks 2-3-4, he led trumps, exhausting the adversaries.

To trick 5, South led the King of Diamonds; and to trick 6, the Queen of Diamonds, winning with dummy's Ace. To trick 7, dummy led a small Club and, East playing small, South ruffed. As but one more adverse Diamond was unplayed, it was safe on trick 8 for South to lead the Ten of Diamonds, dummy winning with the Jack; and on trick 9, for dummy to lead the third round of Clubs. This time East had to play the King of Clubs, thereby establishing dummy's Queen; and as dummy's Four of Diamonds had been made an entry, the Club Queen was cashed and the Heart Jack discarded.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7-4
H. 5-3
D. 5-4
C. K-8-7-6-4-3-2

East
S. J-10-8-2
H. 10-8-6
D. 9-8-6-3
C. Q-J

West
S. K-9-5
H. A-Q-7-4-2
D. K-J-7-2
C. 5

South
S. A-Q-6-3
H. K-J-9
D. A-Q-10
C. A-10-9

Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 21

general depression—trying to get leave—Jerry gone to the trenches again—fed up, every time you get to like anyone off they go to the trenches—trying to get leave. . . .

Trix depressed. Who is Jerry?

The exhilaration caused by the concert and Baynton goes, leaving me empty and with a ghastly feeling of impending beastliness. Something is going to happen. I know it. Where is The Bug? Back in the canteen yet?

The Bug? The drivers stare at one another. Isn't she in? Isn't her ambulance in? Someone rushes out into the yard. The Bug went out at two—the first emergency duty—to Number Three with a parcel. Tosh swears loud and long. Do they mean to say Commandant sent that sick child out, woke her up to take a parcel. . . ?

Volunteer Searchers

The Bug's ambulance is not in the line.

"Coming, Smithy? I'm going out hunting."

As we circle the convoy on Tosh's ambulance Commandant comes out. "What does this mean, Toshington?"

"Go to hell," says Tosh.

It is an hour before we find The Bug's ambulance on the hill leading to Number Thirteen. The Bug is nowhere to be seen. We search the hill on foot without result. Better get back and report, organize a search party, says Tosh. I drive The Bug's bus back.

Rubbish, insists Commandant, the girl is not lost—somewhere without permission. All the same I can see she is getting the wind up. Any driver who wishes can search; mind, Commandant is not ordering anyone—purely a case of volunteers. The whole convoy immediately volunteers for the search-party duty. Very well, says Commandant, everyone report once an hour at the station in case of a convoy.

We report once an hour.

Seven o'clock—nothing.

Eight o'clock.

Nine o'clock.

Ten o'clock.

The search party has grown. Officers and orderlies from the camps have joined in. The district has been scoured thoroughly. There is no sign of The Bug.

It is a clear moonlight night with a full moon, and searching is comparatively easy. Sick at heart, not daring to voice our feelings, we start off once more.

Eleven o'clock—nothing. We turn in at the station yard for the fifth time.

And on the stroke of eleven a convoy and an air raid are signaled simultaneously.

"Ambulances!"

Commandant's whistle blows.

The station rocks about me, up and down, up and down, like a ship coming up on the crest of a wave and sinking again into the hollows. I am sick with cold fright.

"Lights out!"

Mechanically I sit up straight behind my steering wheel. Mechanically I switch off the lights that I have been using against orders in my efforts to find The Bug. The ambulance rocks up and down. I am watching myself from a distance, suspended in mid-air over the radiator front. Look, that's Nellie Smith sitting there—that white blob of a face with terrified eyes, that's Nellie Smith. Someone's put her in charge of an ambulance. That white-faced blob is going to drive an ambulance of helpless men through a rain of dropping bombs. . . .

Ploo-op! Crash!

The first bomb. A long way off. The convoy rounds the curve. Won't be here for ten minutes, says a voice, a wavy up-and-down voice. It is talking of the airplanes, not the convoy, because the convoy is coming in the station now. I watch the white blob called Nellie Smith from the radiator. Quite calm. You wouldn't think she was dying of fear—wondering how long one can live when one's heart has ceased to beat at the thought of having to drive an ambulance of wounded through a rain of dropping bombs.

"I say, what a rag."

The girl in the next ambulance said that. She is one of the heroines the papers write about—smoking a cigarette in the face of danger. Talking to Nellie Smith. Nellie Smith begins to laugh hysterically—giggling and laughing hysterically to hide from the heroine with the cigarette that she is dying of cold fear.

Ploo-op! Crash!

"It's this sod of a moon," says a stretcher bearer resentfully.

A round reddish moon, hanging low in the sky. Somewhere where there isn't war, lovers are walking beneath it, softly beautified by its rays. A lovers' moon—not a moon to enable men in airplanes to drop bombs straight and sure. There must be some mistake. That's why Nellie Smith is laughing.

"Here, take a pull at this."

A stretcher bearer hands Nellie Smith a flask.

Ploo-oop! **Bang!**

The convoy pulls in, lights out, a dark, creeping, stealthy thing, quietly, as though afraid the enemy will hear the chug-a-chug of the engine.

Ploo-oop! Bang!

Nearer that time. Every time nearer. Why did I drink that brandy? It was easier when I could watch myself. My lips are dry. I am panting for breath. I can hear myself breathing in loud uneven spasms.

Ploo-oop! Bang!

A shell-shocked man begins to run senselessly up the platform, shouting madly. Three orderlies run after him, overpower him, rush him none too gently into the nearest ambulance and lock the doors on him.

Ploo-oop! Bang!

The heroine next door laughs. A pretty, tinkling laugh. A lovely flash, wasn't it. Quite near, too. She is loaded. Still laughing, she drives off. In the moonlight her teeth gleam. The laughing heroine the papers idolize.

His Faithful Followers

The bombs are dropping faster now. Every one a little nearer. Soon they will be over The Hill of the Witch's Hand, then the cemetery, then Number Thirteen—

Up and down, up and down, why are the stretcher bearers waving the wounded up and down?

It will be my turn to go in a minute. A sitter is being hoisted next to me—not very bad, only a broken arm—jolly, laughing, like the girl who was smoking a cigarette—"They follow me about, mate," the sitter is saying, "fair love me, do them there bombs, can't leave me in peace—" up and down, up and down, he is waving up and down—

"Loaded. Six stretchers and four sitters."

Brake off. Clutch out. Gear. Gas.

(*Continued on page 36*)

X HOLDS A MORTGAGE ON YOUR BUSINESS

X holds a mortgage on every business . . . for X stands for the hundred and one forces that are outside of and beyond your control.

SOMEWHERE an X-force holds a mortgage on your business. And how or where or why that X-force . . . that powerful external factor . . . was created does not matter. The point is, it *does* live . . . vital . . . cogent . . . Gargantuan . . . holding the destiny of your projects in its hands.

Your X-force — or X-forces — may have been engendered from the thin mists of legislation, the sensuous breath of fashion, the skeptic thought of science, or it may have emerged in full stature from the signature that made a merger fact.

Every commercial venture is vassal to some X-force. Many are subservient to several. Consider the makers of trunks and their bondage to X.

Once trunks were requisite for every more-than-local journey. Then came the X-forces of transportation, the X-forces of clothing style, the X-forces of color-hunger in the nation. And the market shrank like shoddy in a gale of rain.

Who wanted luggage that couldn't be strapped to a running board, that was ridiculously voluminous for the trifles of silk and the minims of lace which constituted a feminine wardrobe of the mode, that was dull in texture or tone?

So trunks became cases, light and blithe and debonair . . . and hostile X-forces were turned to good account. But now there are X-forces of air travel and of gowns that sweep the floor . . . There are, and always will be, new X-forces to reckon with.

And that is the function of Nation's Business . . . discovering, authenticating, interpreting the new X-forces that constantly appear on the business horizon. This publication, organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce, has at its command all the mental wealth of the largest business organization in the world. More than 320,000 executives turn to it each month for word of X-forces in their especial commercial field and depend on it for guidance.

You will find in it discussions that are pertinent to your own problems. Read the March issue . . . twenty-five cents at your news stand . . . or $7.50 for a three-year subscription for office or home.

NATION'S BUSINESS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE UNITED STATES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

★ ★ *More than 320,000 circulation* . . . MERLE THORPE, *Editor* ★ ★

Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 34

I am not doing it, it's doing itself somehow—crawling to the station gate—

Ploo-oop! Crash!

"Gordamighty," the sergeant is talking—"that was just beyond The Witch's 'And—what load?"

I cannot answer him—my lips are dry—they are sticking together—I cannot go out of the gate—I cannot go out of the gate toward the dropping bombs—

"Six stretchers and four sitters."

Who said that? It wasn't my voice, that queer cracked whisper.

"Number Four," says the sergeant.

Number Four. Number Four. Number Four. That is where I have to go with my load of wounded men. Five miles along the open road. First to the right, on past Number One, turn left, then left again and then straight on. Number Four.

Ploo-oop! Crash!

"I can see them distinct. Look."

The sitter can see them distinct, he says. I cannot look. Number Four. *Five miles along the open road.* First to the left. The sitter is counting the enemy planes. I can hear them now, the whirr of the engines. The sitter thinks they will discharge their cargo before they get into the camp. Flash. I saw that one myself, it hit the hillside. The sitter has never seen the bombs so thick. Like rain. Ah, our planes are up now. No need to get the wind up. Far safer here than in a trench. If they hit an ambulance it will be a ruddy miracle. He apologizes for the adjective.

Once they drop one bomb and miss you, the next will clean pass over ten to one, it depends on the speed they're traveling—

The bombs are getting nearer.

A picnic after the trenches—the night he was hit—he goes into a long description of the bombardment that ended in his broken arm. Survived an eighteen-hour bombardment to trip over someone's boots head first into a trench and break his bleedin' arm. Funny that. His pal Arthur would have enjoyed the joke if he'd been alive. But he wasn't. It was old Arthur's boots he'd tripped over. Not meant to stop one, and that's a dead cert—

The bombs are getting nearer.

Jealous Skies

What is it I fear? Not death. No, I only wish with all my heart I were dead and safely out of this hell. No, I do not fear death. Then what? I do not know. The dying, perhaps. I have seen men die so dreadfully. Oh, God, if there is a God, let me die swiftly and mercifully. Let me be here one second not thinking of dying and the next—

Ploo-oop! Crash!

Surely there is no sound anywhere as sickening as the sound of a bomb dropped from the air. A flattening sound as though the sky were jealous of the earth and was determined to wipe it out of existence. Each time a bomb drops I see myself under it, flat, like the skin of a dead tiger that has been made into a rug with a little nicked half-inch of cloth all round the edges—flat, all the flesh and blood and bones knocked flat—

Ploo-oop! Crash!

I laugh. The sitter tells me I have pluck, laughing like that. He's got four girls himself, the youngest four, the eldest twelve. He would rather have daughters than sons. Fine girls every one of them. His missus makes every stitch they wear, oh, a good woman and a better wife his missus—

Number Four, Number Four, NUMBER FOUR.

All the time they unload me the bombs are getting nearer. Silence except for the bombs. Nearer every time. Not so many now. All beaten back but one machine, a nurse says.

I look up. One solitary plane. Sisters and stretcher bearers whispering, hastily removing the wounded inside to that thin inadequate shelter of canvas, none of them afraid like me, coward, coward, coward, waiting to be flattened into the skin of a dead tiger that has been made into a rug with a little nicked edging of cloth—

"Right."

Off again.

The bomber is nearly overhead. I can see the bomb leave the carrier. What an age it is dropping. I am out on the road. Half a mile ahead is another ambulance traveling at top speed toward the station. From Number One. Who is it? Commandant, of course. She always takes Number One. Yes, it is sure to be Commandant. All this *I think while the bomb is dropping.*

"He'll Get Me"

Ploo-oop! Crash!

That was near. Behind me, a few fields away. The next one will get me—the sitter said it would be a miracle if a bomb hits a moving ambulance—but the next one will get me—it cannot help it—they are dropped at regular intervals according to the speed the aviator is traveling—he is right over my head—his engine is drowning the sound of mine—he'll get me, he'll get me, he doesn't know me, he doesn't know me—he has no personal grudge against me—it doesn't seem fair for him to flatten me into a tiger skin with a little neat half-inch of nicked cloth round the edges—

I *tear along*—I *must get* away, I must get away before he drops the next bomb on me—Commandant is ahead—I am gaining on her—if he must flatten out someone let it be Commandant—Oh, God, if there is a God, let the next bomb drop on the ambulance ahead—let it be Commandant—don't let it be me—don't let it be me—

Ploo-oop! Crash!

A flash of flame. My ears are deafened but he has missed me—he has missed me—

Oh, God, something has happened to the dark blob that was Commandant's ambulance—it is in the ditch—it has swerved into the ditch—the bomber has gone on—the next bomb has fallen—making for the station, they say the enemy want to wipe the station out—but Commandant's ambulance is lying on its side in the ditch—

Where is the driver? Where is Commandant? I cannot find the driver. Someone is groaning—Commandant is groaning—the ambulance is lying on its *side, it is quite intact, the bomb had not* caught it—she is groaning from somewhere, horrible groans, dying groans. Where is she? Where is she?

Another groan. A dark figure thrown a few yards away—lying on her face—Commandant, blood—my hands covered with Commandant's blood as I turn her over—

Tosh.

Tosh, not Commandant.

Tosh lying there covered with blood. Her head is bleeding—Tosh.

"*Splinter—got—me—*" *she* chokes. I can hardly hear her. "Bomb in field, Smithy—"

Tosh bleeding. Tosh lying there helpless, big brave Tosh with her head hanging childishly on one side—Tosh hit by a splinter of shell dropped by a man who didn't know her, who had no grudge—

"Oh, Christ," mutters Tosh, and dies.

Dead. One second lying there trying to laugh and the next her throat rattling and her head lolling back. Dead. Tosh dead.

"God, if there is a God, let the next bomb drop on the ambulance in front—on Commandant's ambulance—"

Not Tosh.

Commandant. Not Tosh. Not Tosh.

Hysteria

The bombs are raining on the station. Dropping like rain. Ploo-oop. Crash!

"God, if there is a God, let the next bomb—"

Tosh lies in my arms dead, soaking my overcoat with blood. Dead.

They are rolling down my cheeks now—I am laughing, laughing, laughing, laughing—but I am not amused.

Tosh lies in my arms dead, killed by a splinter of shell. Tosh the brave, the splendid, the great-hearted. Tosh is dead.

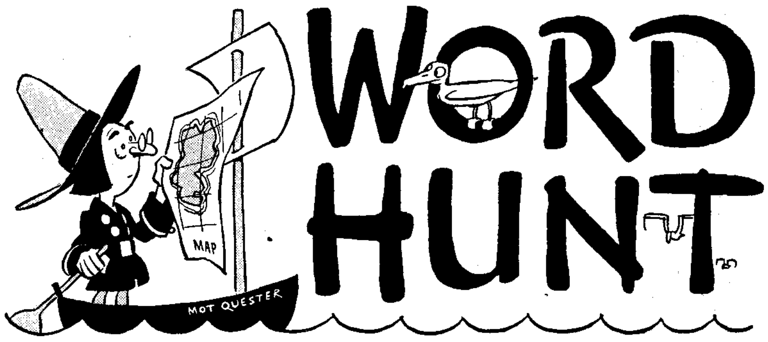
And I, the coward, the funk, the white-livered—I am alive.

It is funny. It is the funniest joke I have ever heard.

That is why I am laughing.

I am still laughing when, after roll-call, they come in search of the missing ambulances.

(*To be continued next week*)



In the English language there are five words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters B-R-O-C. Can you supply the missing letters?

1	B	R	O	C				A silken fabric woven with raised figures.
2	B	R	O	C				Variant of BROKAGE, the trade, business, or recompense of a broker (now little used).
3	B	R	O	C				An elementary principle or maxim; a short, proverbial rule, as in law, ethics, or metaphysics. Also, a sharp speech.
4	B	R	O	C				A male red deer two years old.
5	B	R	O	C				(Variant of BROCCOLI) A hardy variety of cauliflower.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Bleak
2. Blear
3. Bleat
4. Blend
5. Bleed
6. Blent
7. Bless
8. Blest
9. Bleck

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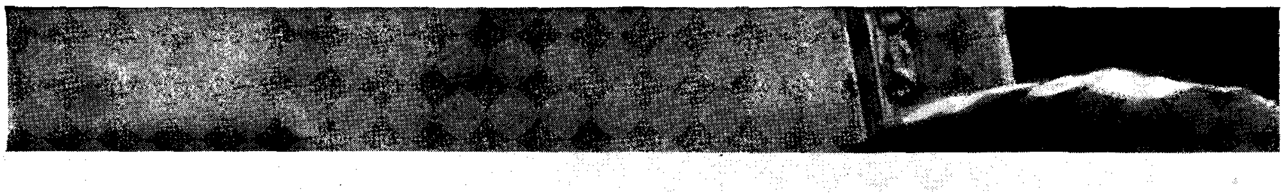

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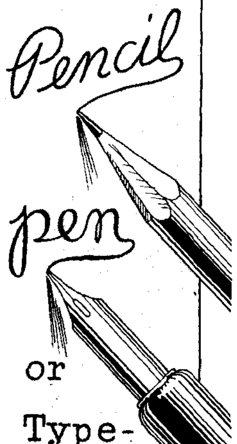

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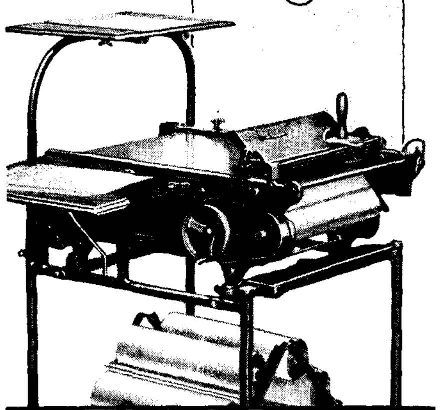

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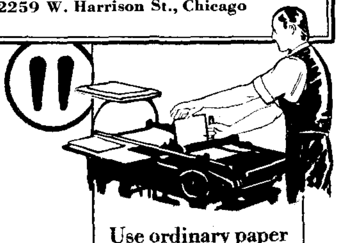

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Small Change

Continued from page 29

sold for $110,000. On September 5th, last year, the exchange doubled the number of its members—declared a "seat dividend"—giving each member two seats for one. Now they cost $50,000 each. The exchange now has 305 members—the largest membership outside of New York. All of which represents a remarkable growth since that first day in 1882 when the exchange was organized and seats sold for a dollar apiece.

When the big October stock slump hit Wall Street, of course it hit LaSalle Street too. It produced the most resounding explosion heard there since that day back in 1896 when the famous Moore brothers engineered a corner in Diamond Match. Chicago has always had a way of having a bit of a laugh at its big market dramas. On that occasion when all the financial bigwigs met at the home of Philip D. Armour and decided to close the exchange for the summer (it was a sizzling day in July) Charles T. Yerkes pulled his famous line to the effect that he had "never seen so many straw hats at a funeral."

Jeers from the Middle West

This time most of the witticisms that ran around the country anent the break originated in Chicago. New York showed a tendency to treat the smash as a good deal of a tragedy. Chicagoans lost a lot of money but took it lightly.

Samuel Insull, the great utility magnate, was in the midst of an immense operation adding about $100,000,000 to his Middle West Utilities enterprise. Rights to purchase the stock at 200 were on the market at the time. When the smash came, over 692,000 shares were dumped on the market in a week and the stock was beaten down from 495 to 185. But Insull stood his ground. The rights were not withdrawn as was done in many other cases. And before the week was over the stock had been pushed back to 315.

There are men out there in LaSalle Street who will tell you that the day is coming when it will supplant Wall Street. Out in San Francisco and Los Angeles they insist that Chicago will be merely a stopping-off place as empire travels onward toward the Pacific to its final home in San Francisco or Los Angeles—according to which city you are in.

A stock exchange is not merely a necessity as a market for ordinary trading; it is an essential adjunct to the operations of the investment banker. In the past the big investment bankers were all in New York—save a few in Boston. The underwriting money was all in New York. Now big wholesalers are appearing in Chicago and other cities. They have discovered that the New York security dealers have been operating with money drawn from their regions. There is a vast amount of money in almost all the Federal Reserve districts of the country—enough to finance most of the industries in the respective regions. This being so, it is quite probable that these regions will become more or less autonomous in their financial affairs and that they will be found lending their own funds to their own industries, that the lending will be done by their own banking houses and that their own exchanges will be employed as the machinery for distributing these stocks.

Chicago now has another security exchange—a security trading division on the old Board of Trade. The speculative opportunities in the grain market have been much impaired by Federal legislation and it is not surprising to find the Board of Trade looking with hungry eyes upon the rich security market.

Its decision to open a market for stocks and bonds precipitated a war with the Chicago Stock Exchange. An agreement has been reached under which each body promises it will not solicit from or list for any company the same class of stock or other securities of that company as may be listed on the other exchange. But the Board of Trade is permitted to list some forty-two issues now on the Stock Exchange but not actively traded in.

As has happened in so many other cities, stock trading in San Francisco had its beginnings in the traffic in the commodity for which that region is famous. The first exchange was the San Francisco Stock Exchange, organized in the sixties and devoted largely to trading in mining securities.

The present Stock Exchange is quite a different institution, having been set up about 1882 under the name of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange. Now, however, the older institution has abandoned its first name and is known as the Mining Exchange and is limited to mining shares. The new institution has the exclusive right to the name Stock Exchange. To these must be added the San Francisco Curb Exchange for handling unlisted securities.

Oil stocks, bank shares, some sugars, as well as many industrials, make up the bulk of San Francisco trading. That trading went to thirty million shares in 1928 and almost double that figure last year.

The San Francisco body is unique in that it continues to restrict its membership to seventy-five brokers—as compared with 305 in Chicago. The result is that a seat on this exchange is the costliest in the country, next to New York. A sale in 1929 was for $300,000.

The Los Angeles Stock Exchange ambled along for many years doing very little of importance. But like others it sprang into prominence in the last six years. The San Francisco brokers lead in the number of shares listed, but Los Angeles is close behind. The Southern California brokers, catering to a less conservative public, led in the violence of their trading, for in one day—October 11, 1929—they bought and sold 696,726 shares, the largest day's turnover in the history of the Pacific Coast.

Cradle of Banks and Millionaires

Of course, the oldest of all the exchanges—perhaps the mother of them all—is the old Stock Exchange in Philadelphia. Philadelphia was the cradle of most of our financial institutions. The first bank was started there. The first millionaire was developed there. The first exchange was established there in 1790. It is there yet, with 206 members and a record of reviving vigor in trading, not only in its own exclusive listings but in stocks like Pennroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, American Telephone and Telegraph, United Gas Improvement Company, which are also listed in New York. And when the break of October 24th came and New York was dumping over 600,000 shares of United Gas Improvement stock in Wall Street, over 300,000 shares were sold in Philadelphia on her local exchange. On October 29th—the day of the biggest break—over half a million shares changed hands in Philadelphia, the greatest day in the exchange's history.

Outside of New York the exchange with the most colorful history is the one in Boston. The Hub was in the early days the home of many very wealthy men and the old Massachusetts bankers took a leading part in financing the pioneer railroad builders. Some of the great Boston bankers survive in an importance and dignity which entitles them to be named with Morgan and Drexel—houses like Kidder, Peabody and Company, and Lee, Higginson and Company. And the firm of Hornblower and Weeks had its progenitors among the Hornblowers and Weekses of Massachusetts, one of whom was the late John W. Weeks, Secretary of War. From Boston flowed the funds that financed the Union Pacific. The textile companies, too, got their first funds from the bankers of Boston.

After 1900 the Boston Exchange passed into a kind of lethargy. But its star has been rising again. Now investment trusts have become the leading stocks. American Founders and United Founders are the features, the latter leading in the daily turnover. There are 139 members and they trade in some 406 issues representing 310 corporations. Trading has gone as high as 210,000 shares in a single day and a seat is worth $40,000.

In Pittsburgh the trading is heavy, the exchange having progressed there mightily in the last three years. An exchange seat that could have been bought in 1927 for $1,500 would cost now over $25,000.

One After Another

In addition to these there are exchanges in St. Louis, Baltimore, Hartford, Washington, D. C., New Orleans, and Indianapolis, all, with the exception of the last, growing in importance every year.

Portland, Oregon, opened a new exchange just about in time to get the shock of the big market crash. The exchange was opened September 4th and before it had been in operation six weeks a wave from the big wreck in Wall Street rolled across the country and hit it.

Denver, too, was without an exchange and started one in May, 1929, calling it the Denver Stock and Mining Exchange, with thirty-one members and fifty-four issues listed. In spite of its youth, however, it has managed to have a 250,000-share day and has had a turnover of over 3,000,000 shares in its first seven months.

The Twin Cities have also come into the ranks of exchange cities, having started the Minneapolis-St. Paul Stock Exchange on January 28th of last year. It is just a baby, however—its 18,335 shares sold October 29th represented its busiest day. It has fifty-four listed stocks and like all the small exchanges has a large number of unlisted shares. It has sixty members and its seats, priced in January at $1,000, are already quoted at $6,500.

It is probable that before another year rolls around there will be an exchange in Milwaukee, indeed in several other cities. Between them all these exchanges outside of New York handle a huge total of trading. The business done by them in 1929 practically doubled its 1928 total. And you can find brokers who will prophesy that this year will see that total doubled again.

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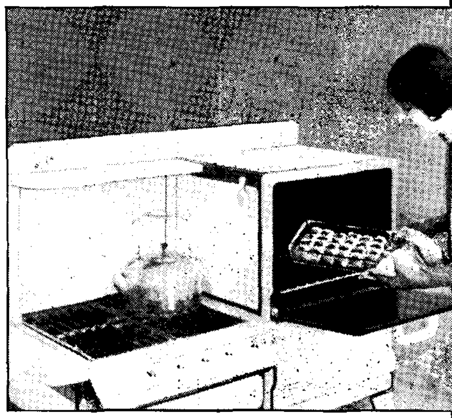

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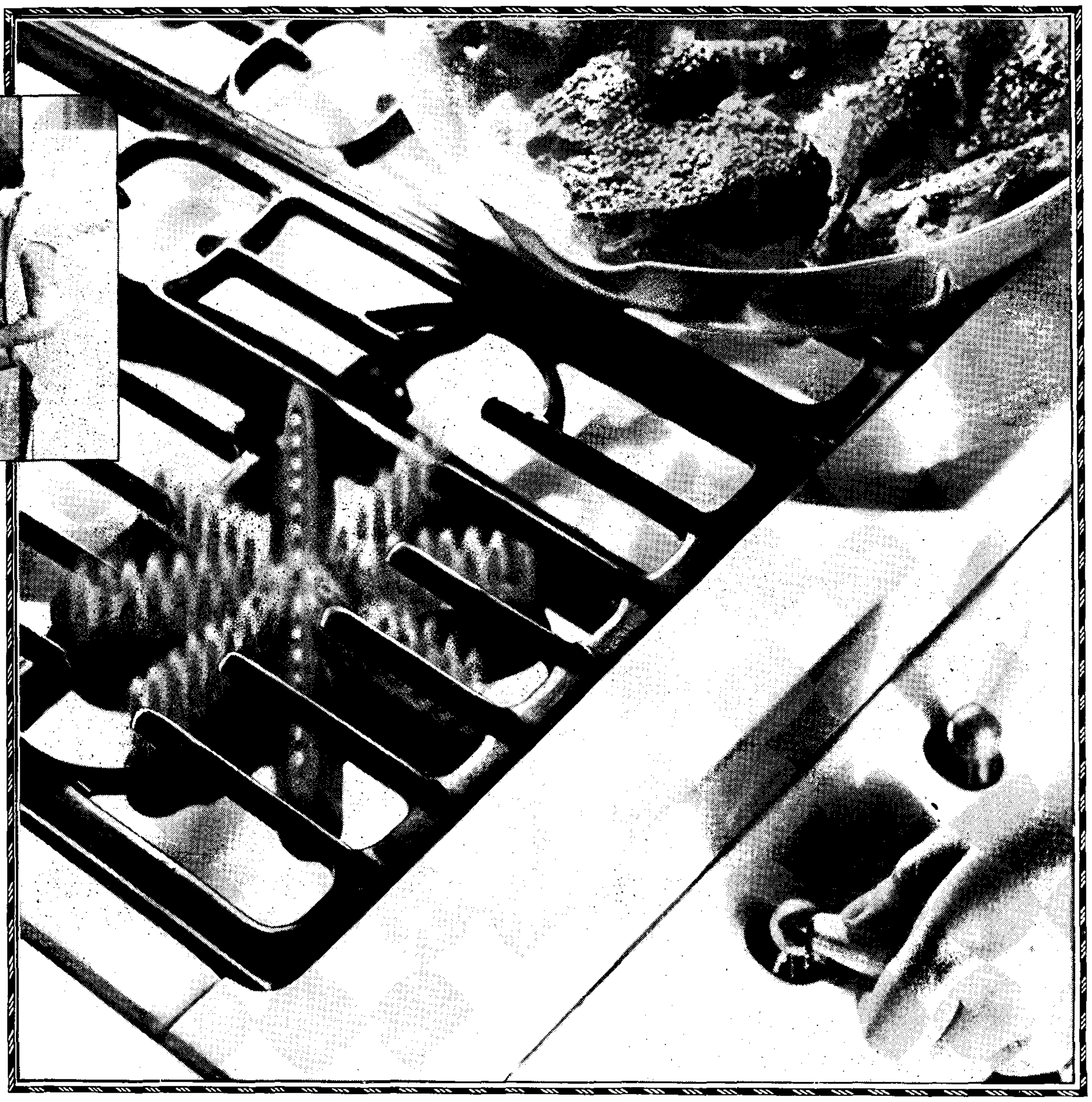

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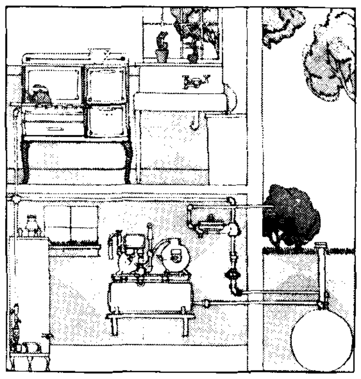

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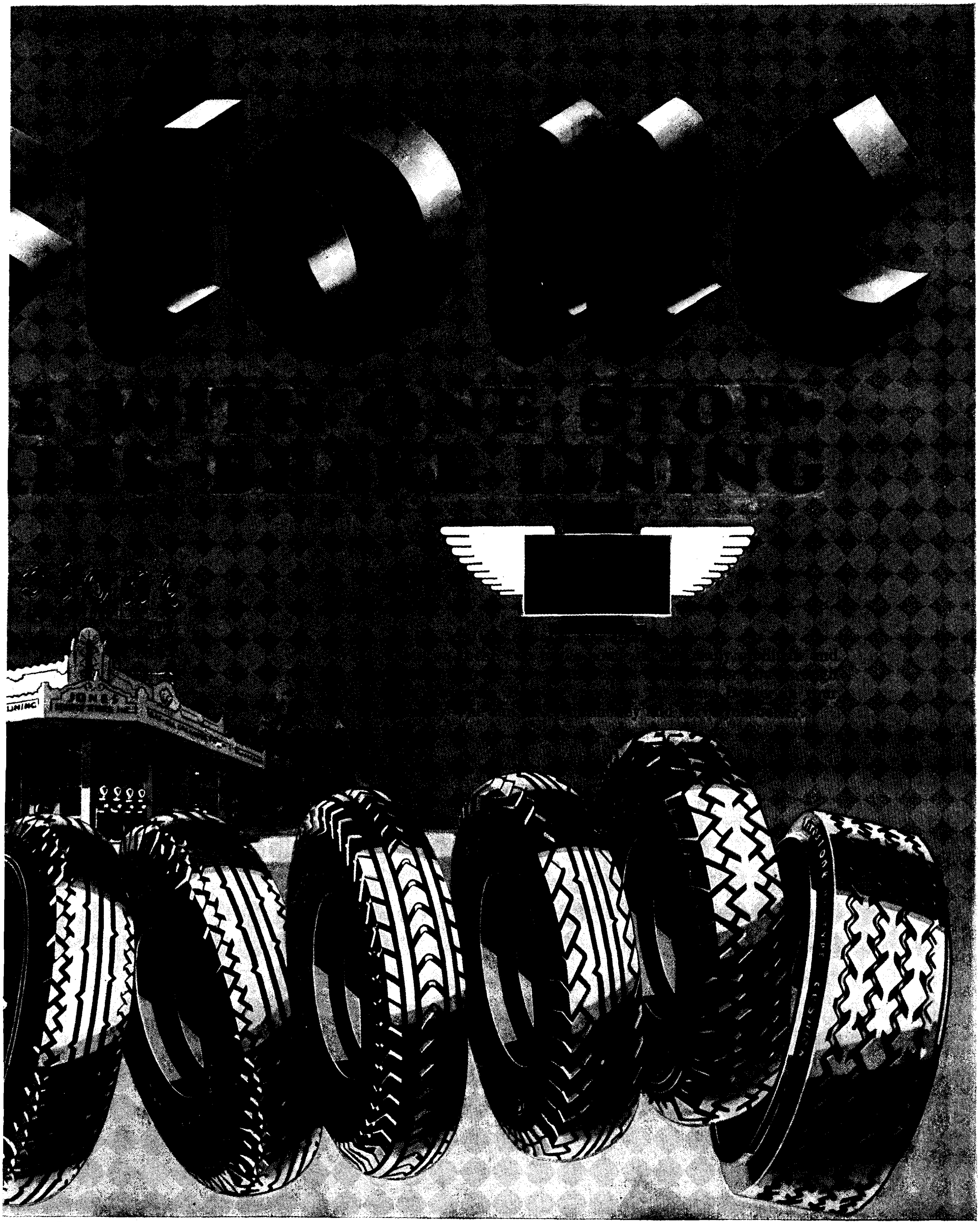

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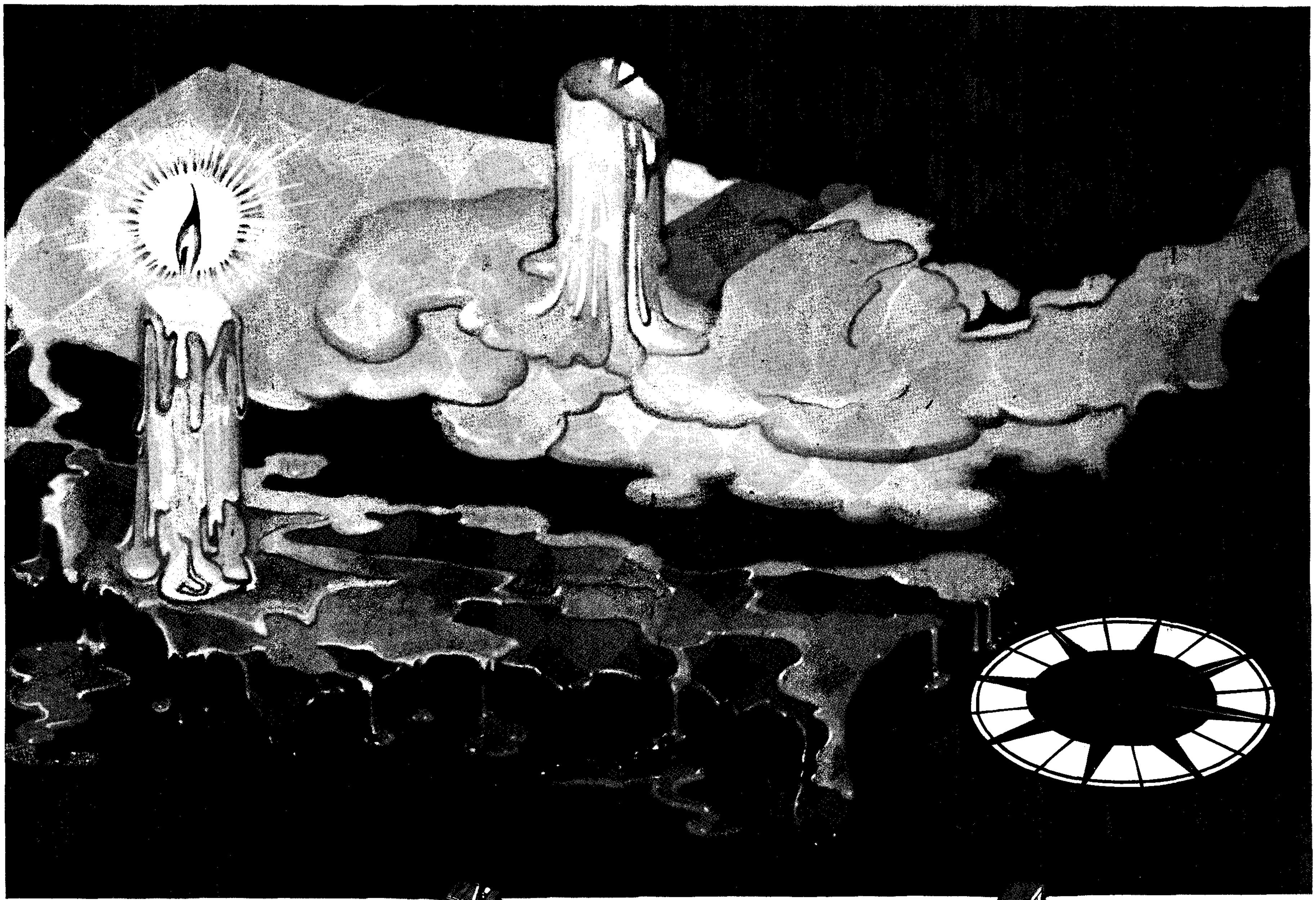

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Under Fire

Continued from page 11

ten-thousand bounty, his share of the split with Extry Bill; and behind the ten thousand he was seeing the smiling brown eyes of Ann Walker, whom he wanted more than his life.

"We oughter turn south," whined Extry Bill, "and head 'em at Monte Pass—there's water there—"

"And have 'em slip out through the Cimarron," snarled Marquette.

"At the Cimarron, then!"

"And lose 'em through the north Battle Gap!"

"You're heading into no-water," moaned Extry Bill.

"There's a lake at the head of Rose Gorge."

"I've never heard of it, if there is."

"I've seen it, Bill. Rose Gorge looks like a pass, but it ain't; I'm thinking we'll take them there, in the pocket."

"Gosh amighty," whimpered Bill, "if they're in the Gorge, we'll never git through 'em to the water!"

"To hell with water!" croaked Marquette.

Buck Marquette was right. The trail of the four Corsons led them into Rose Gorge. The upper notch of that blind canyon had deceived Little Pete Corson, as Marquette had hoped.

THE sun, which had punished their backs for so long, was leveling off behind the Blackcap Mountains as they reached the talus slides of the vertical Pilot Range. Marquette, stumbling and lurching now—he had repeatedly refused the horse—was a quarter mile within the vast-spreading wings of the gorge itself before he realized that he was almost at the trail's end. As for Extry Bill, he had for hours let his dulled eyes rest only on the bobbing ears of his horse. Bill was not much of a mountain man.

Blue was casting back and forth across the narrowing mouth of the gorge. Marquette stood on braced legs and watched until Blue ceased his casting, and turned up the gorge again, this time trotting, with his ears up and forward.

"They're in there!" Marquette whispered. "I figured we'd gain a day on 'em here, or two days, while they hunted for the pass that ain't. But they're in there yet. Just shot with luck! Ten thousand apiece! I'm going to have a cabin at the edge of the timber, right by a snow-water crick; and I'm going to get married, Bill. . . ."

Extry Bill was rolling haggard and despairing eyes up the canyon, back and forth and across. His horse, badly spent, stood head down, its legs braced. It was almost done, for a horse goes down to nothing a lot quicker than a man. Over the minute living figures the walls of the Rose Gorge went up sheer a thousand feet, monstrously marked with the five-hundred-foot rusty bands that had given the gorge its name; and in the last light of the sun from across the desert they glowed a brilliant rose-color in truth. A few stunted manzanitas grew at the feet of those volcanic walls, gripping the talus; but the water that had made that gorge, if it had been water, was another thousand feet below them, under the sands.

"It'll be miles to the head of that canyon," said Bill. "Miles, and thousands of feet up."

"Maybe we'll meet 'em coming out," said Buck. "There's a little feed up there, along with the water; but they wouldn't stay in a blind pocket long, once they found it out."

"Meet 'em coming out—Buck, we ain't in no shape for trouble!"

"The hell!"

"Listen!" said Bill. "I know where I'm at now! Fifteen miles northeast, behind them foothills, is the Buttermilk country, full of grouse, and feed, and water. We can make it, if we turn off now, while we got the stren'th—"

"There's water in this gorge, and closer than that," said Marquette.

"And the Corsons between. Look at that narrow trail. The Corsons can hold this canyon against twenty men—or a thousand!"

"Give me that saddle gun—and get out, if you want to!"

Bill gave him the gun; but followed along, on the limping horse.

A half mile up the narrowing cut they rounded a zag to meet a whining bullet that kicked sand into Marquette's face as it ricocheted. The report of the up-canyon gun sent a rattling reverberation down the Rose Gorge.

Extry Bill wheeled his horse so sharply that it dropped to its knees. He tumbled off, got the horse up, and led it out of range. "Buck, come on back! They'll be on us like forty ton!"

Buck dropped to his hands and knees behind a shattered boulder, tossed his hat aside, and tried to locate the source of the shot; but the thousand-foot rose-banded walls were wheeling slowly about him, and he could not. Cautiously he began worming his way up the canyon, keeping to the cover of the boulder scatter. Five times more lead spattered from the rocks about him, and a sharp jump of granite splinters brought the blood out on one side of his face. He sent one shot into a rock slide, trying to put a glancing bullet around a corner, and another shot into a nest of boulders, but without any effect he could see. Yard by yard he pushed up-canyon, while the light failed fast.

Then he came to a place where there was no longer any cover at all, but only an expanse of sand. Here, he saw that he was beaten. No man could live under the Corson guns, crossing that open sand; and there was no way around.

Blue, whom he had been keeping close beside him, made a springing feint to cross the open. Marquette ordered him back, and the dog whipped around, taking cover again, while lead droned over.

FAR up the gulch, beyond range, Marquette made out the Corsons' picketed mounts, standing with heads up and ears pricked down-canyon, toward the desultory firing. Rested horses, he could see, full of water and grass. Once out of the Rose Gorge, the Corsons would be loose forever—or would fall into the hands of other men.

Presently he crawled back the way he had come, his dog with him. Blue was growling protestations; he had not crossed a desert to be cheated out of battle by sixty yards of sand. Marquette had debated whether he should try to get between the Corsons and their ponies under cover of darkness, but had decided there was too great a chance of their slipping through him in the dark. He had no faith in Extry Bill.

He decided to build a fire in the narrows of the gorge, one that would give him a shot if the Corsons rode out. When this was done he walked back a hundred yards or so toward the mouth, hobbling lamely, for his swollen leg had turned as inert as so much hot lead. Nothing further to do until tomorrow. Tomorrow! Ten thousand dollars . . . and Ann . . . perhaps.

"Let 'em out," begged Extry Bill. "We got to have water! A man can't live—"

"They'll never get out," said Marquette, "while I can draw a sight."

"That won't keep 'em long. What's the good?"

"Leave if you want to. You can make the Buttermilk."

Extry Bill stayed.

It was Blue kept the watch that night. Four times his furious, half-roaring, half-barking challenge told Marquette something was trying—or about to try—to pass the canyon narrows, and each time he sent a couple of shots crashing up the Rose Gorge—firing by instinct, in spite of the tricks his eyes were playing him by then.

WHEN Extry Bill awoke, drier than ever, by the first light of morning, the Corsons were still fast in the Rose Gorge; but Buck Marquette was stark, raving mad with the fever delirium, of thirst, exhaustion, and infected blood.

For some reason he had moved his position during the night, so that he was farther down canyon—fifty yards, perhaps, below Extry Bill.

Bill got stiffly to his feet, located Buck Marquette, and moved toward him. "We got to get out of here," he croaked. "The Buttermilk country—"

His face went blank in utter terror as Buck Marquette staggered to his feet, took slow aim at Extry Bill himself, and fired.

The shot was wild. Extry Bill dropped to hands and knees and scrambled for cover. "Buck! For God's sake, it's me—*it's* Bill!" For answer a second shot crashed in the canyon, and this time Bill took a slug in the leg. It was only a grazing blow across the muscles of the calf, but it made the leg useless. Bill crawled into a rock pile, whimpering, and stanched the bleeding with scraps of dry tobacco that he was too thirsty to chew, and strips of shirt.

"Buck! Buck Marquette! Are you nuts?"

A third shot spanged off a rock over his head, and went droning up the canyon.

To Bill's shouted pleas, Buck made no verbal reply, for the reason that he did not recognize the voice, nor the words. A dozen jumbled voices were in his ears, distant behind the fever beat and ring; he had only seen a shape move toward him, foggy and weaving, expanding and contracting in size; and had fired at it.

Now Extry Bill was forced to shift his position sharply, for he was taken under a new raking fire from the rear. The Corsons, four times bluffed back from the narrows during the night, could see what they were up against better, now, and were ready to fight their way through. Bill sighted a man in the narrows—two, three, their guns ready in their hands. Bill drew a slow bead, the whimper and whine gone out of him at last; and he thought he saw the man he drew down on spin on one heel, and pitch sideways onto his face. But all three took cover, so he could not be sure he had hit. Then he scrouged tight to the ground behind his rocks, while powder and lead growled, and sand spattered him. They could almost, but not quite, reach him where he was. The gaunt bay horse went out of the canyon at a galloping lurch.

"For God's *sake*, Buck!"

Now the gunfire from above ceased, and for a minute or two Bill could hear two of the brothers calling back and forth to each other from their holes in the rocks. He could not make out what they said, except that a good bit of their

(*Continued on page 44*)

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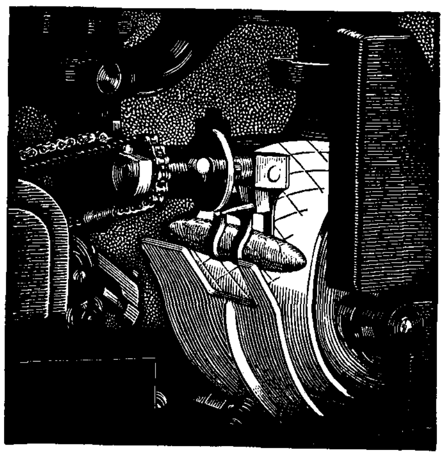

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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
. . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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(*Continued from page 43*)

talk was devoted to blistering each other with rabid oaths. He cautiously raised a head, hoping to get a shot; but a bullet ricocheted almost in his face, and he ducked and stayed down.

That last shot had come from a point a hundred yards closer than Bill had figured, and a cold agony of fear gripped him.

If Buck would come to his senses they still might retreat, dragging themselves out of that deadly gorge through the cover of the rocks; and Buck could catch the bay, and help Bill onto it, and they could get away. The Corsons would not pursue. And Buck and Extry Bill might still make it to the Buttermilk country, and live to tell the story—perhaps.

"Buck, can't you hear me? Buck, in the name of God, it's me, it's Bill—"

Smack! Another bullet whining up-canyon from the rocks where Buck lay—Buck firing at the sound of his voice.

Now, from where Bill lay, he saw an unexpected thing. Bluestone was trotting toward Buck's barricade, coming back in his long wolf trot from some fruitless up-canyon cruise; and suddenly the dirt sputtered at Blue's feet—and the shot was from Buck Marquette. Across the top of a boulder Buck's dulled bloodshot eyes were watching Blue in a ghastly sort of way, trying to fix him clearly enough for another shot.

Blue stopped dead and stood quivering, staring at Buck's crazy eyes across the canyon bottom; then abruptly all the life went out of him, and he took cover, crouching and slinking. He knew what he was up against, all right.

And, also for the first time, he turned to Extry Bill, creeping to him through the rocks. The dog muzzled the wounded man, trying to get him to do something; but of course there was no satisfaction there. Above in the Rose Gorge the Corson guns were silent; and Bill knew they were creeping down, and that the end would be pretty quick. They waited, the dog quivering, the man resigned.

Blue got up, and moved out into the open as slowly as if he had been a hundred years old. Bill saw that he was going to try again to go to Buck.

"Blue—" Bill put into his voice all the command he had left—"you come back!" Blue's stride slowed, so that Bill knew he understood; but he went forward, walking like a sled dog in harness, head and tail down, something pulling him ahead against the tug of fear and the drag of Bill's will.

Buck must have seen only a moving form among the shifting dim shapes of rock. The foreseen happened: Buck's rifle banged again, and Blue was down in the canyon bottom, yelping as he bit frantically at his shoulder, his side.

ABRUPTLY he stopped it and got up, with the red running down one sprawled foreleg. No animal ever looked more completely reduced to fundamentals than Blue looked then, ears back, haunches down, bracing himself up on his three sound pins. Unquestionably he knew where that rip and shock of bullet had come from, and who was going to pop him again, if things went on as they were.

Bill watched him dully at first, only slowly beginning to realize what was happening here. The sheer rock walls rose incredibly taller than before, seeming to lean inward above them; and in the unearthly blast of the sunlight between those ungodly walls Blue appeared infinitely small and crippled, beset by unfamiliar odds. Yet those mountains seemed to have nothing better to do than lean over that dog, and watch him creep cowering toward his death in a silence so intense that the pulse in Bill's wound seemed to make an audible noise.

Then suddenly the silence was broken by a small sound: only the roll of a pebble, but by it Bill knew that the Corsons had continued their down-canyon advance, that they were very near. Bill was spurred to a sudden crazy effort, and floundered out into the open with some fool hope of getting close enough to Buck Marquette to grab the muzzle of his gun, and perhaps stun him, and somehow get him down-canyon out of the Corsons' path.

THE painful effort carried him about eight feet, and his head swam, and he was ready to have his name added to the list of desert missing. Strangely, the Corsons did not fire, though he was open to their gunsights now. Marquette himself could have drilled him then, for that matter—if Buck's eyes had not been on the dog alone.

Blue had wormed his way nearer Buck's rocks, but he was hesitating now. Bill followed the dog's eyes, and suddenly he perceived that Marquette was faltering, lowering his gun hesitantly, as if possibly through the fever haze it was dawning on him that something was not as he had thought. Perhaps Bill imagined it, but he thought that on Marquette's face was a premonitory gleam of sweat.

Marquette's lucid moment appeared to pass, and once more the gun snapped up. Bill saw that Blue had stopped.

Bill had not known until then that he had been the victim of a crazy hope. Almost, Blue's game approach had reached Marquette's fever-shrouded mind. Wounded by his only god, he had still gone on; and had so nearly won the only objective that was any longer of use—

Blue half rose, and Bill tried to cry out to him, begging him to go on, commanding him—and could not. Thus Bill failed him, and in his supreme moment Blue was all alone. His head swung, unable to face the weapon in the only hands he feared on earth; and Bill thought he was going to break.

Then—his three legs squirmed him forward once more.

The rifle clattered out of Buck's hands, he took a step forward, stumbled, and came down on his hands and knees. Blue sprang forward three-legged, and in a frantic quiver of emotion muzzled Buck's face.

Buck Marquette came staggering up-canyon, calling Bill's name.

"You got me in the hind leg," Bill told him. "We got to get out of here!"

"Where's the Corsons?"

"They're right up here in the rocks, within a hundred yards!"

"Then why haven't they gun-whipped us, right here where we stand?"

That was what was mystifying Bill. "Maybe—maybe they see we're beat—giving us this chance to clear out, and let them go—it's our only chance, Buck! —Let them out, and then somehow get back up here to water—"

Buck nodded. Somehow he got Bill up onto his good leg, and supported him, tottering. His own infected leg was stiff with pain, but he could hobble a little yet. Three steps they took down-canyon. Then Buck looked around for Blue, who should have been ahead, leading the way.

Blue was leading the way, all right, limping on his three legs. Only, he had misunderstood. It was not in that dog ever to turn his back on battle, nor to believe that Marquette would ever turn. Blue had turned up-canyon, toward the rocks where the Corsons were.

Buck tried to lower Bill gently, but he stumbled and almost fell on top of him.

"Buck, what's the matter? For God's sake, don't give out now!"

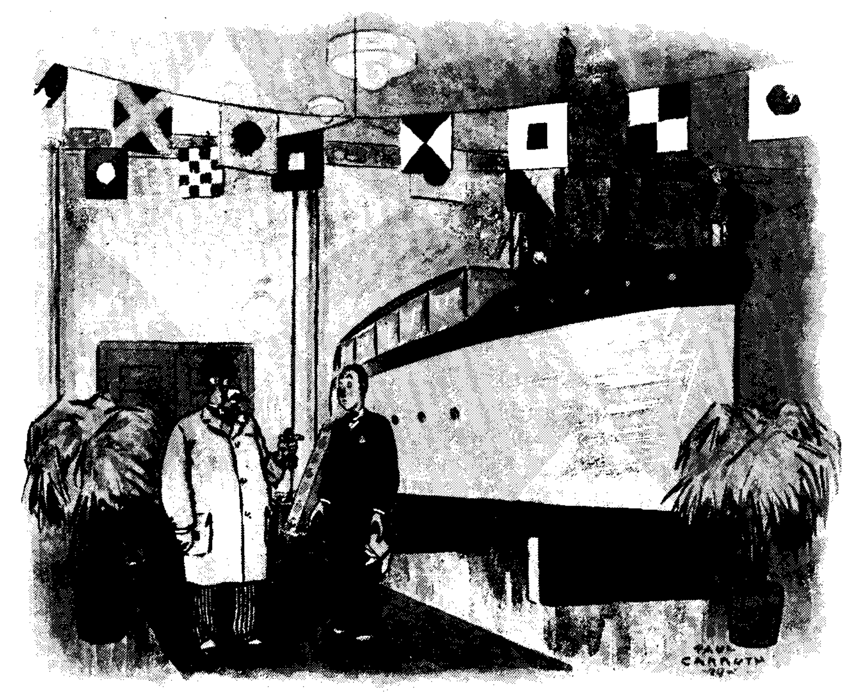
Marquette did not answer. Instead he drew his six-gun, which he had not yet used, so that it was loaded; and laboriously dragging that swollen leg, turned up-canyon in the wake of Blue. . . .

TWENTY yards—forty—fifty—Blue rushed forward with a crazy roar; and from a white granite boulder three shots whipped about him into the sand. Marquette's gun answered. It was almost wing shooting for Marquette, he was swaying so; but the shots from the boulder ceased. Ten yards more; then Little Pete Corson stood up, from among red broken rocks, alone. His gun was idle in its holster—empty, as it proved—and his hands were over his head.

"Where's the rest?" croaked Marquette.

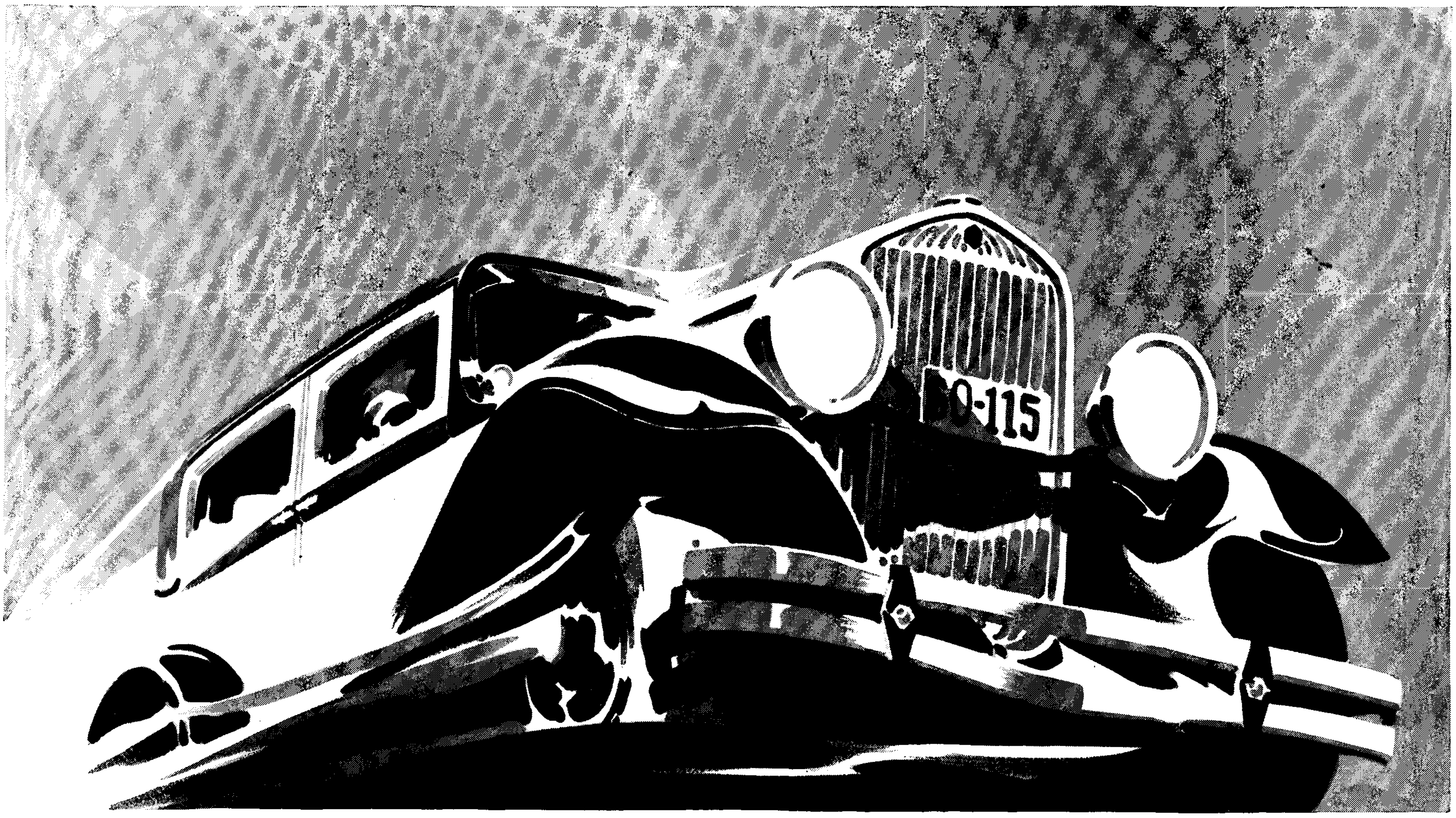
"Har'ld's dead. Your partner got him. You killed Simon last night, when that damned dog caught us rushing the narrows. Sol had all the cartridges was left—and he's lost the shootout, I guess, wasting time and powder on the same lousy dog. I'm all that's left."

"Oh," croaked Marquette, swaying. "Well, throw me that canteen—before me and my dog—jump right down your throat. We're spoiling for trouble, anyway, me and him. Why can't you hombres—stand up and—fight like men?"



"Oh, yes, I'll take it. And now—ah—where do I get myself tattooed?"

PROVE *its Right* *to* CHALLENGE



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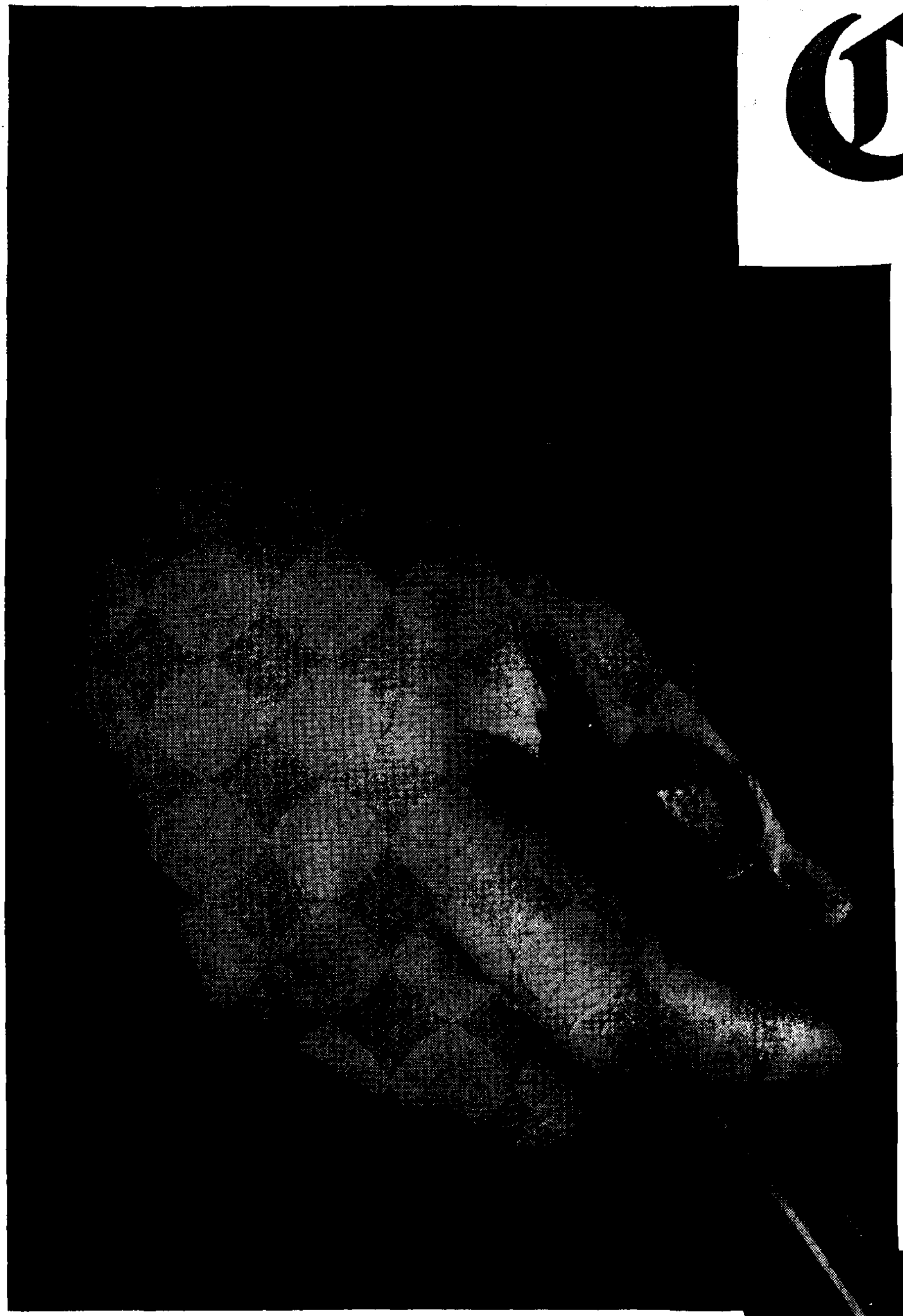

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Old Briar
TOBACCO
The Best Pipe Smoke ever made
now 15¢
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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 9

a very small party. Sir Lionel, myself, Ali Mahmoud the headman, Forester the chemist—I have mentioned him before; and the Chief's niece, Rima, who's our official photographer."

I suppose my voice changed when I mentioned Rima; for Petrie stared at me very hard, and:

"Niece?" he said. "Odd jobs women undertake nowadays."

"Yes," I answered shortly.

PETRIE began to toy with his fish. Clearly his appetite was not good. It was evident that repressed excitement held him—grew greater with every mile of our journey.

"Do you know Superintendent Weymouth?" he asked suddenly.

"I've met him at the club," I replied, "now that you mention it. I believe Forester knows him well."

"So do I," said Petrie, smiling rather oddly. "I've been trying to get in touch with him all day. . . ." He paused, then:

"There must be associations," he went on. "Some of you surely have friends who visit the camp?"

That question magically conjured up a picture before my mind's eye—the picture of a figure so slender as to merit the description serpentine, tall, languorous; I saw again the brilliant jade-green eyes, voluptuous lips, and those slim ivory hands nurtured in indolence. . . . Madame Ingomar.

"There is one," I began—I was interrupted.

The train had begun to slow into Wasta, and, high above those curious discords of an Arab station, I had clearly detected a cry:

"Dr. Petrie! A message for Dr. Petrie!"

He, too, had heard it. He dropped his knife and fork and his expression registered a sudden consternation.

As Petrie sprang to his feet, a tall figure in flying kit came rushing into the dining car, and:

"Hunter!" Petrie exclaimed. "Hunter!"

I, too, stood up in a state of utter bewilderment.

"What's the meaning of this?" Petrie went on.

He turned to me, and:

"Captain Jameson Hunter, of Imperial Airways," he explained—"Mr. Shan Greville."

He turned again to the pilot.

"What's the idea, Hunter?"

"The idea is," the airman replied, grinning with evident enjoyment, "that I've made a dash from Heliopolis to cut you off at Wasta! Jump to it! You've got to be clear of the train in two minutes!"

"But we're in the middle of dinner!"

"Don't blame me. It's Superintendent Weymouth's doing. He's standing by where I landed the bus."

"But," I interrupted, "where are we going?"

"Same place," said the airman, grinning delightedly. "But I can get you there in no time, save you the Nile crossing and land you, I believe, within five hundred yards of the camp! Where's your compartment? You have to run for your things or leave them on the train. It doesn't matter much!"

"It does!" I said. I turned to Petrie. "I'll get your bag. Fix things with the attendant and meet me on the platform."

I rushed out of the dining car, observed in blank astonishment by every other occupant. Our compartment gained, I nearly knocked over the night attendant who was making the bed. Dr. Petrie's bag I grabbed at once. Coats, hats, and two light suitcases were quickly bundled out. I thrust some loose money into the hand of the badly startled attendant and made for the exit.

Petrie's bag I managed to place carefully on the platform. The rest of the kit I was compelled to throw out unceremoniously—for the train was already in motion. I jumped off the step and looked along the platform.

AND suddenly, standing there with the baggage distributed about me, I became rigid, staring—staring—at a yellow, leering face which craned from a coach only one removed from that we had occupied. . . .

The spy had been on the train!

Hatless, dinnerless, and half asleep I stood, until Jameson Hunter, Dr. Petrie and the station master joined me.

"It's all settled," said Hunter, still grinning cheerfully. "The station master here was rather laboring under the impression that it was a holdup."

But the station master was by no means willing to let us go. He was now surrounded by a group of chattering subordinates. Then all voices became suddenly silent.

A big man, wearing a blue serge suit, strolled into the station.

"Weymouth!" cried Petrie. "This is amazing! What does it mean?"

The big, genial man, whom I had met once or twice at the club, appeared to be under a cloud. His geniality was less manifest than usual. But the effect of his arrival made a splendid advertisement for the British tradition in Egypt. The station master and his subordinates positively wilted in the presence of this ex-Chief Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department, now in supreme command of the Cairo detective service.

Weymouth nodded to me, a gleam of his old cheeriness lighting the blue eyes; then:

"I don't begin to think what it means, Doctor," he replied, "but it was your wife told me."

"The cry in the courtyard?"

"Yes. And the telegram I found waiting when I got back—"

"Telegram?" Petrie echoed. He turned to me. "Did you send it, Greville?"

"No! Do you mean, Superintendent, you received a telegram from—Luxor?"

"I do! I received one today."

"So did I," said Petrie, slowly. "Who, in sanity's name, sent those telegrams, Greville?"

But to the question I could find no answer.

"It's mysterious, I grant," said Weymouth. "But whoever he is, he's a friend. Mrs. Petrie thinks . . ."

"Yes?" said Petrie, eagerly.

Weymouth smiled in a very sad way, and:

"She always knew in the old days," he added. "It was uncanny."

"It was," Petrie agreed.

"Well, over the phone tonight she told me—"

"Yes?"

"She told me she had the old feeling."

"Not—?"

"So I understand, Doctor. I didn't waste another minute. I phoned Heliopolis and by a great stroke of luck found Jameson Hunter there with a bus, commissioned to pick up an American party now in Assouan. He was leaving in the morning, but I arranged with him to leave tonight."

"Moonlight is bad for landing unless one knows the territory very well," Jameson Hunter interrupted. "Fortunately I know of a good spot outside here, and I know another just behind Der-el-Bahari. If we crash, it will be a bad show for Airways."

We hurried out to where a car waited, Dr. Petrie personally carrying the bag with its precious contents.

OUTSIDE the town we ran into a cultivated area but only quite a narrow belt. Here there was a road of sorts. We soon left this and were bumping and swaying over virgin, untamed desert. On we went, and on, in the bright moonlight. I seemed to have stepped over the borderline of reality. The glorious blaze of stars above me had become unreal, unfamiliar. My companions were unreal—a dream company.

On a long, gentle slope, dangerously terminated by a ravine, the plane rested. Our baggage was quickly transferred from the car and we climbed on board. A second before the roar of the propeller washed out conversation:

"Hunter," said Weymouth, "stretch her to the full. It's a race to save a man from living death. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

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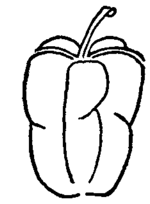
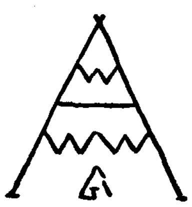
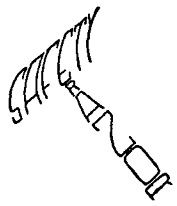


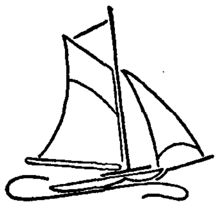
"Pepper," by Charlotte B. Wimp, 2147 West Hill St., Louisville, Ky.



"Wigwam," by Eleanor H. Morrow, 2129 South 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"Safety Razor," by S. N. Riggs, 69 Alpine St., Arlington, N. J.



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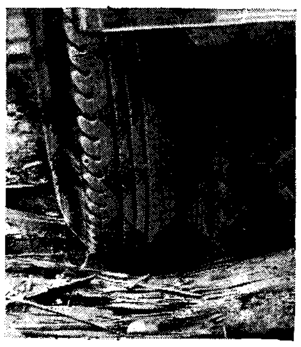
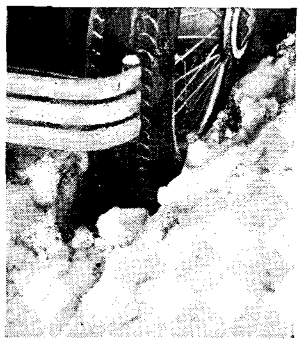


Detours

Sand



Snow

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And in all that distance . . . not a single blow-out, not a single tire failure, among more than five dozen casings!

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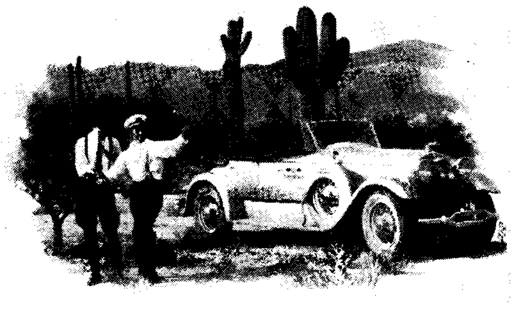
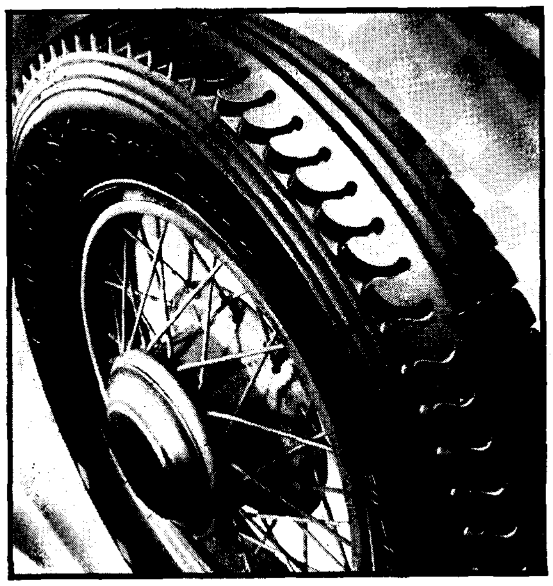
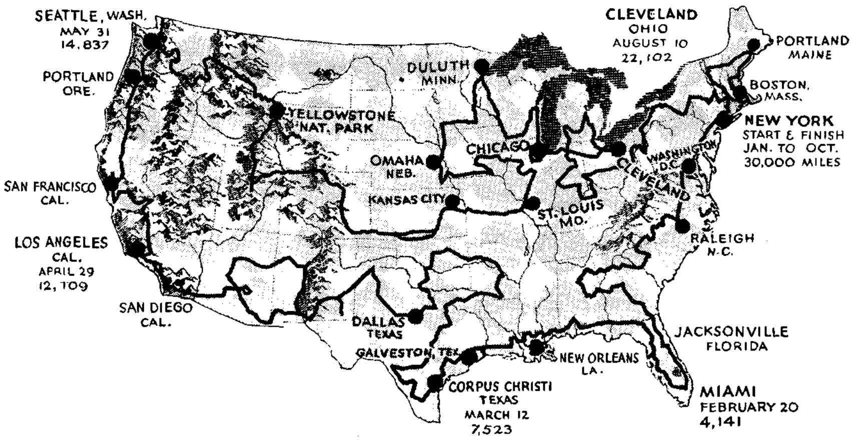


HEADING WEST, *through burning desert sands, to test stamina of Silvertowns.*



THE FAMOUS SILVERTOWN, built up on a carcass of stretch-matched weftless cord, and water-cured for toughness clear through. That's why they wear so long.


SEATTLE, WASH.
MAY 31
14,837
PORTLAND ORE.
YELLOWSTONE NAT. PARK
DULUTH MINN.
CLEVELAND OHIO
AUGUST 10
22,102
PORTLAND MAINE
BOSTON, MASS.
NEW YORK
START & FINISH
JAN. TO OCT.
30,000 MILES
CHICAGO
OMAHA NEB.
WASHINGTON D.C.
CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO CAL.
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS MO.
RALEIGH N.C.
LOS ANGELES CAL.
APRIL 29
12,109
SAN DIEGO CAL.
DALLAS TEXAS
GALVESTON, TEX.
NEW ORLEANS LA.
JACKSONVILLE FLORIDA
CORPUS CHRISTI TEXAS
MARCH 12
7,523
MIAMI
FEBRUARY 20
4,141

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Why don't you write?

The Mystery of Mary Rogers

Continued from page 19

down. How quickly he recognized it we do not know. At first he pushed back the sleeve, hunting apparently for some mark or scar. Then he stood up. The hat was Mary's, the dress was Mary's, everything was Mary's. Crommeline had no doubt. He told the surrounding watchers that Mary Rogers had been found.

Then he sat down to await the arrival of the coroner.

Meanwhile, one of the three men who had seen the body from the river walk started for New York. He found Payne, miserable after another day's fruitless search, in Mrs. Rogers' boarding house at 7:15.

Immediate Burial

When Payne heard that a body believed to be Mary's was lying on the beach at Hoboken, he did not start at once for that place. He seems to have taken little interest in the identification. Was this because Alfred Crommeline was there before him? Or was there another reason why he could not go and look at the body of his beloved?

The coroner's jury gathered at 9 P. M. Before the chosen "good and lawful men" of Hudson County testimony was taken—and Alfred Crommeline and Archibald Padley swore that the body was that of Mary Rogers. All that the jury could report was that violence committed by "some person or persons unknown" had caused the death.

And then a rather touching thing happened. To Crommeline the coroner gave "the flowers inside and outside of Mary's hat, a garter, the bottom of her pantalette, a shoe and a curl of her hair."

With what emotion the rejected suitor accepted these relics we can only guess. When he showed them to Mrs. Rogers later they were all identified as having been worn by Mary on the day of her disappearance.

Crommeline could not return to New York that night; the last ferry had departed before he was ready. Next morning he joined the coroner's party once more—and Mary Rogers was buried near the place where she had been found.

Such haste seemed undue to some people, but the reason given—that it was so hot the body could not stand further exposure—was accepted.

Crommeline helped in the burial, and seems to have tried to hush the matter up and keep it from the press. That, of course, was impossible. It was remarked as strange that Mary Rogers was buried without either Mrs. Rogers or Daniel Payne seeing the body.

Before burial, however, Dr. Cooke, a physician associated with the coroner, made a very detailed examination of the body. His report was never given in full to the newspapers. A censored paragraph from it was printed, however, and this read:

> That from marks and bruises, and . . . there were evident signs of the body having been violated; that . . . ; and that the bruises about the head and face, as well as . . . were sufficient to cause death. . . .

New York was excited. When the news became known, everybody was interested. Mary Rogers, the "beautiful cigar girl," was so well-known that such an event caused amazement and consternation.

Who had done it? What had occurred? What was the motive? These questions were on everybody's lips.

Newspapers in other cities followed the details. Down in Washington, D. C., the Globe could find space for only part of the political news of the day, but it gave its readers the facts about Mary Rogers.

Up in Boston, William Lloyd Garrison was publishing his anti-slavery Liberator and he stopped denouncing slave-owners long enough to tell what happened to the "beautiful cigar girl."

Speculation, at first, was wild. The New York Evening Post refused to believe that the murder had taken place in Hoboken. Rather, it thought, Mary had been "decoyed into some of the retreats of infamy in this city" and there mistreated and killed.

Philip Hone had a similar opinion; he was a former mayor of New York and a man of wealth. Moreover, he kept a diary, which later became famous. Under date of August 6th he wrote: "She (Mary) has no doubt fallen victim to the brutal lust of some of the gang of banditti that walk unscathed and violate the laws with impunity in this moral and religious city."

Nearly everybody who knew Mary found that, at some time in the course of the investigation, his name was associated with the murder. Both Payne and Crommeline, of course, had to account for their movements on Sunday and the days following. Each, apparently, was able to produce a convincing alibi.

Rumor busied itself with a "tall, well-dressed man of dark complexion" who, it was said, had been seen with Mary the day of her disappearance.

This was not the first time that such a man had been mentioned in connection with Mary. Once before she had disappeared, earlier in the summer. On that occasion she had been absent a week, and when she returned her mother said she had visited friends in the country. But there were those who thought that a "man of dark complexion," both tall and well-dressed, had been seen with her. However, the mother's story was accepted.

A stagedriver named Adams wrote in to say that, on the fatal Sunday, he had seen Mary arrive at the Bull's Ferry, Hoboken, with a "tall, well-dressed man of dark complexion." Here was the man of dark complexion coming up again.

According to the stagedriver, Mary and her companion had gone to an inn kept by a Mrs. Loss near Weehawken, a mile or so above Hoboken. Mrs. Loss, when questioned, remembered that a man and girl of this description had arrived at her inn on that day, and that after having some refreshments they had gone into the adjoining woods. Soon after Mrs. Loss heard a woman's scream coming from the woods, but since rough characters were frequent in the neighborhood and such sounds were common she had paid no attention to it.

Signs of Severe Struggle

The exact spot on which the murder occurred was now found. Some children of Mrs. Loss', playing near the inn which, as we have seen, was kept by their mother at Weehawken, happened to enter a dense thicket; there they found a white petticoat, a silk scarf, a parasol and a linen handkerchief marked with the initials "M. R." These were Mary's. The ground was torn up and the shrubbery trampled, indicating that there had been a severe struggle; and a track seemed to show that the body had been dragged to the river. Nobody doubted this was the place.

The discovery of this spot was too much for Daniel Payne. This young man had been going from bad to worse; small wonder, when we think what he had been through. On October 7th he visited the scene just described, wandered south toward the place where Mary's body had been brought ashore, drank heavily and was observed by several people to be in a sort of dazed condition. Finally he was picked up dead.

There happened to be living in the United States at this time one of the most famous short-story writers the world has ever known. His name was Edgar Allan Poe. He had already shown his fondness for gloomy and complex tales. In Ms. Found in a Bottle and The Murders in the Rue Morgue he had held many readers spellbound and had solved intricate problems. He had also created the character of Dupin, an extraordinary detective, who went through mysteries as easily as a child through simple sums in addition.

To Philadelphia, where Poe was living, came full accounts of the Rogers mystery—and Poe is said to have been one of those who had bought tobacco from Mary Rogers in Anderson's cigar store.

The mystery of the Rogers story, therefore, appealed to Poe. He leaped to it as a sculptor to his chisel or a painter to his brush. In The Mystery of Marie Rogêt he gave French names and a French setting to the events we have just described. New York became Paris; the Hudson River became the Seine; Nassau Street, where Mary lived, became the Rue Pavée Saint Andre, and the Weehawken woods became the Barriére du Roule.

Poe's Version

Mary herself, of course, was Marie Rogêt; Payne appeared as St. Eustache, Crommeline as Beauvais and John Anderson as Monsieur Le Blanc. Mrs. Loss, who kept the Weehawken inn, became Madame Deluc. Even the New York newspapers appeared under French names.

"I can call to mind no similar occurrence," wrote Poe, "producing so general and so intense an effect."

Poe changed the Rogers story only in unimportant details. He stuck very close to the facts. His purpose was to analyze the evidence and suggest a solution. He pooh-poohed the idea that identification was not complete. He had some fun with the notion that Mary might have been drowned—an idea that nobody seems to have entertained at the time.

He examined the arrangement of the articles found in the thicket, and advanced the suggestion that these might have been placed there by design, after the murder, to divert attention from the real scene of the outrage.

He even went so far as to suggest a fatal accident under the roof of Mrs. Loss.

Perhaps he showed his greatest ingenuity in combating the idea of a *gang*—in trying to prove that one man had committed the murder. The torn ground and trampled shrubbery in the thicket, he said, had been taken to mean that a gang was there. Was that what it meant?

"What struggle," he asked, "could have taken place, what struggle so violent and so enduring as to have left its traces in all directions, between a weak and defenseless girl and the gang of ruffians imagined? The silent grasp of a few rough arms and all vould have been over."

(*Continued on page 52*)

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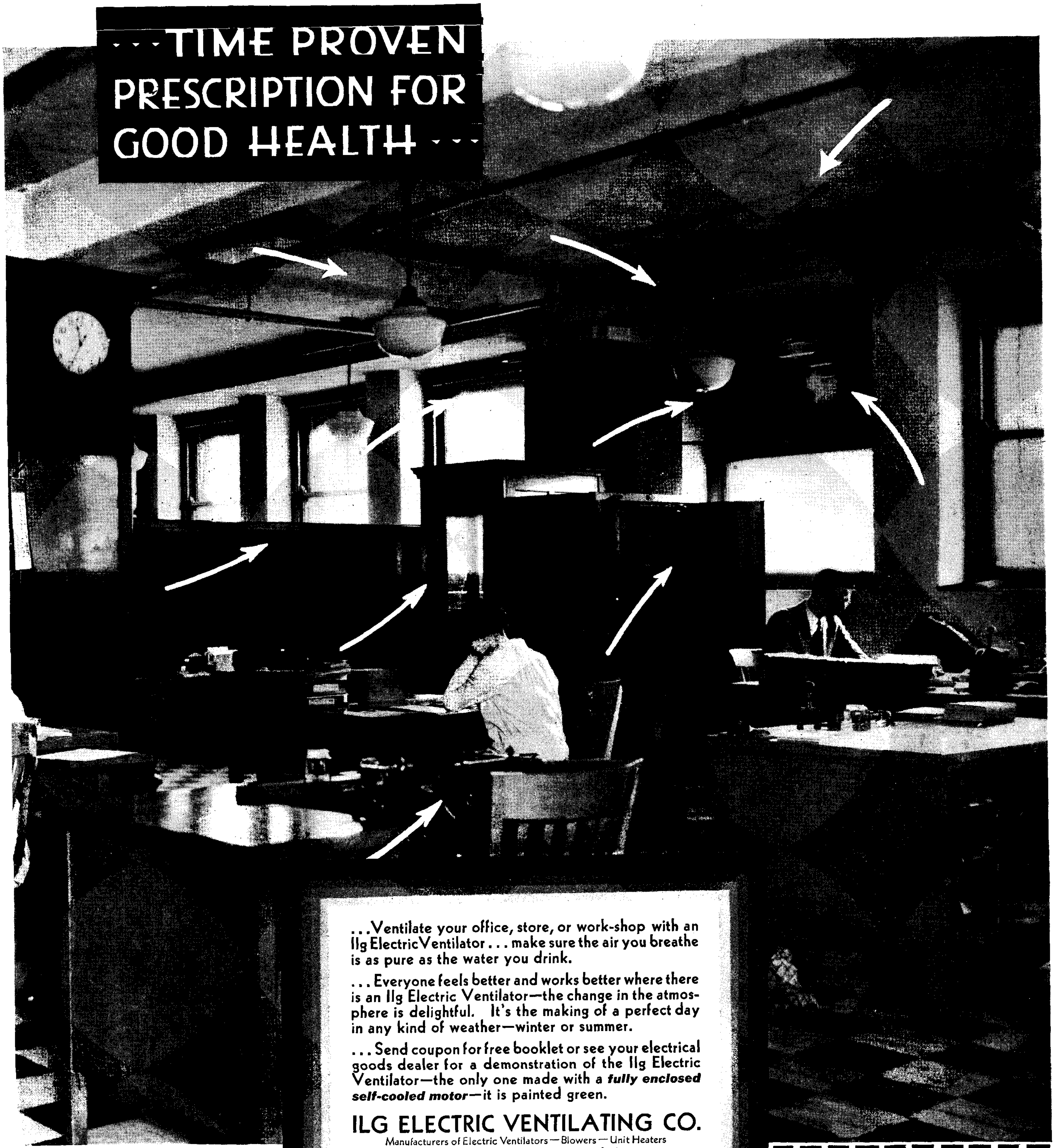

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Blades, 5 for 35c.
If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

The Mystery of Mary Rogers

Continued from page 50

Poe's solution was not very startling, but it was that the murder was committed by the "tall, well-dressed man of dark complexion" who figured in the story, that this man was a naval officer, and that he had first enticed Mary to the Weehawken woods before killing her.

Meanwhile, Poe's story has become so closely tied up with the real murder that accounts of the Mary Rogers case, written years later, are partly Poe and partly Mary Rogers—and it is sometimes impossible to tell where the writers of these accounts got their information.

In November, 1842—more than a year after Mary Rogers died and the very month in which Poe's story was first published—Mrs. Loss, who kept the Weehawken inn, was struck by a bullet from the accidental discharge of a gun. The wound proved fatal, but before dying she sent for the justice of the peace who had presided at the coroner's examination and told him that she knew how Mary Rogers died.

According to Mrs. Loss, Mary came to the inn on the Sunday of her disappearance in company with a young physician, who undertook to perform a criminal operation. Mary died in the hands of the physician, and a consultation was held as to how to dispose of the body.

It was finally taken at night and thrown into the river by Mrs. Loss' son. The girl's clothes were at first tied in a bundle and sunk in a pond. This was believed unsafe, however, and they were later fished up and placed in the thicket as found.

If this confession is correct, Poe scored several hits. He refused to accept at its face value the earlier testimony of Mrs. Loss—that she had heard a "scream" in the neighborhood and paid no attention to it—and his skepticism was justified. He absolved Payne and Crommeline of complicity. He said no gang did the murder. He advanced the idea of a fatal accident under Mrs. Loss' roof (though he had no idea of the nature of the accident)—and here he made an extraordinarily shrewd guess. He thought the articles of clothing might have been placed in the thicket to divert attention from the real scene—and here he was exactly and uncannily correct.

But he went astray in ascribing the murder to a naval officer.

Mrs. Loss' Confession

Mrs. Loss' confession has had a curious history. It seems to have failed to get itself accepted as the truthful explanation of the affair. Of those who have written about Mary Rogers, some never even heard of it. Several of Poe's biographers do not mention it. There is no record that the young physician was ever found, and the son of Mrs. Loss, who threw the body into the river, was never placed on trial.

And yet it is obviously the most likely explanation. Why should she make such a confession if it were not true? She was on her deathbed—and had nothing to gain unless it was a clear conscience. A mother is not likely to implicate her son in so serious an affair unless there is some powerful reason. It is less likely that she lied than that others, for reasons entirely unknown to us, failed to make use of the confession.

And the detailed report of Dr. Cooke on Mary's body bears it out. Glance back at the censored paragraph from that report, printed earlier in this story. What do the omissions mean? What did the words stand for? If Dr. Cooke had meant merely to suggest that someone had taken advantage of Mary before she was killed, he could have stopped at the first semicolon; he need have said no more. But he went on.

Something more was on his mind; he evidently was trying to describe a condition of the body that was unusual. What is more likely than that he was describing the very condition called for by Mrs. Loss' confession—the condition after an operation of that kind had been performed?

In gathering material for this account, the writer tried to find that report. He went to the courthouse of Hudson County, New Jersey, and there—in a basement room littered with papers and deep in dust—he found the coroner's inquests for 1841. Mary Rogers' was among them. Whether anyone had touched it from that day to this he could not tell. But it was the short, unilluminating verdict on her death—violence committed by "some person or persons unknown."

There, also, was the verdict on Daniel Payne, already quoted.

Dr. Cooke's report was not to be found; it was missing. Where is it? Was it filed separately? Was it lost? Did somebody steal it? If it could be found, it might shed light on the murder of Mary Rogers.

Here, but for one more picture, we shall have to leave the story. John Anderson died in 1881—he who had been Mary's employer. Some years later a daughter brought suit to recover an undivided share in his estate. In the course of that trial several allusions were made to Mary Rogers. It appears that Anderson, late in life, believed that he was in spiritual communication with Mary and that she advised him in regard to business affairs; he even talked to her and saw her in his dreams. She comforted him; she told him that she knew he had nothing to do with her murder. Why did John Anderson need such reassurance?

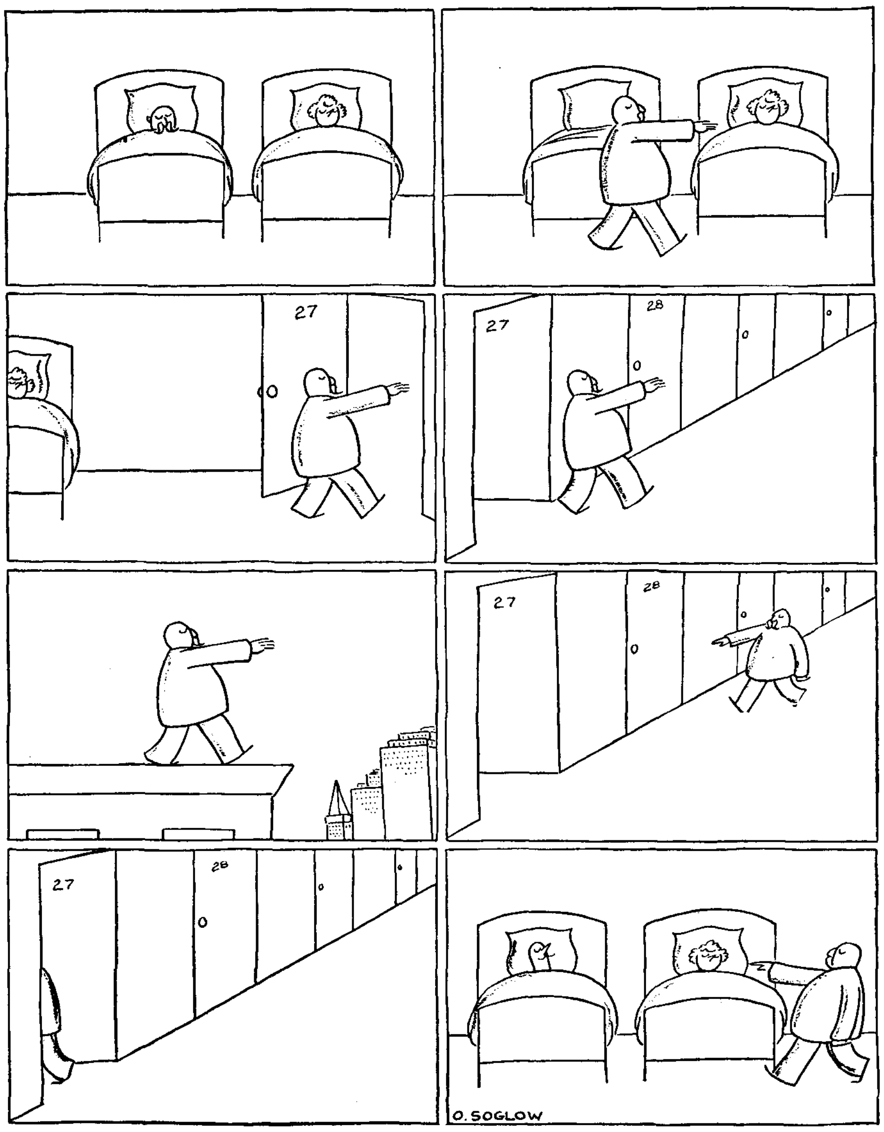
One night he dreamed that Mary stood in the doorway of a little white cottage and called him up to her as he passed. She spoke pleasantly and he felt much better.

John Anderson's "Delusion"

Anderson believed that he might have made a success politically if it had not been for Mary; he might have been mayor. "That is the damned house that has always pursued me," he said one day, pointing to Mary's house, as he walked down Nassau Street with a friend.

On other occasions he said that Mary told him who her murderers were, and even described the scene—"going away from the Battery in a boat," etc.—but he could never be prevailed upon to mention these names. That was a spiritual secret between him and Mary, he said.

All this was quoted at the trial as delusion, as evidence of a weakening mind. Was it that, or was it perhaps the tardy confession of a conscience burdened with guilt? We shall have to allow this to stand as one more among the many unanswered questions in the mystery of Mary Rogers.



The sleepwalkers

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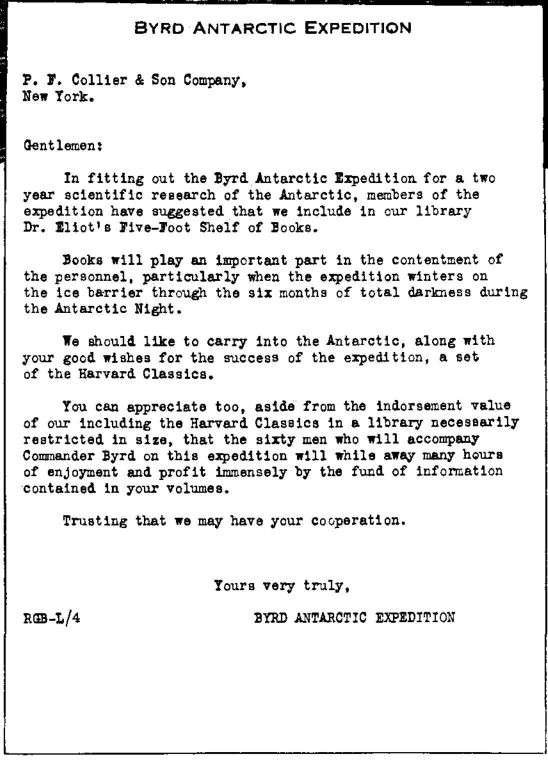

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{The Harvard Classics}

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 23

It was the general opinion of even his best friends that Sam was getting to the end of his rope. Not that they were acquainted with the details of his doings, but they were less impressed than they used to be with the complete sanity of his judgments. As Tom Wiggins said, Sam was growing mystical. Jim Whitcomb, at the club one evening, had pronounced a short discourse on the true theory of investments. His best received remark had been something about following sounder principles than faith, hope and charity. Those who knew the inside gossip understood the reference to Sam's preoccupation with unheard-of mines and mysterious stocks, and his apparent impatience with what he himself had once made stable.

THE voices in the outer office continued. Sam had told Perry he preferred not to be disturbed that morning. Now he heard Perry conveying the information to some visitor who had apparently declined to give up hope. The noise got a little on Sam's nerves. He opened the door.

"What is it, Perry? . . . Oh, is it you, Tom? Come in! I told Perry to keep everybody out, but we'll make you an exception."

"Sam, I hate to interrupt you, but I just heard about what you are doing with your bank shares."

"What am I doing with them?"

"I heard you are getting rid of them."

"I'm thinking of it. Want to buy some?"

"That's not what I came about. This news worried me like the devil. Why don't you keep them?"

"I'm thinking of selling my shares, Tom, for a good old-fashioned reason. I think I need the money just now, more than the shares."

"Why don't you let us lend you something on them, if you're short of cash?"

Sam shook his head. "I can borrow all I want, but that's not it. There are some new investments I am interested in—I'll leave the bank shares to the cautious."

He wouldn't have used the word, Tom thought, if he had not known the sort of criticism which was floating about. "Cautious!" Tom didn't like it.

"I've no business to say what I am going to, Sam—no right except what you grant me out of friendship. But I am sorrier than I can tell you, watching you make a mistake. Here you were, easily the leader in town, fabulously wealthy, as many of us thought, and all of it well deserved, all of it the result of your long head. Now you throw experience to the wind and begin gambling—that's all it is. I suppose you're still backing Western Common?"

"That's what I'm backing."

"Well, if there's anything in that mine, I'm a poor geologist. You'll sink every cent just to prove there is nothing there but rock. First it was your loose cash, now it's your best investments; in a little while you'll be selling your real estate and your home. I beg of you to stop!"

"Thanks for the advice, Tom! You mean kindly—but I'm going to back Western Common with every cent I can make, steal or borrow!"

Wiggins looked at him a moment. "Sam, would you mind telling me why?"

"I believe in it! I'm backing the country."

"Yes, but you can back the country just as well by keeping your money in the bank, or in any other business that's useful and safe."

"This belongs more to the future. I want to back the future."

Tom looked at him again. "I don't believe that's your whole reason. You may think it is, but you've something else in your mind."

Sam turned on him quickly. "I have! I don't know that it would do you or me any good to discuss it, but I've got a plan for my family. That is, for the size of family I'll have after I am dead and gone. A while ago I had enough for Priscilla and Irene. Now I'd like to leave something to keep George going, and Gretchen, and Rafael—and some others."

"If what you have isn't enough for them, I can't see how they'll be better off when you've lost it."

"I shan't lose it."

"How do you know?"

"I know."

Wiggins waited a moment and then rose and held out his hand.

"I feel as though I were witnessing the turn of your fortunes, Sam. If you've got a fixed idea on the subject, there's no use arguing. You are bound to sell the bank stock?"

"I'm thinking of it."

"I hope you keep it, but if you're bound to throw it away, I'll take it."

He went without another word. Sam, still at his desk, looked out of the window again at the distant view. Even while he had been talking with Wiggins, his face had taken on deeper lines. If he had this overwhelming faith in Western Common, at least it was a faith that cost some effort. He looked like a man who was anything but confident.

He pressed the button at the side of the desk, and Perry Hill appeared.

"You haven't heard from the lawyer yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, try to get him on the telephone."

PERRY was closing the door behind him when Sam called him back.

"You told him I wanted to see him before eleven, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know that I can wait for him now. You have that memorandum about the changes in the will?"

"I sent it to him."

"Good. I'm going out for the rest of the morning. If he comes in, you can explain that I couldn't wait. The main thing is to include the nephews and nieces—the present ones and any that might happen later. Also those changes in the investments I named."

"I think I understand."

Sam went to the closet and reached up for his tall hat.

"What time will you be back, sir?"

"Not till after lunch, probably."

"Hadn't you better take your coat?"

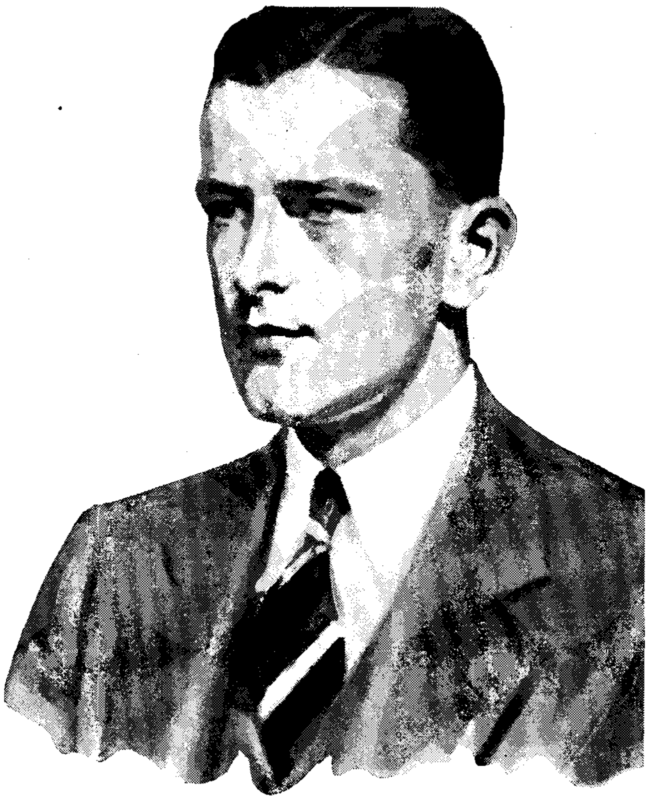
"No, I'll walk fast."

As he crossed the office, Perry noticed that his step was not particularly brisk, and doubted whether he would ever walk fast again. Something other than time had aged him. He closed the outer door deliberately. For a second Perry stood looking after him, then turned to answer a telephone call.

Sam walked two blocks down the main street, then turned off toward the southern part of the town. Presently he came to Father Hugh's church. Alongside it, quite dwarfed, was the rectory, a small frame house. Sam walked up the path and rang the bell.

Father Hugh came out to greet him, holding out both cordial hands. He and Sam for years had passed almost daily

(*Continued on page 56*)



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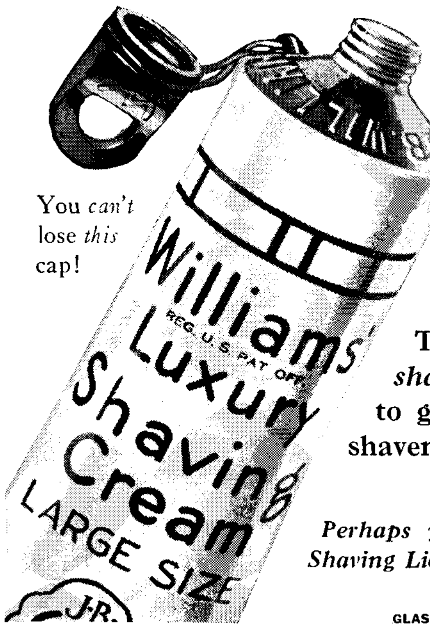

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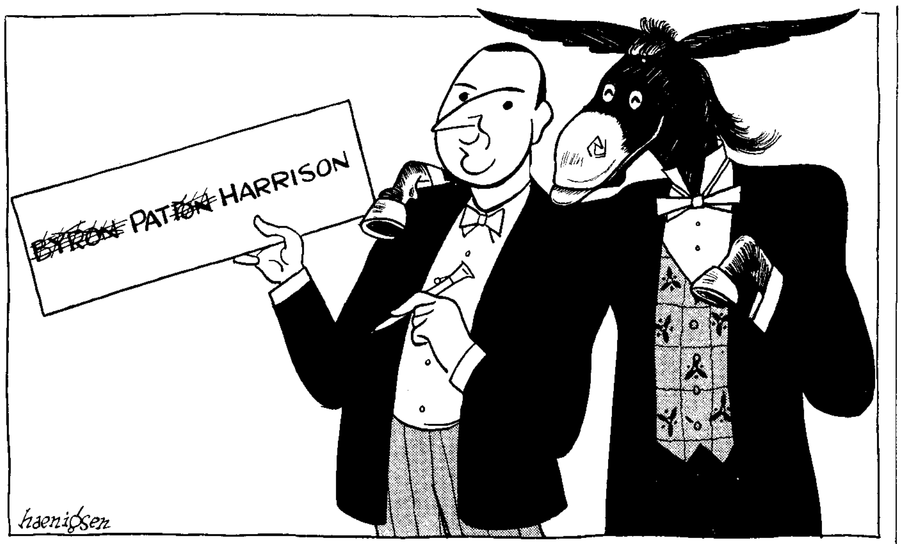

Call Me Pat

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

A MAN'S name, or what he does with the collection of Christian names given him by fond parents, grandmothers, doting aunts, makes a difference. Senator Byron Patton Harrison or Senator Byron P. Harrison would, you will admit, be quite a different person from Senator Pat Harrison. Yet the vital statistics of Crystal Springs will prove that they are all one and the same person.

Like the man in the poem, "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," fate in this case tried to make him stiff, stodgy and remote by naming him Byron Patton Harrison, but all the same he became Pat. You look in vain in the Congressional Directory for any evidence that he ever was Byron Patton. There he is, "Pat Harrison, Democrat, of Gulfport, Mississippi."

There used to be an old dispute which divided the sages for many generations as to whether the name was the thing or the thing was the name. In this instance the name is the man and the man is the name. The most perfect unity was achieved when Byron Patton Harrison some time in the remote past decided to be just Pat Harrison. A man who picks the right name for himself has an instinct for the eternal fitness which inevitably carries him far in politics.

So naturally Senator Harrison, having sloughed off several syllables from his polysyllabic front name, is the rising man on the Democratic side of the Senate. The first effect of lightening himself of the burden of three unnecessary syllables was to give him an enormous sense of freedom, gayety, bravura, verve or something like that, almost irresponsibility.

Pat is the rising Democrat in the Senate. I always have to keep a sharp eye out for rising men in the Senate. I have picked out several risers who promptly did a nose dive after I picked them. But here is a sure-enough riser.

The Sky's the Limit

He has been the most potent force on the Democratic side in the coalition fight on the tariff. He ranks number two on the important Senate Finance Committee, on which body number one, Senator Simmons, may not be reëlected in November. So some day—let us be optimistic—when the Democrats have a majority in the Senate, Pat will be chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

A short time ago Pat won a great triumph in the Senate when by a single speech he scared Republicans enough out of their wits so that several of them voted for a lower, rather than a higher, duty on sugar. That was a forensic achievement worth noting. It was won because Pat spoke a language which the Senate understands.

He knows the timid souls of politicians as well as anyone in the Senate does. He told each and every one of them who was up for reëlection next November just what it would cost the people of their states if they voted for a tariff of 2.20 cents a pound on sugar instead of 1.76 cents. And each of them saw his political opponent in November going up and down his state using Pat's figures to show to the voters how his pocket had been lightened by the Republican senator who was asking for their suffrages. The senator from Sugar, Reed Smoot, almost wept at his desk. And the boys who want to come back in November took to cover and voted for a lower duty.

It's Fun to be a Senator

The night after Pat's speech at least six senators did not sleep a wink, so eager were they to get to the Senate next day and vote the incubus of defeat off their chests.

And Pat could do it as no one else could because he personifies the joy of being a senator as no one else does. Others may like to be senators. They all do. But with Pat, being senator is a kind of bubbling happiness. He lets it out often in good-natured derision of his opponents, in heaping fun upon them, until at times he seems to be chiefly a playboy.

In fact he has suffered in the past from the underestimation that attaches to everyone in public life who is not stodgy and solemn. But Pat's fun-making is part of the sheer fun of being alive.

He loves to be out of doors, to follow a dog with a gun for miles, or a golf ball on its erratic course for thirty-six holes. He is the best golfer in the Senate. He loves company and sport. I doubt if he is ever alone.

His speeches, like the one which turned the tide on sugar, are immensely personal. He knows the Senate. In private, he looks at you with a shrewd eye and says practical things. In public, he speaks with a loud, powerful voice. He has a ready flow of language with a touch of Southern eloquence, but never so eloquent as to deprive what he says of intimacy.

He talks to, not at, the Senate. He is distinctly of it, not merely in it. And with all his interests he manages to get a lot of work well done and so exercises an influence in the Senate not surpassed by any other Democrat.

(Continued from page 55)

on the street, and far apart as they were in their philosophy had understood each other. Father Hugh's hair was on the way to be quite white, but he was still sturdy, and his eye clear as in his youngest days. He showed not the slightest surprise that Sam should call on him.

"Come right in. I'm doing nothing at all, and you're more than welcome."

He reached for a box of cigars on the shelf behind his desk.

"Now, isn't it a pity I don't smoke the kind you like!"

Sam dropped into an old but comfortable chair, with the leather worn off the arms, and accepted a really good cigar.

He was in no hurry to begin the conversation, and Father Hugh, smoking quietly, made no effort to press him. At last he spoke:

"For some time I've had it in mind to come and ask you a question, Father. I want some advice, and when we met on the street yesterday morning, it came to me that you'd be the man to give it."

"I don't often get compliments!"

"It's not a compliment, particularly. What's bothering me is, I'm going to have quite a large family."

"Well, that's nothing to worry about."

"No, it isn't. My nephew George I suppose you know—a tall, light-haired boy."

"In the store," said Father Hugh. "Yes, I've known him ever since he came."

"Did you ever talk with Gretchen? She's my brother Frederick's child."

"I have seen her, but we haven't spoken."

"She's quite a girl. Splendid mind. Those two can take care of themselves pretty well, I guess. They never give me a moment's concern. The one I'd like to ask about is Rafael, my other nephew."

"He's the new one, with dark hair?"

"That's it."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing yet. I wish you knew the boy. He is one of the most charming youngsters I ever met."

"Certainly a fine-looking chap. I've noticed that."

"It's more than looks. That boy has the art of fascinating everyone. Our old cook, Maggie—you know her—she's spoiling the life out of him—mere putty in his hands. At school the teachers flatter him. I dare say he does his work, but they like him so well I'm not sure they mark straight, and the other boys and girls of his age are turning my house into a kind of hotel. He's always bringing them home to a meal, as though his mission in life were to see that the public is entertained. And if he doesn't ask them, they come anyway, to play with him, or do their studies with him, or just to be around. He even tyrannizes over my wife, and she's usually able to defend herself against any ordinary fascinations."

FATHER HUGH nodded and smiled. "He must be quite a boy. In what you tell me, I see nothing as yet to worry about."

Sam smoked a moment. "Maybe there is nothing—if you could assure me of that, I'd be in your debt. But I think I see danger. He's too young now to be aware of it himself, but when I think of what I believe is his true character, and notice what kind of life he'll probably lead with me, I've begun to wonder whether my theory of bringing up children is correct. You see, I'm responsible for him, quite as much as though he were my own—a little more so, perhaps. I'd be sad if he came to grief—most of all if I could have prevented it."

"Naturally, but I don't yet see a problem."

"It's the oldest in the world, Father. The boy's a good deal more charming than he knows, and before many years he'll be no longer a boy. My plan of bringing up youngsters has been to let them do what they chose, so long as they had good taste and a sound heart, and could be counted on for an honest job."

Father Hugh began to look at him more keenly, but waited for him to go on.

"Rafael is a fine worker; his talent seems to be for science. He'll make an engineer, perhaps. On that side he's safe, but I don't know that he'll ever be able to take care of himself—"

Sam hesitated a moment, then looked Father Hugh in the eye, as he added, "With the girls."

"Ah, he's so young! I shouldn't worry yet about life. Of course, he'll have his temptations, like the rest of them."

"Not quite like the rest. I've seen his type before—the same equipment, the same charm, all the good nature, the warm heart—doing wrong without perhaps being very wicked, but just by way of taking the easy course. If I'm not making unnecessary worry for myself, Rafael may go that way."

Father Hugh was puzzled. "What you say is true enough, but still I can't see why it is especially on your mind, unless there is something about the boy now to cause you misgivings."

SAM chewed his cigar rather savagely. "Nothing about the boy, but something in his background. . . . I'm not here to confess other people's sins, of course. What I fear is a possible mistake in my own theory of looking after children. I never had the doubt before."

"Will you state that theory of yours again?" said Father Hugh. "It didn't sound so bad a moment ago."

"Well, I've started by supposing that youngsters are good, essentially. I've always found them so. There doesn't seem to be much use in telling them not to do this and that, if they have a positive liking for doing things that are all right. I'd rather encourage them in a good way than to be forever warning them off the rocks."

"I agree," said Father Hugh.

"You remember a few years back, when Stockton preached about the young generation?"

"I do."

"Well, you know I thought he was a bit of an ass, getting excited over taxicabs and that sort of thing. But in the main he had a point, whether or not the youngsters ought to be free. We older ones who have to back them up and see them through aren't free at all. And now that I have Rafael on my hands I wonder if I oughtn't to do a little more forbidding and preventing than I've been used to."

Again Father Hugh waited for him.

"Of course you know I'm not much of a church member—from your point of view I'm a heretic."

Father Hugh smiled from ear to ear. "You are that."

"Well, now, I suppose the Church would say that one way of life is right and another way is wrong—quite clear cut and simple."

Father Hugh smiled again, this time a little less brightly. "It has never seemed to me simple, though it is fairly clear. I doubt if even the saints have had an easy time of it."

"I've come at it another way," said Sam. "More scientific, perhaps. It has seemed to me that here we are, with certain faculties and impulses, all perfectly good. One reason I'll remain a

(Continued on page 58)

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Uncle Sam

Continued from page 56

heretic is that I can't believe that born-in-sin business. If our impulses aren't good, at least they aren't bad. Let's say they are neutral. If a man wants money, or if he wants women, he's feeling just a natural urge to live, to get at power and happiness."

"You wouldn't just have him run riot, pleasing himself, would you?"

"I'm coming to that. Here's the scientific part of it. If we have any self-respect at all, we'll use these impulses for a good end. That's why I never felt like telling children they shouldn't be happy, or shouldn't do the things they naturally like. When I was teaching school long ago, I tried to encourage them to have a good time, directing their interest, as I say, toward something fine."

"What would you call a good end?" said Father Hugh.

"Now that's where I get into trouble. In the case of Rafael, I'd like to encourage all his social instincts. He loves his friends—I think he enjoys making himself agreeable. And why not? But what bothers me is that sometimes, when you're developing your instincts in what appears to be the best of taste, or when you are practicing what looks like an excellent virtue, you hurt somebody. Of course, that's not a good end at all! I used to think we had a right to do whatever we chose, provided we hurt nobody. Now I'm a bit discouraged. Perhaps we are sure to hurt somebody, even when we do right. I wonder if you could throw any light on that?"

"In Rafael's case?"

"Well, it's for his sake I'm thinking it over. But I'll illustrate by some older folks. Here's one instance: I knew a good man, of whom I am still fond—I'm not talking about myself, Father—who was in love with a girl, long ago. At the time he was only a little older than Rafael—say seven or eight years."

"That's quite a difference!"

"Well, the detail is immaterial. This boy and girl loved each other. They thought so at the time, and I've no reason to doubt it. They were sure they would marry. . . . They didn't wait for the wedding."

Father Hugh nodded.

"THEN they had a quarrel, the cause of which I don't know, but it was some silly matter. Because she was proud and didn't wish to call on his pity, she sent him away, and I don't know that I like her less for that. She had a daughter. When the child grew up, the folks who were taking care of her—not her mother—brought her up by the philosophy I believe in. They saw no use in letting her know her history, or think of herself as unlucky. She had the same gift for happiness as her parents, and gave it to others wherever she went. They didn't warn her too much against the misery that is in the world, and I am glad they didn't, but now I understand she, too, is in love. This time it isn't as in her mother's case, with a boy; it is someone who hasn't the excuse of youth and ignorance. I guess she's busy at the moment repeating her mother's history. No one ever told her the seamy side of such an experience, the lonely pain of it. She'll be finding out for herself. . . . I'm wondering if she was well brought up."

Father Hugh still watched him silently.

"And I'll give you an illustration from my own experience. When I was young, I happened to come on an old friend in trouble, and learned the particulars of it. A pretty bad story. I was asked to keep it a secret—never to tell a word of what I knew. Wasn't it the proper thing for me to promise? I did, and I've kept my word. But my wife learned the story afterward, and learned that I knew and hadn't told her, and if you'll believe me, small as the matter is, it has made a difference between us. The lack of confidence, as she interprets it, has given her pain."

"And how do you put all this on Rafael?" said Father Hugh.

SAM stuck the end of his cigar in the ash-tray, and put out the fire. He cleared his throat before he went on:

"I don't want him to go through the same experience as that other boy I told you of, who got the girl into trouble. I'd rather not have him suffer as the daughter is likely to. At least, not if I can help it."

"From what you say, Rafael has an ardent temperament. Is that it?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, of course, I've an old tradition for treating such things. Though I think I understand the fine side of what you've said, still your philosophy is to me a bit pagan. You don't mind my saying so? I must, of course."

"Certainly you must. I wanted to hear your point of view."

"I think you worry too much about saving people from sorrow," Father Hugh went on. "It can't be done. It's part of life. All we can try for is to stick to what's right and leave the rest to Providence."

"And what is right?"

"Well, here's where you'll think me conventional, I dare say, and perhaps a little hidebound. I am that. Again I have to be, not only because of my vows, but because I think the convention, in all probability, has been invented by experience. When those people were talking about Perry Hill and Lena, I thought they were foolish, as you did. The youngsters were in love and they married—as it should be, I'd say. But when they are in love and won't wait for marriage, I am afraid I'll have to apply an old rule, and say they are wrong. I don't know that you've explained that side of it to this nephew of yours, but I would if I were in your place."

"I thought there was a woman in the Gospel," said Sam, "who was forgiven because she really loved."

"She was," said Father Hugh. "She was forgiven. We're not talking about that. Nobody said she did right."

Sam looked at the priest a moment. "I rather thought that was what you'd say. The way to bring them up is to lay down the law."

"In a sense. I'm not sure what you mean by laying it down, but there is a law."

"And if they obey it," said Sam, "they will be happy?"

"Ah, no! That's what you can't promise them, not even if they do their duty at every point. At least you can't promise it to them in this life."

"I wish you knew Rafael."

"I'd be glad to."

"Well, I'll bring him around some time—or you come and lunch with us."

HE got up. The old priest took his hand in a warm grasp.

"I know one thing," he said, "you're leaving a little too soon. You're not through talking with me."

"I've said all I came to."

"How would it be if you stayed to lunch?"

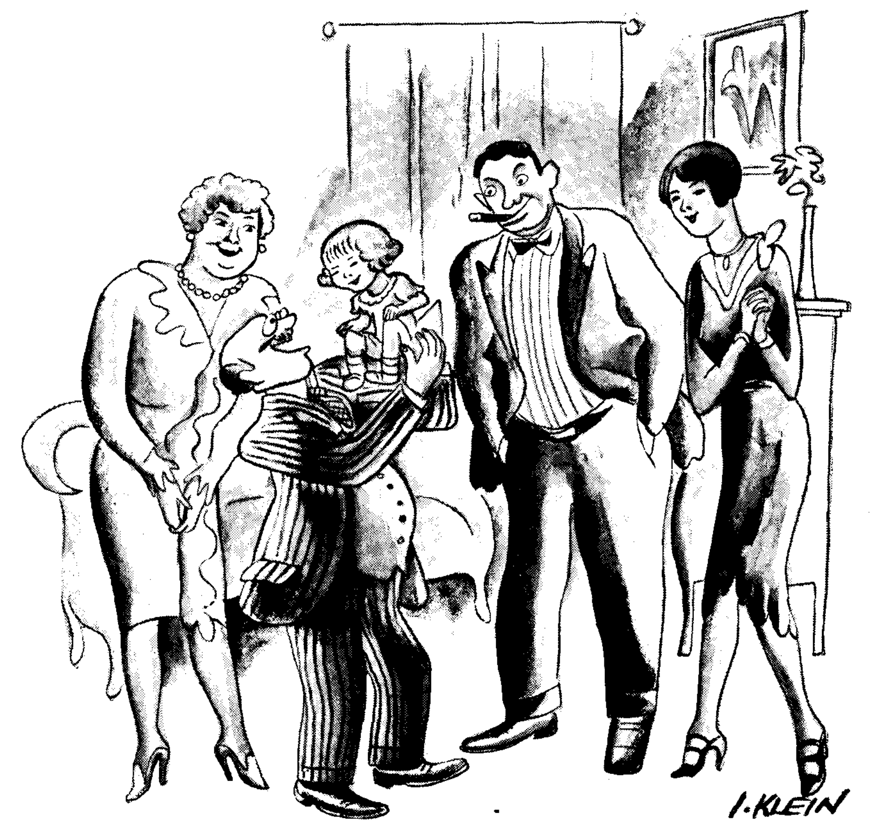
Sam hesitated. . . . "Priscilla is expecting me at home."

"That's the least she should do. Just give her a ring on my telephone and stay."

Sam thought a moment. In Father Hugh's study he had caught a moment of peace. There was nothing religious about it, he told himself. It was the old man himself, with his calm outlook, who was soothing. . . .

He reached his long arm to the table and took the receiver off the telephone. . . .

(*To be continued next week*)

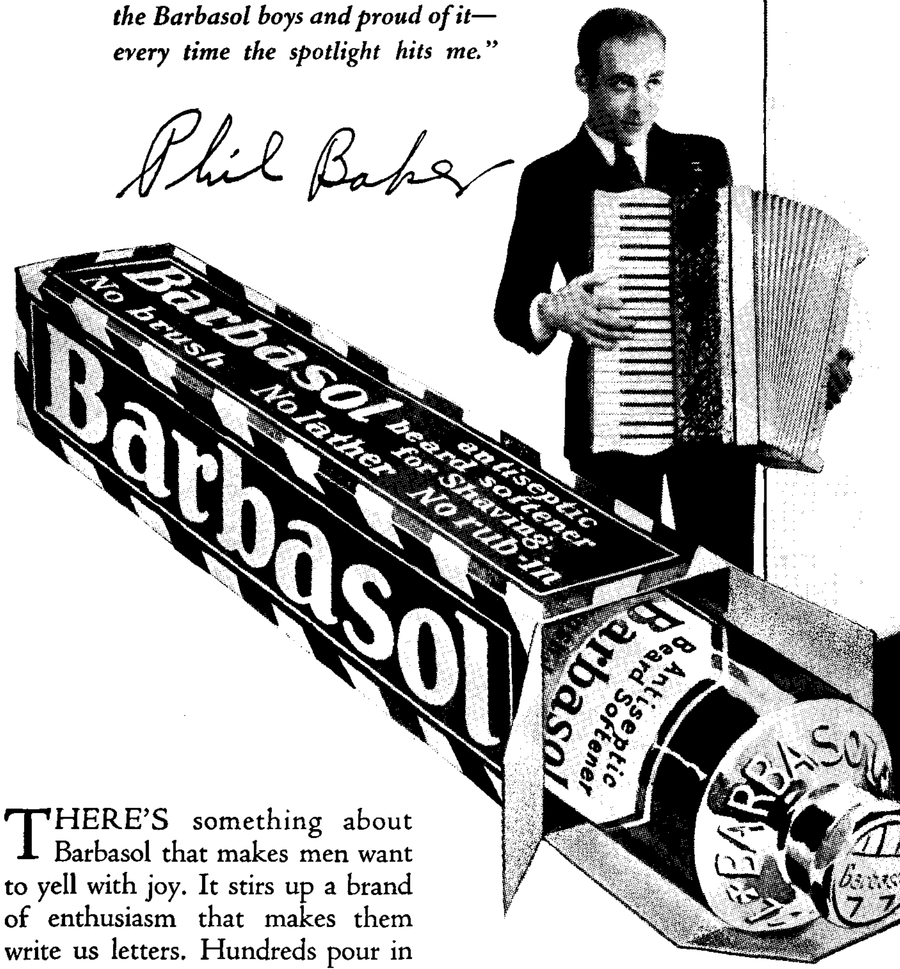


"Yoo-hoo, Mildred, you're on top of the world."

SHAVING IS NOW FUN...so easy, smooth, quick..with Barbasol

* *"Shaving gets a laugh out of me now, instead of a moan. It's all fun. No brush. No lather. No hairs that miss their exit cues—and a face as smooth as a baby. How? Just Barbasol and a trusty blade, nothing else . . . Shakespeare said, 'There's the rub', but he wore a beard. You don't have to rub in Barbasol; just another reason it's so quick, clean and comfortable, I guess . . . I'm one of the Barbasol boys and proud of it—every time the spotlight hits me."*

Phil Baker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PHIL BAKER, the bright boy who makes his accordion talk, and makes his talk—accordingly. Entertainer and star of more good shows than almost any other songster. He's wise-cracking in "Pleasure Bound" these days and, from all reports, is producing a laugh a minute as usual.

THERE'S something about Barbasol that makes men want to yell with joy. It stirs up a brand of enthusiasm that makes them write us letters. Hundreds pour in all the time telling how Barbasol takes the tussle out of beards—tough beards, wiry beards, all beards. Here's one: "I never really enjoyed a shave until I used Barbasol—no pull" —W. C., Illinois. And another: "It leaves the skin so wonderfully smooth. I get more shaves per blade" —J. E. S., New York. Again: "Barbasol is a boon to shavers—a revelation"—J. T. B., Pennsylvania. (Yes, names on request if you want.)

Follow these directions and you follow the crowd

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1. Wet your face well. Leave it wet . . .
2. Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in . . .
3. Hone up, strop up, wet the blade and—*shave*.

Who'd believe this quick, simple method could perform such wonders? The beard is soft, but crisp. Blade slides *easily*. Whiskers come off clean, close. Face is soft, refreshed. No lotions needed. Blades last longer.

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Barbasol

FOR MODERN SHAVING — NO BRUSHING — NO LATHERING — NO RUBBING

Dirty Work at the Crossroads

Continued from page 15

Sam Parkes and others were doing their share toward making that town the gambling center of America. It was a distressing place at the time because there wasn't a square joint there. I don't believe I have ever seen such universal crookedness as I did at Hot Springs.

Of course, there was nothing I could do about it and, as I was not a youth given to idleness, I attached myself to a game running over McTague's saloon —McTague's Corner they called it—as steerer.

Now I hadn't been working for that nefarious game over McTague's saloon more than a day when I picked up seventy-nine hundred dollars' worth of customer. I just let him steer himself, as it were. He was a New Yorker named Vandergrift.

We took four hundred dollars in cash from him and seventy-five hundred in checks—all of them good. It pays to do business with a good substantial gentleman like that.

A Reward for Diligence

I'll say this for the professional gamblers of that day: they were never slow to reward a young fellow for conscientious work. After landing that Vandergrift for them they took me right in and made me official cheater—that is, they gave me a table to work at myself and for two seasons I played poker at Hot Springs, taking a fair reward in accordance with my skill.

Between seasons, in the late spring and throughout the summer, I joined the circuses, making my début with the Sells Show. I was on friendly terms with the Sells brothers' outfit until they decided some of us boys had gone a little bit too far, after which they got along somehow without gamblers and racketeers.

With the circus I became fond of eight-die cloth, or eight-die case, a game that costs the customer comparatively little when you consider the kick he must get out of it. It is one of those games that has the customer in a state of high expectancy until the very last, and vast numbers of them turn away convinced that it was all their own fault.

The cloth is laid out like a checkerboard. It has forty squares, numbered from eight to forty-eight. The least, numerically, a man can throw with eight dice is eight aces, which in this fascinating game count just eight. The most he can throw is forty-eight—eight sixes.

Each square is designated as a pay-off or a conditional number. "Look the cloth over yourselves, gentlemen, and observe that there are no blanks to be seen. Here it is before your eyes. Take the cup in hand, gentlemen, and cast forth the dice. Throw a pay-off number and you are richly rewarded. Throw a conditional number and you are privileged, friends, to throw again by merely doubling your stake, for which, remember, I will pay you twice the amount designated on the pay-off number you may throw.

"So step up, gentlemen, and try your luck. The odds are against me, gentlemen. The rewards will always be in excess—yea, greatly in excess—of your risks. You will observe that I have nothing to do but pay you when you win. I take no other part in the performance, friends. Take the cup in hand and shake forth the dice. I shall be but an observer, gentlemen, but an observer. It costs you but a quarter of a dollar to make a cast, gentlemen—twenty-five cents. . . ."

The ballyhoo is interrupted by a customer. He pays his quarter, takes the dice and throws. He is not as nimble mentally as he might be and adding the total of the spots on the dice would take him much, much longer than it would the gambler. He has thrown, say, twenty-nine. Twenty-nine is a pay-off number. If the customer were allowed to get away with that the game would lose five dollars. But the customer must not be allowed to.

Swiftly the gambler counts, tumbling the dice about as he does: six and three, nine, and one is ten and six is sixteen and five is twenty-two and four more, twenty-six—and one and three—thirty. The gentleman has thrown a thirty, friends. And a very good number too—a conditional number.

By this time the dice are scooped up and are back in the cup, which the operator is thrusting into the hands of the customer. The counting and scooping have been so rapid that the operator is the only one with any idea just what the truth is. He is now earnestly explaining to the customer that for fifty cents he may cast again and get twice the amount guaranteed for any pay-off number he may throw.

The customer takes a chance. After all he has less than a dollar at stake. But, doggone it, he throws another conditional number—according to the lightning calculator at the bank side of the cloth. That entitles him (for one dollar) to throw again with four times the pay-off price as his reward if he shall throw a lucky number.

Then perhaps your customer quits. Another takes his place. It is all done so speedily and neatly that those who would kick are not quite sure what they are going to kick about and, inasmuch as the dice are back in the cup, they have no evidence that they were gypped. The moment the dice are cast the operator has them counted and messed up even if not back in the cup. But if the customer is very hard-boiled and decides to make trouble on general principles—say, punch the gambler on the jaw for luck—the gambler either becomes indignant and calls upon the near-by policeman to speak to the irate gentleman, or he returns the money. I may say that this last course is seldom resorted to.

When Honor is Involved

"I beg your pardon. You are dissatisfied, my friend. You think, sir, that you have been defrauded. I am sorry, friend, sorry. Here, take back your twenty-five cents. Take it, sir, and permit another gentleman to take the dice. Friends, neither twenty-five cents nor twenty-five dollars is too much to pay when one's honor is impugned. This is a game of luck, gentlemen—a game of luck. There can be no cheating nor charges of cheating. For the first time in my life I hear aspersions upon my professional conduct and I may say, friends, that I resent them—yes, resent them. . . ."

But now and then the operator of the eight-die cloth will entertain a hot sport—a lad out to take all the money in the world. He sticks to the cloth until he has squandered all of ten dollars for which he has had nothing but a series of conditional numbers. He is getting pretty tired of it, too. He seizes the cup with the air of a man who will break it or somebody's nose, but the operator stays his hand.

"Let me see, my boy. You have paid ten dollars for your chances and have failed of reward. Your persistence, friend, should not go unrewarded. And, by Jove, it shall not if I have anything to say about it. Listen to me. How much money have you left? Ah, yes—fifty dollars. The gentleman has fifty dollars left—a responsible man, friends, as you have undoubtedly seen.

"My friend, would you care to risk forty of those dollars on one grand throw—one cast of the dice? Listen to me. Place your forty dollars on the board, take the dice and cast. If you throw a conditional number I shall return your ten dollars and you will then have what you started with—sixty dollars—the fifty you have and the ten you have lost.

"But—and listen carefully, gentlemen—if our friend here throws a pay-off number he shall be rewarded to the extent of eight—nay ten—times the sum designated thereon. Could anything be fairer? Of course not. Is it a go, my friend? Yes? Very well then—throw."

The sucker throws. With devastating swiftness the cloth proprietor counts. He sweeps the dice over as he counts. Twenty-three!

"Twenty-three, gentlemen; our friend has thrown twenty-three. Let us see, let us see. Also let us hope."

Perhaps I forgot to mention that on the cloth, directly in front of the operator's lowest vest button, a pile of silver and paper money has lain all the time. There it is for all the world to see. To win all or a part of this brave display of wealth has been the object of all the customers.

"Twenty-three, Skidoo!"

"Twenty-three, gentlemen. Where is twenty-three? Let us see, let us see. The gentleman has won—well, well, well. What, gentlemen, do you think of that?"

The operator has picked up his money (and incidentally the customer's forty dollars) and there, where his bank roll had been, is the square marked twenty-three.

It is a blank! The only blank on the board.

Yes, yes, I was very fond of eight-die cloth—very. Occasionally after such high spots the customer would utter a piercing scream of rage and chagrin, being more than half convinced that something not visible to the naked eye had happened to him. Excitement was apt to run high, as somebody has said, and it was up to the cloth proprietor to do something. So he would wave away the complaining customer with a large gesture, saying wearily, "Skidoo, my friend, skidoo. Twenty-three, skidoo."

Now, on the other hand, the shell game—that compact and swift diversion which enticed the foolish to bet money they could indicate the shell under which the pill was hiding—lacked this warm appeal to me. The shell game lacks drama. It lacks color.

Before you were through cheating the patrons of eight-die cloth or the country send or the big frame (there was a lay-out wherein an artist had a chance to expand!) you found yourself filled with a brotherly love for them. You got to know them, to have a neighborly feeling for the entire community. Sometimes it took days to arrange these swindles as they should be, and in that time you were in great danger of becoming fast friends with your victims.

Why, I know of cases where the

(*Continued on page 62*)

Who's Your Tailor?
REGISTERED IN U.S. PAT. OFF. 1906 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

A product so good it always inspires the well known question.

Every suit tailored by Ed. V. Price & Co. is made one at a time to the individual measurements of the man who is to wear it—and cut to conform with every requirement of his natural build and attitude.

Our Spring line of fine woolens in every weave, pattern, color and tone effect is as absorbing as the pages of an interesting book.

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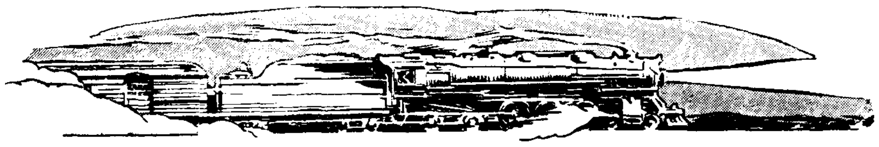
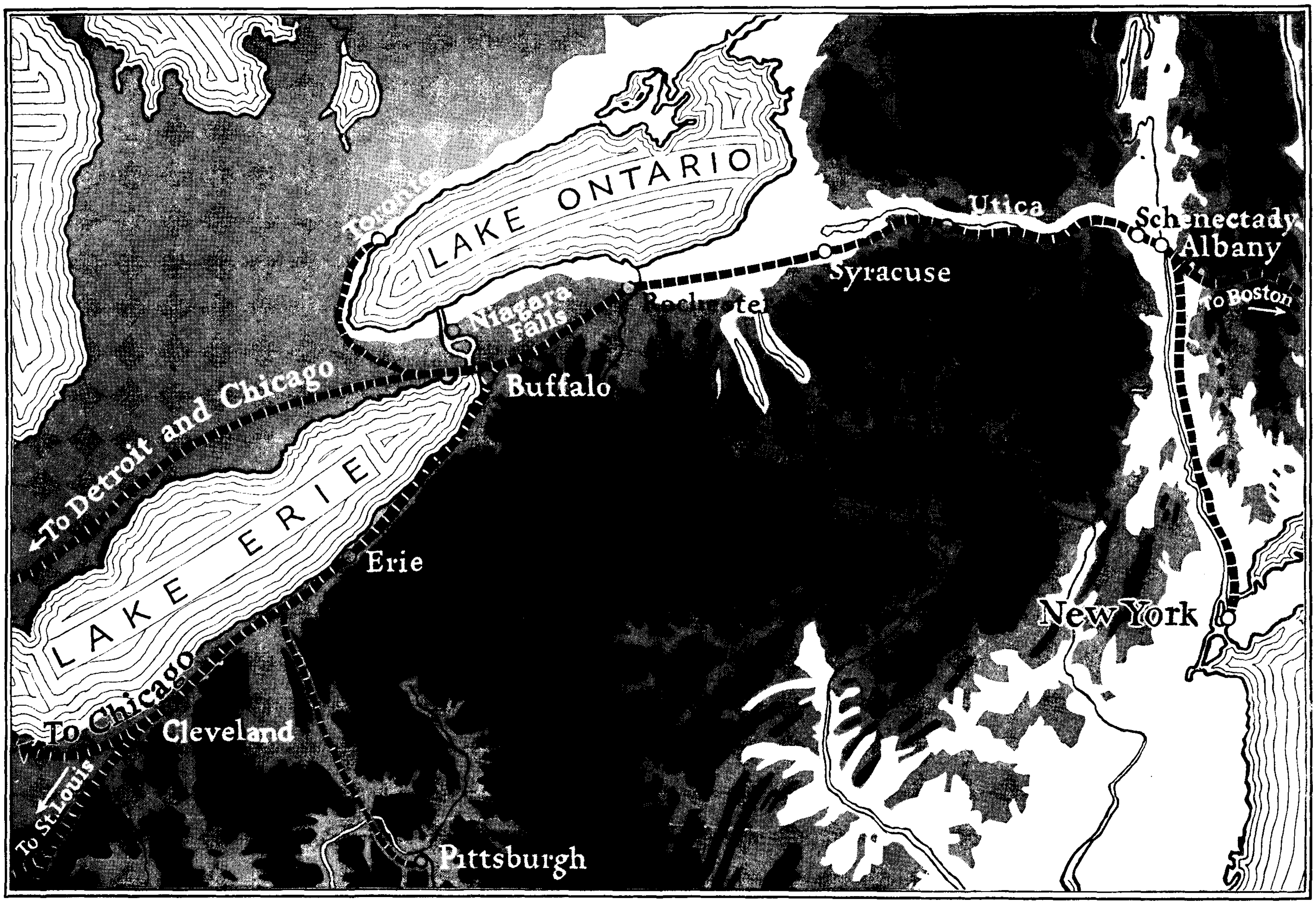
LARGEST TAILORS IN THE WORLD OF GOOD MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHES



NATURE LEFT JUST ONE NARROW PASS *in this thousand-mile mountain range*



Topographic map of Northeastern States. Land less than 500 feet elevation in white; above 1000 feet in black. New York Central route is shown by broken line from New York up the Hudson, then westward through the only low-level pass. Map does not show New York Central western terminals at Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED
Chicago . . . New York . . . New England

• • • •

SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED
St. Louis . . . New York . . . New England

THE New York Central main line through the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and along the Great Lakes, is a natural water level route — nearly at sea level for a thousand miles — although *it cuts straight through a mountain range.*

The Appalachian Mountains, extending all the way from the Canadian border to Alabama, offer only one low-level pass for the easy transport of commerce between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. This is the historic valley of the Mohawk in central New York, which cuts deep through the rocky barrier at Little Falls, N. Y., at an elevation of only 370 feet above the sea.

Early railroad surveyors explored the mountains of New York, Pennsylvania and the Virginias, hoping to find another natural highway to the West—but Nature had left only this one.

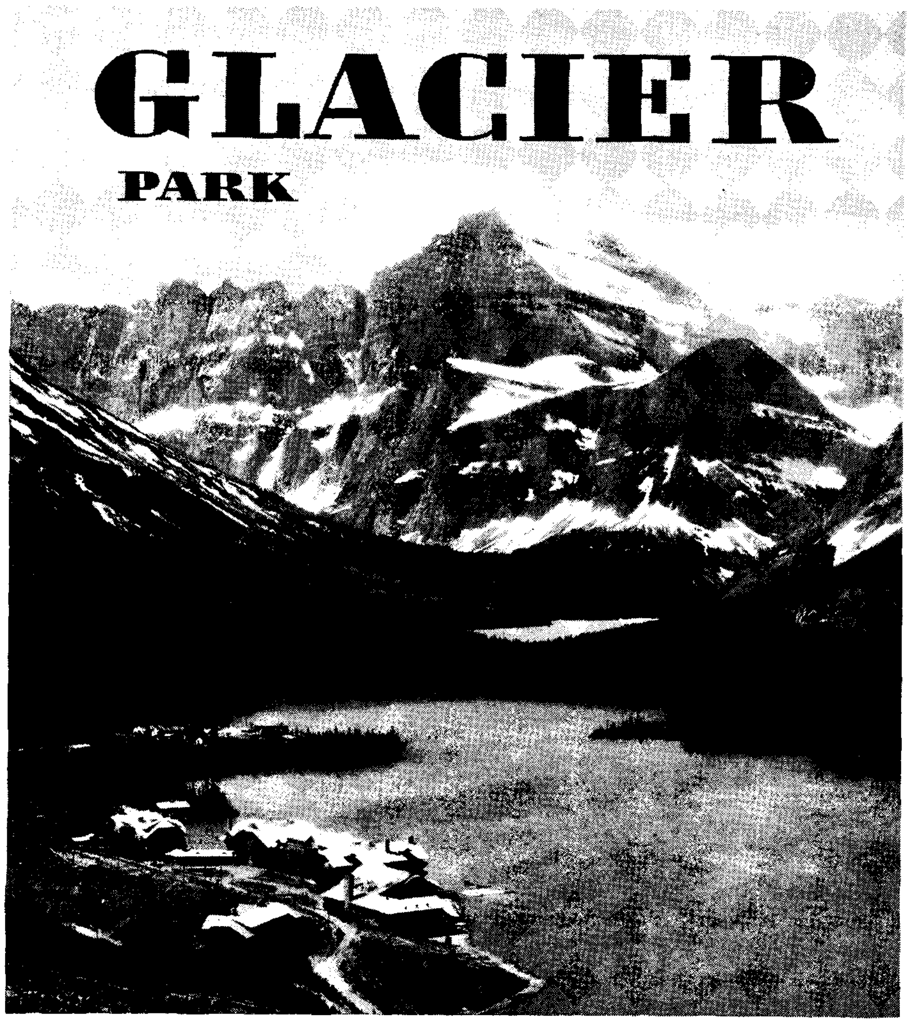
The topographic map above clearly shows why the New York Central is such a comfortable route for travel between the East and West, and why it has become the central artery of commerce through this great industrial region.

The long mountain range, running northeast and southwest along the Atlantic Coast, is shown in black, the low country in white. The New York Central main line from New York City follows the majestic Hudson River at sea level all the way to Albany, and then strikes through the Mohawk Valley pass to the level country of the Great Lakes region, and the western terminals at Chicago and St. Louis.

It is this unique level roadbed that makes possible the smooth operation of the great fleet of New York Central trains—led by the world-famous *20th Century Limited,* "the most comfortable long-distance train in the world."

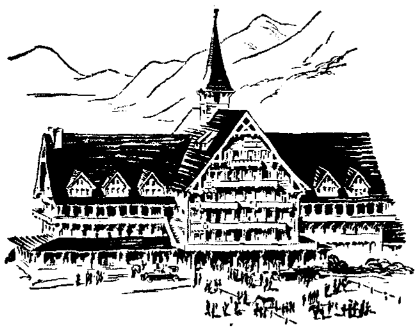
NEW YORK ◆ CENTRAL ◆ LINES

ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP



A vacation bargain!

**Yellowstone only $4.75 extra—
Colorado without *any* extra fare**



The Prince of Wales Hotel, just across the border in the Canadian Rockies.

THINK of it! A trip to *three* great scenic wonderlands—for only slightly more than the cost of your Glacier Park ticket alone!

First, Glacier National Park. America's wildest mountain grandeur. Ride the switchback trails, climb the glaciers, travel in comfortable launches and de luxe motors—enjoy the solid comfort of great hotels, cozy chalets.

Then you can go on to Yellowstone—and include the famous Cody Road *free*.

Then to Scenic Colorado. The Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains may be easily visited on the way. Then home, by an entirely different route!

Only the Burlington's complete service to all the Rockies makes this vacation bargain possible.

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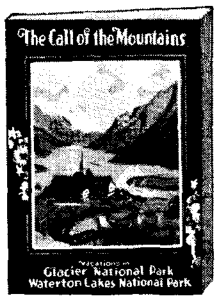
A new, carefree way to see the Rockies. Definite cost covering all necessary expenses. Everything planned and paid in advance. Travel expert with each party. Mark the coupon for Tours Book.

FREE BOOK

Send the coupon for free, illustrated book of Glacier Park Vacations. Full details on bargain vacations of 2-weeks or longer



BARGAIN VACATION FARES—DE LUXE TRAINS

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Send me your free illustrated book about Glacier National Park vacations.
Name ....
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☐ Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours.

Dirty Work at the Crossroads

Continued from page 60

sucker was ready to punch the nose of anybody who so much as intimated that you had defrauded him.

But the shell game was cold, commercial, lightning-like, nothing but sleight-of-hand. A properly framed shell game employed nine men in addition to the spieler—shills, stimulators, handlers, boosters. It was one of the favorite haunts of the pickpocket too; and I can't think of one good grifter who didn't hate the dip as cordially as anybody.

Look Out for Pickpockets!

Of course the shell-game spieler ordinarily had little use for the dip, too; he did not want anybody to rifle the pockets of his potential victims. But if business were bad he, the spieler, was not above warning all his hearers that they would do well to feel for their wallets inasmuch as he had been informed that pickpockets were present. Whereat everybody who had a wallet or a roll promptly told the pickpocket where it was by clapping his hands thereon. And the pickpockets got busy instantly, splitting, of course, with the shell-game spieler. That's just brazen. That's mere lead-pipe stuff.

Somehow I always fretted at the sight of a dip. They got to know that they weren't welcome at any gathering to which I was attached. Oh, I've had them come to me with tales that would break your heart; but I was always firm.

"Listen, Al," they'd say. "Honest, I ain't even smelled a poke since I don't know when. I'm hungry. Why, I got a letter from the missus sayin'—"

"Not around this circus, Slick," I would have to say. "Chase yourself."

"Ge-e-e-e-e, Al. Listen. Just one day's work, that's all. I gotta have fifty dollars bad. The missus tells me in this letter—"

It would end with me, an old softy, giving the dip fifty dollars and telling him I'd have his fingers cut off if he didn't send it back to me when he was flush. And, come to think of it, I don't remember that any of these boys ever failed to send the money back.

(*Another article by Walter Davenport and Al Burgess will appear in an early issue of Collier's.*)

Vacation

Continued from page 25

ocean. "You're the handsomest thing I've seen in ages. I've been all over Europe and I didn't see any man that could make me forget you. And here I am back again—and perfectly satisfied."

Her young face, suffused with unconcealed eagerness, leaned forward.

"Well, that's fine," Vincent said uncomfortably.

"It's wonderful," declared Eunice. "After all these years—well, it proves I am right."

"Right about what?"

"About turning down a couple of proposals I had. I don't think a girl ought to get married to one man if she has somebody else standing in the background, do you?"

"Why should you get married at all?" he asked her carelessly. "You've got everything you want without it."

She blew a veil of cigarette smoke from her lips and he noticed that her mouth looked a little petulant, like a child's.

"I've never had a husband yet," she said. "Maybe I'm saving the best for the last. People tell me I'm spoiled, and I guess I am. Mother always lets me have my own way and Papa gives me everything. Thank heaven, I can do what I jolly well please."

Her eyes searched his face, but his expression was suddenly enigmatic.

"It's a little early yet," he said, "but I tell you what let's do. Let's get into our bathing suits and lie around on the sand until we're ready to go in the water."

"Oh, perfect!" she said softly.

Changing into his bathing suit, Vincent calmly, without emotion, considered the idea of marrying Eunice Northcutt.

It would be the easiest thing in the world to do. It might be the making of him.

With a wife and a home—a nice big apartment—a fellow could turn to and write twenty-five tunes a year. With a classy wife like Eunice and a nice place, it would be easy to have important guys up for dinner, and things like that. They'd be flattered to know somebody like Eunice—a *society* girl.

Presently they were sitting in the sand with the sea at their feet and a gay beach umbrella behind them.

"Vincent, do you really think I might be able to inspire you?" she asked, clinging tightly to his hand.

"Well, sometimes I need it."

"I could give you loads of beautiful ideas. Last night I thought of one for you—There Are Lilacs in Picardy."

"That's a peach, only I'm afraid your idea is killed by that other song, Roses of Picardy."

"Oh, but mine is entirely different. It's about lilacs instead of roses."

"Well, maybe you're right."

"Listen to this one, Vincent dear. When It's Twilight in Carolina, how's that?"

"Why, it's great, Eunice. The only thing is, it's kinda hard to place a Carolina song right now."

"Here's another—Among My Love Letters."

HE WAS silent and she looked at him steadily, her blue eyes unwavering. He fumbled with a match and cigarette.

"Well, what's the matter with that one?" she demanded.

"Why, there's nothing the matter with it—it's fine," he said gently. "The only thing is that these dumb music publishers might think it was too close to Among My Souvenirs. They're awfully hard to please, Eunice."

She looked surprised.

"But it seems the simplest thing in the world to think up popular songs, Vincent! It is for me, anyway. I could think up a dozen this very afternoon. Why don't you write one called Moon Girl?"

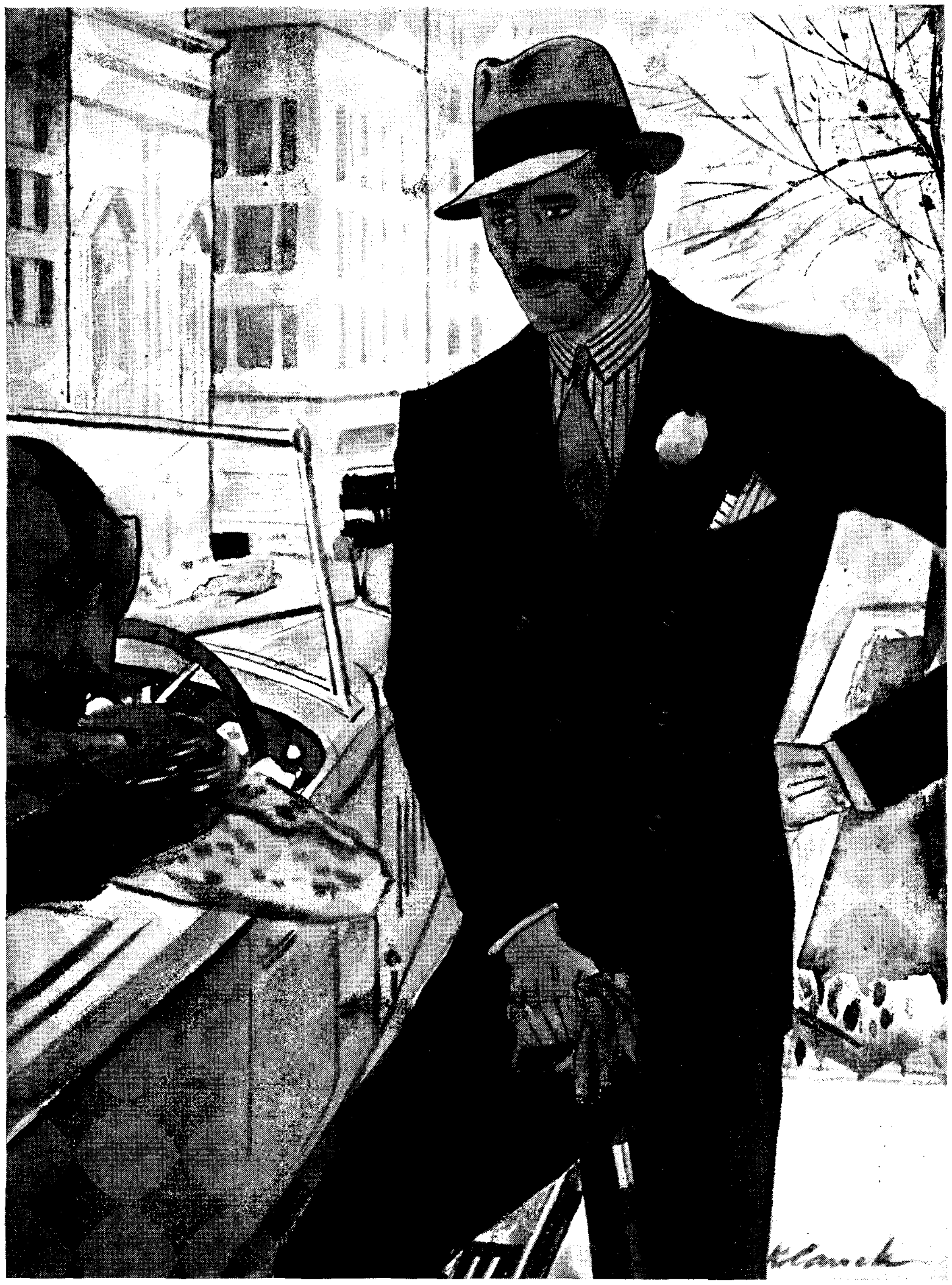
"What does it mean?"

"Silly! It means he's in love with a girl in the moon."

"I've got to give you credit on that one! Everybody else thinks it's a man in the moon, not a girl. You've struck

(*Continued on page 64*)

THERE'S BRILLIANT STYLE...AND ECONOMY TOO... IN THE NEW KNOX "FIFTH AVENUE" HAT FOR SPRING



IT'S an economy—sensible economy—to buy Knox hats.

Take the new Spring Knox "Fifth Avenue" hat for example:

It costs $8.50;

It is made of fur felt which wears indefinitely;

It comes in 23 colors produced from the best aniline dyes obtainable;

It is made by custom hatters in five proportions, one of which is particularly suited to your individual type;

It is designed to snap down in the front without distorting the curl of the back brim, thus holding its original smart shape;

Its style, sponsored by Knox, is absolutely correct;

Its Knox label marks you as a man of discriminating good taste;

It will be renovated by Knox, when soiled, at a nominal cost, and returned "like new";

The Knox "Fifth Avenue" is sharing honors right now with 39 other brilliant Knox styles in men's hats for Spring;

It costs $8.50.

KNOX HATS ARE SMART BECAUSE
MEN LOOK SMART IN THEM

The "Fifth Avenue" hat is now ready at every Knox store throughout America at $8.50 and $10.

Other Knox hats cost from $8.50 to $40.

711 Fifth Avenue, New York; 920 Palmer House, Chicago; 51 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

KNOX

THE HATTER

Daily food and drink stain and dull the natural whiteness of teeth

EACH DAY this restores natural white brilliance of teeth

...daily dulled by food and drink

DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) MAKES THIS SAFE MODERN TOOTH PASTE DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU HAVE KNOWN

NEVER before have you been able to give your teeth such thorough brightening as this.

Daily food and drink leave deposits. Starches, for instance, stick like glue. Coffee and fruits stain.

That's why DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been made *not only to cleanse but to polish your teeth each time you brush them.*

Two exceedingly fine polishing agents were developed for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Working together they do what one alone could not do. They are much softer than tooth enamel, and cannot scratch or scour. But gently polish away all deposits and stains—restoring the smooth *natural* brilliance.

In addition, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste contains purest vegetable cleansers. *Everything a dentifrice can safely do is provided by* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. *It acts quickly.* The flavor is refreshing, delightful.

At your favorite store get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Extra large 25c tube—or the double-quantity 40c tube. Guaranteed by the makers of famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes. *Already the most sensational success in dentifrice history!*

This safe double polishing will give back the natural brightness of your teeth, quickly. (*Twenty brushings sent free on request.*) THE WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, Toronto, New York.

For another surprise use a DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush!*

Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE

Dr. West's
TOOTH PASTE
CLEANS TEETH BETTER
WECO PRODUCT
Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE TRADE MARK

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Vacation

Continued from page 62

the only new moon idea I ever heard of."

Eunice leaned forward and kissed him. Her warm lips pressed closely, but he was the first to draw back.

"I knew I could help you, Vincent," she said proudly. "Do you know what I'd do with your work, if—if—"

"I'm beginning to imagine."

"I'd make you get down to real hard work, Vincent. That's your trouble—you just don't work hard enough, dear. I'm a woman and I can tell."

Vincent's somewhat studious gaze drifted from her face and became concerned with a brightly-colored beach ball that had escaped from someone and was rolling in their direction. Immediately pursuing it came a youngish man with a round, ruddy face. The man recaptured the ball and glanced at Vincent. Recognition was mutual.

"Well, well, look who's here!" exclaimed Frankie Kane. "Old John J. Piano, himself! Why didn't you show up last night?"

"I couldn't make it," Vincent said.

KANE turned his head and called to his companions.

"Hey, you fellows! Here's that old absent-minded pal of yours, Horse!"

"Who is he?" Eunice whispered; Vincent gave her a wink of caution.

"Bad eggs," he returned, guardedly.

Kane was joined by Horse Berger and Willie Goetz; they stood in a semicircle in front of Vincent and Eunice.

"We was expecting you last night," Berger said to Vincent.

"Yeah," added Willie, "and we kept right on expecting."

"I'm sorry I couldn't make it," Vincent temporized. "Remember I told you about that party that was just getting in? Well, I couldn't get away."

"Is this your sister?" inquired Willie Goetz.

"No, this is Miss Northcutt," Vincent said, reluctantly.

At the feet of Eunice, Willie Goetz dropped down into the sand. His sallow face was smiling as his dark eyes looked at her boldly. "Hello, doll!" he said.

"Hello, yourself!" returned Eunice.

Vincent noticed that she was smiling a little too. She probably thought these were his pals!

"Well, you ain't tied up with your sister tonight, are you?" Berger demanded.

Vincent hesitated. "No—but Miss Northcutt and I—"

"You can bring her along too," Berger said. "Listen, you made me look like a rummy last night before a lot of my friends. I told 'em you was coming over and then you didn't show. I had some important guys there, too. Sol Ginter and Mort Delaney are coming over tonight. What's the matter you can't do me a little favor—you don't feel too good or something?"

"That's a laugh," said Willie Goetz.

"You got me wrong, Horse," Vincent said, soothingly. "I'll be glad to come to your house any time you say."

"That's more like it," Horse Berger approved. "A swell mob will all be there again tonight, and I don't want you to stall me, see?"

"That's fine. I'll send Miss Northcutt home, and—"

"Now, is that polite?" Willie Goetz inquired. "Why hold out the best-looking doll in Florida? Why, certainly, the doll's coming along too! How about it, baby? I'm going to count on seeing you tonight."

"Sure, I'll be seeing you," Eunice promised.

It was a relief to him too, when the others left. He was darned uncomfortable with fellows like that around where Eunice was. She might be dumb, but after all she was kind of sweet.

"You might as well know right now," he told her, "that I'm going alone tonight."

"But I want to go with you, Vincent. Why can't I?"

"Because these fellows are the toughest guys on earth," he explained patiently. "They're gangsters and racketeers, and they've got no respect for any girl on earth. Besides that, they kill people."

"Oh, that doesn't worry me in the slightest," she returned blithely. "I'm not afraid of people or things at all, are you?"

"You bet your life I'm afraid of guys like these Chicago guns," Vincent returned vigorously. "Especially where you're concerned."

She looked away from him, silent for a moment. Then—

"You think I'm dumb, don't you, Vincent?"

"Of course, I don't," he lied gallantly. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Yes, you think I'm dumb, and maybe I am, but I know so much more about many things than you do. Even when I was only sixteen years old, I understood you much better than you understood yourself. You're afraid of life and you shrink from as many risks as possible. That's because you're sensitive and you don't like to be jarred and jolted, and that's why, maybe, you can hear music in your mind before you compose it. You hear your things before you write them, don't you?"

"I hear the tunes in my head first," he admitted.

"Suppose you weren't so sensitive—suppose you had a thicker skin—wouldn't you get along better?"

"Well, I know a lot of fellows that write terrible tunes and get rich at it."

"That's what I mean! Oh, but I could do wonders with you, Vincent, if I had the chance. Please, please, take me to that party tonight."

He objected, protested and argued.

In the end he was surprised to find her will—her stubbornness—exceeded his own.

BY DINT of fast driving Eunice managed to go back home and get into evening dress and slippers while Vincent, with leisure, donned his tuxedo and glistening linen at his hotel. Returning to Miami, she picked him up in her car. They dined pleasantly at a beach hotel.

Horse Berger's house sat exclusively and expensively in a small grove of palms, surrounded by a stucco wall; wrought-iron gates were swung back on high pillars at the entrance, but the driveway, when they arrived, was blocked by a car parked diagonally in their path. As Eunice slowed her machine and stopped, a dark-skinned man stepped up.

"Names, please?" he asked, with firm politeness.

"Mr. Fontella and Miss Northcutt," Vincent told him.

"O. K. for Mr. Fontella and lady," returned the man, rather more agreeable.

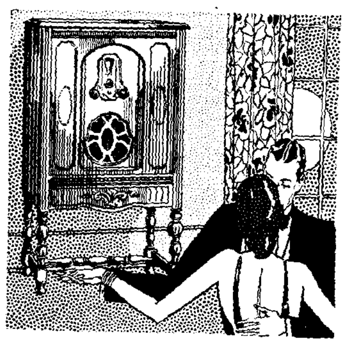
He waved to the driver of the car ahead and it drew out of the way. As they passed it, Vincent saw it was loaded with three or four indistinct individuals.

"How odd!" Eunice said.

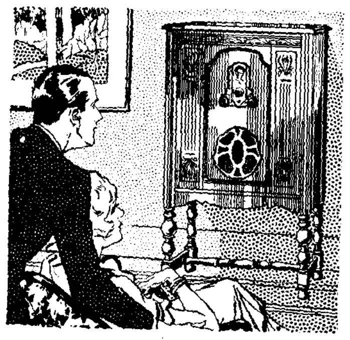
"That's the way they do things,"

(*Continued on page 66*)

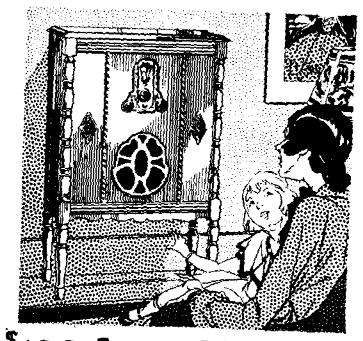
NEW 1930 MODELS READY!



$150 Oxford Hepplewhite De Luxe Highboy with sliding doors. American Walnut with Australian Lacewood Panelling.

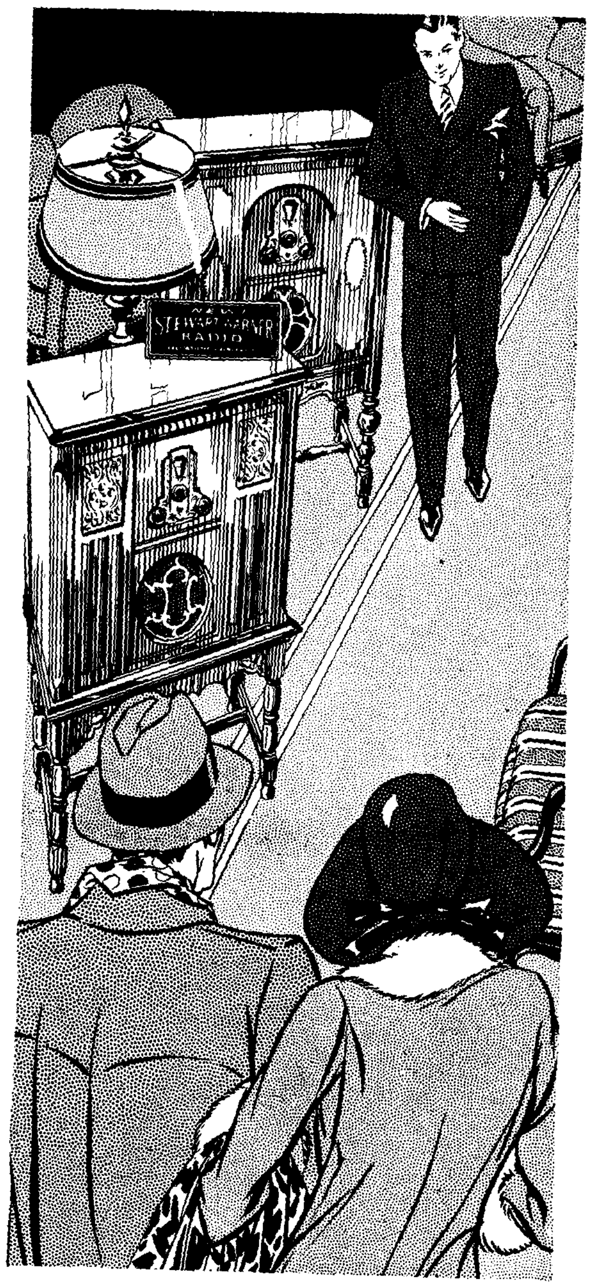


$140 Woodstock, Early English American Walnut. Beautifully Panelled in Hard Maple.



$130 Tremont Colonial Model in American Walnut

All Prices Less Tubes
Western Prices Slightly Higher



Illustrated above,
17th Century English Period Model, Sliding Doors $\$157^{50}$

A 50-WORD STORY

Why you should buy a Stewart-Warner

Has improved Screen Grid Circuit, 8 tubes, uniform reception clear across the dial. Three times greater volume without distortion or A.C. hum. Rated highest for sensitive reception by engineers. New electro-dynamic Reproducer. Unmatched realism of tone. Plug-in for Phonograph. Beautiful period models. Every up-to-the-minute improvement.

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In justice to your appreciation of good music and beautiful cabinet work, see these new models. To prove the New Stewart-Warner the most attractive and the finest musical instrument you have ever heard we place one in your home for one week FREE to enjoy. Simply ask any Stewart-Warner dealer.

If you are tempted to buy an orphan set whose maker no longer exists to protect you—that is not up to the minute in design—then look further before you buy.

Look for a maker who is in the Radio business to stay. For a Radio that includes every up-to-the-minute development warranted by a responsible manufacturer.

If you take this precaution, you will learn these facts: That the Stewart-Warner offers the biggest value in the Radio world today. The 50 Million Dollar Stewart-Warner Corporation, with 24 years' experience in precision manufacture, is responsible for your satisfaction.

To get all the wonderful entertainment of the air—and to get it at its best, buy the Stewart-Warner now without hesitation. Pick your cabinet from new classic designs of authentic period models. A small down payment at any Stewart-Warner dealer will place this dependable Radio in your home. See nearest Stewart-Warner dealer for FREE week of enjoyment. Or mail the coupon for one week's FREE home demonstration.

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STEWART-WARNER CORP., 1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

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I accept your FREE one week Trial Offer without obligation. Deliver a Stewart-Warner through nearest dealer.

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City..................................State...............Phone...............

Anybody can find the weak spot *here!*

and you'll find it just as surely in cheap paint—once it's on your house!

WHETHER you're buying a handkerchief or a house, you'll find two classes of merchandise: the quality kind—made a little better, priced a little higher—and the "weak spot" kind—cheaply made and offered at a temptingly low price.

Experience has taught you to pay a little more for the quality product because it gives better service and greater satisfaction. Follow that same sane principle when you buy paint. For there are quality brands and "weak spot" brands of paint, too. And it's a difficult job to tell them apart—when they're in the can. But use cheap paint—let time and wear have a chance at it—and its weak spots will show up as surely as 2 and 2 make 4.

What are the weak spots in cheap paint? One common weak spot is faulty mixing. Another is "fillers"—adulterants that cut the price but also cut the life and beauty of cheap paint.

You'll save money by using the brand that has no weak spots

Don't save a few cents on a can of "weak spot" paint when it will never be fully satisfactory—when it won't last nearly as long as good paint. Use the brand that has no weak spots—Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes. For Pee-Gee makes its products to yield long life—not long profits.

Take Pee-Gee Mastic House Paint, for example. It's made of 50% pure lead and 50% pure zinc—the combination of pigments that gives the greatest spreading and lasting power. And those ingredients are *pure!* They're tested at every step—until the paint goes into the can. And before it does go into the can, it's mixed as good paint should be. In this important process, modern machinery shares with skilled workmen in upholding the Pee-Gee standard of quality—respected since 1867.

And, like Mastic House Paint, each Pee-Gee product is the finest for the particular purpose. On the basis of long service and lasting beauty, each is the most economical you can buy!

Visit your Pee-Gee Dealer. He knows paint as few men do. He carries Pee-Gee products because he knows, from long experience, that no other paint can give finer results.

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There is a Pee-Gee Paint for every purpose. The formula for each is the result of 63 years' experience and is the finest that science has produced. The materials are of Pee-Gee standard—the very finest. Among the more important Pee-Gee products are:

PEE-GEE MASTIC HOUSE PAINT
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LACQUERS
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PEASLEE-GAULBERT
PAINT & VARNISH COMPANY, INC.
Louisville, Ky.
Makers of good paint since 1867

Vacation

Continued from page 64

Vincent told her. "Berger and his friends aren't taking any chances on their enemies driving in with a few machine guns. Even at the beach today they had their bodyguards in the background."

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world," she cried.

They parked their car in line with a dozen others, and were admitted to the really charming house of Spanish architecture that was alive and aglow inside with a babble of forty or fifty men and women in party mood.

A servant took Vincent's hat and stick and Eunice's wrap. Horse Berger, stiff and painful in full dress, came forward to "receive" them.

"Vincent, this party has got me groggy," he said, wiping his brow. "It's so damn' swell we got to be careful. I got a federal judge in the house and a raft of mayors and congressmen, besides an ambassador from South America. And a duke!"

"You don't mean it!" Vincent sympathized.

"Yeah, I slipped one of the newspaper boys a hundred bucks to invite me some class over here, and he Palm-Beached me to death. What I mean, Vincent, we can't get cock-eyed or anything with all these citizens around. No bad impressions, see?"

VINCENT winked understandingly at Horse Berger. "I'll walk easy myself, Horse, and I'll guarantee the girl friend, too."

They moved into a large room where servants laden with silver trays circulated among the throng. Vincent's agile gaze spotted, here and there, faces famed on his own Broadway. At a glance he could recognize the outsiders—the politicians trying to look respectable, and society people from Palm Beach trying to look Bohemian.

And meekest of all were the pals and partners of Horse Berger, shifty-eyed, uncomfortable in evening clothes, stone sober and rigid-faced. Gutter-bred, every man jack of them, schooled in crime and debauchery, their insolence had evaporated under a social pressure that left them nervously aware of their own stupid barbarity. But most remarkable of all was the fact that American Crime was wealthy—and accepted.

There was Mort Delaney sunk deep in a leather chair; Mort was sitting apart from all the rest, and Vincent noticed, at once, that he looked pale—almost ill. Twelve years ago, before Mort ever dreamed of getting into the big money, he had been one of Vincent's pals. Or, if not exactly pals, they had been well acquainted; they had lived in the same hotel. Mort, in those days, was recently from Chicago and had had a job of playing a piano in a honkytonk.

Vincent went up to him now to shake hands. Everything was O. K. with Eunice—she was talking to a middle-aged dame from Palm Beach. Mort didn't bother to rise.

"How's the world treating you, Vincent?" he inquired in his nervous high-pitched voice.

"Fine! And you?"

"I'm absolutely sunk. Worked out—shot. I'm scared to death. My mind won't work any more. I came down here for a rest to see if it would change my luck, but it's a flop."

"You're kidding yourself, Mort."

"No, it's on the level. My brain's dried up—I can't squeeze out the ghost of an idea. I've made five trips to Hollywood in three months, wrote the plot, music and dialogue for two talkies and staged May Blossoms for the Shuberts in between. I've got another musical going into rehearsal in two weeks—I've contracted to furnish book, lyric and tunes, and all I've got right now is a hunch to use the Cinderella theme. Outside of that, I've just been loafing."

Vincent felt a heavy hand fall on his shoulder. Horse Berger, worn with the obligation of hospitality, stood beside him.

"G'wan over and play some piano for 'em, Vincent," he pleaded. "But don't play nothing hot—play something refined."

"Why, sure!" said Vincent and, as he turned, he saw a sight that galvanized his heart. Eunice and Willie Goetz were together, and the boyish killer seemed to be trying to hold her hand.

Vincent's own dark brows gathered into a ruffled line.

He knew, suddenly, that he loved her. Dearly, madly. It came to him like a flashing inspiration for a beautiful melody; an unchangeable perfection of harmony. . . .

What was it she had said to him?

"You're afraid of life and you shrink from as many risks as possible."

Afraid? Risks? Hell! He swung back to Berger.

"Willie Goetz is bothering my girl—and I don't like it," he snapped. Then he walked up and pushed Willie away from Eunice.

"Listen, rat," he said, so softly that no one but Willie heard him. "I don't *think* you can take it. *I* think you're through!"

Willie's face was losing some of its color. He stepped backward and they both disappeared through the arched door into the deserted hall.

"What the hell?" he sputtered.

Without warning Vincent doubled up his right fist. It was solid, muscular; from knuckles to elbow there was a rocklike hardness developed through years of beating the piano. Vincent's shoulders, surprisingly wide, were behind the punch that swished before it smashed shockingly against Willie's jaw. As he spilled toward the floor Willie's head bounced off a table corner. Vincent bent over and looked at Willie's temple. It seemed a little sunken. He went and brought Horse Berger.

"Can a fellow live with a place in his forehead like that?" Vincent asked him.

Berger touched Willie's head with a forefinger.

"Oh, sure, but he won't get around much for a while. Who done it?"

"I did," said Vincent.

"Yeah? Good! Now, g'wan back and play the piano for the folks, Vincent—I'll have him carted to a hospital, or some place."

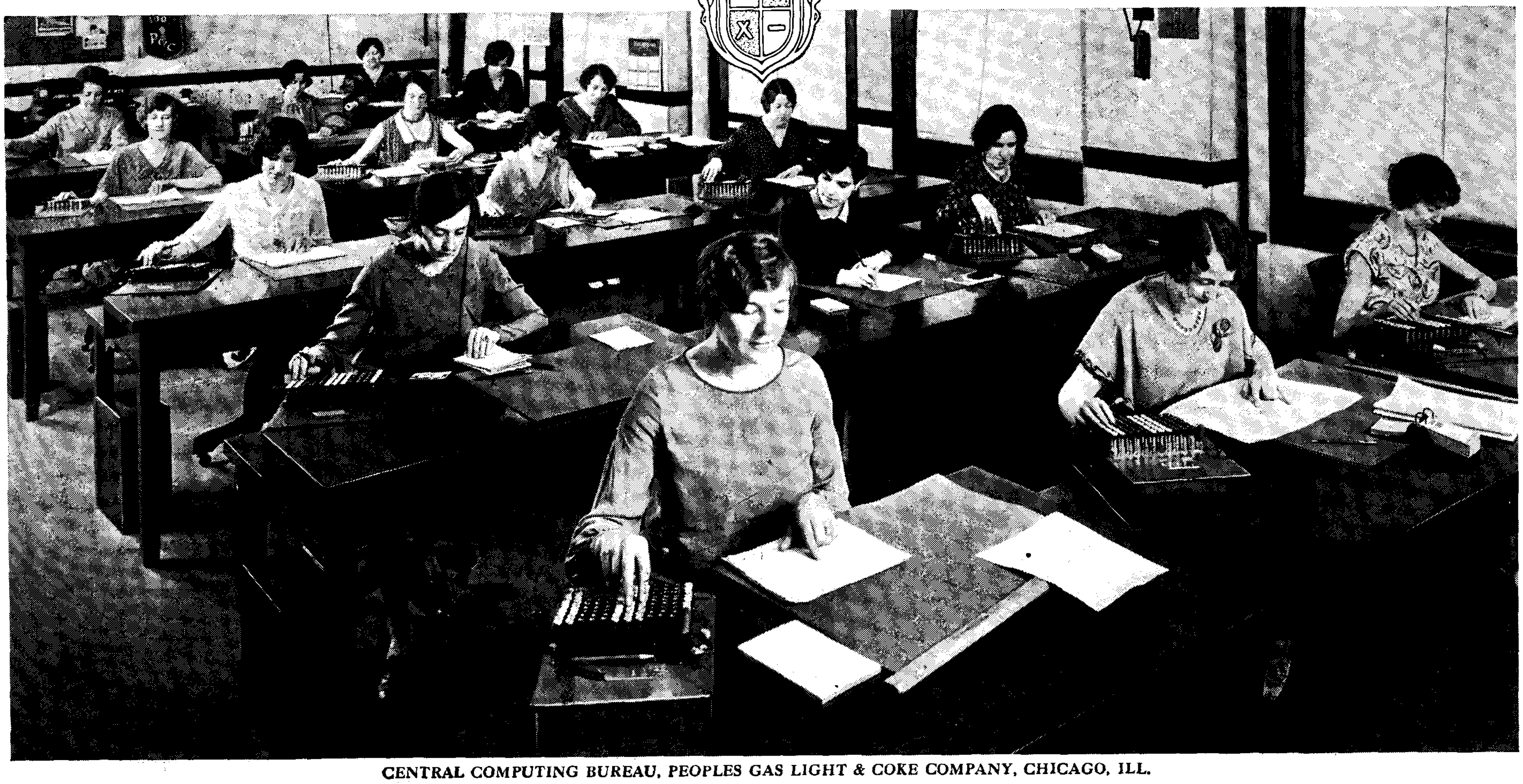
AT THE piano, as soon as his fingers touched the keyboard, Vincent lost all connection with time and place. Music was a magic door of escape from life.

It was endless, boundless, this inflow of music that poured into his mind and flowed from his finger tips. He could do it forever. . . . He could draw upon the stored-up millions of compositions awaiting their summons out of the infinite nowhere beyond intellectual comprehension.

Technically he knew barely the rudiments of music. Everything he did with it was decided for him by an immediate and automatic instinct. In this mood, shielded from the buffets of material existence, he could glow with

(*Continued on page 68*)

THE HIGH SPEED MACHINE COMPTOMETER FOR ALL FIGURE WORK



CENTRAL COMPUTING BUREAU, PEOPLES GAS LIGHT & COKE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

What would be *your* answer?

SUPPOSE the front office rings up the head of the Accounting Department and asks, "What is the cost of our figure work?"

There are three possible answers:

1. "I don't know."
2. "I guess—."
3. "It is so many dollars and cents."

Unless you have a definite standard of measurement by which to determine your costs, the alternative lies between one or the other of the first two answers.

Where unit standards of measurement are set up for the various classes of figure-work production, exact costs are not difficult to obtain.

The Comptometer, with its forty-two years of cooperation in reducing figure-work costs, offers its assistance in applying production measurements to the various figuring operations in your accounting.

Through a measured production test, in which, if desired, the Comptometer will be glad to participate, you can easily determine what particular machine will enable you to produce accurate work at the lowest unit cost.

A Comptometer man is ready and willing to assist you in your effort to respond promptly to the front office question, "What is the cost of our figure work?", not only with the true "dollars-and-cents" figure, but he may even suggest ways and means of lowering it.

Your invitation for him to call will imply no obligation and, of course, no cost.

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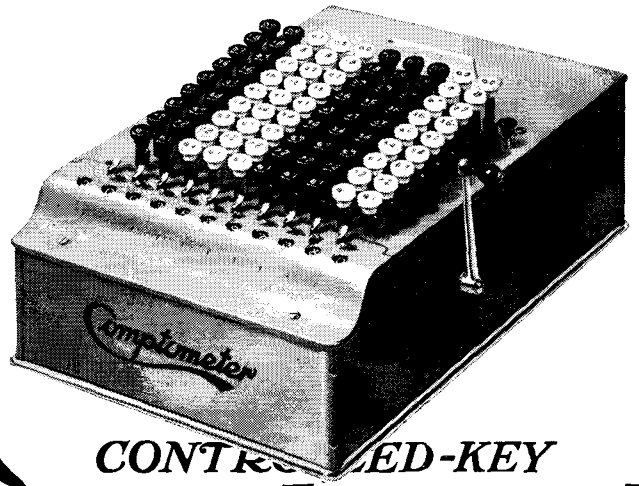

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*Only the
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HIS HANDS ARE INSURED FOR TEN THOUSAND

...Yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

HE has given his life to his art! He lives in a glass case, so to speak—surrounded by every care and every safeguard.

Yet he has a well developed case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

The tiny skin-cracks between the smaller toes* are beginning to get on his sensitive, high-strung nerves to a serious extent—as they do, indeed, harry the nerves of millions of less emotional but equally puzzled people.

Now this common infection can be curbed

Now that it is universally agreed among specialists that *tinea trichophyton,* a ringworm fungus, is the cause of the various forms* of "Athlete's Foot"—*and now that exhaustive laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr. kills the "Athlete's Foot" germ and curbs its spread*—knowledge of this most persistent parasite and how to fight it will soon be country-wide!

This is fortunate, for "Athlete's Foot" is such a *stealthy* infection . . . so easily overlooked at first... that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!*

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—tinea trichophyton—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick, moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"*. . . suffer from it without knowing what it is.

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students enrolled are infected.

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of "Athlete's Foot" is that it is most apt to be contracted in the very places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—even on hotel bath-mats. And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them, nor how to rid themselves of it.

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.

Vacation

Continued from page 66

the heady, overpowering sensation of absolute authority. . . . When he finished playing, he turned to Horse Berger:

"What's become of Eunice?"

She was nowhere visible among the guests who were beginning to substitute whoops and shouts for conversation. With relief, Vincent saw that Willie Goetz was present. He went out of a side door into a patio and from there onto an expanse of clipped lawn, silvery with tropic moonlight and mysterious with palm shadows. Presently he found Eunice and Mort Delaney, strolling and talking. When he came up to them, Eunice linked his arm on one side and Mort on the other.

"WE COULD hear you playing out here," she said tenderly, "and it was beautiful. Wasn't it, Mort?"

Already they had progressed to first names. . . .

"It was almost great, Eunice," Mort Delaney agreed. "You've got a world of stuff and you don't realize it. You know what you've done for me tonight, old kid?"

"Go ahead and tell him, Mort," Eunice urged.

"You broke this jinx that has been hanging over me," Mort proclaimed vigorously. "Your ideas got me to thinking and they unfroze my mind. Kid, the old bean is beginning to grind again."

"What ideas are you talking about?"

"Those song ideas you spilled to Eunice this afternoon," Mort told him.

Vincent looked sharply at him. Was the poor fellow's mind actually cracking at last?

"I was telling him about your new song ideas," Eunice put in quietly. "Don't you remember, Vincent? There Are Lilacs in Picardy, and Among My Love Letters, and Twilight in Carolina? I told Mort how you just made them up right out of your head on the spur of the moment—"

"And your ideas warmed up my mind and started it inventing again," Mort added. "You know how this business is, Vincent—it's all mental. How would you like to come in and help me on a new show? You've got a great creative mind and I could cut you in on my stuff. I've got so many irons in the fire that I've got to have help. We could do some shows and talkies together and—"

Vincent was beginning to get a little dizzy. It seemed incredible that Eunice had actually sold Mort all these terrible titles. And, as bad as they were, she had given him credit for them, bless her heart!

"But, Mort," he protested faintly, "don't you think these titles are a little—a little rotten?"

"All ideas are a little rotten to start with—you ought to know that," Mort told him briskly. "For instance, that Among My Love Letters idea. Here's what we'll do—just shorten it up and call it Love Letters. Get the picture? I could give you a dozen variations of the theme right now, and they'd all be good for a million copies, besides the mechanical recording. And take the Carolina idea—the time is always ripe for a Carolina song. The public can't get enough of 'em.

"Take the Lilacs in Picardy idea. Cut out the Lilacs and change Picardy to Barcelona, and what have you got? You've got a hunch for one of the hottest Spanish numbers ever written.

"The Moon Girl theme hasn't started clicking in my mind yet, but it's a nice little piece of property all the same. I'd like to have you come in with me, Vincent, and I can guarantee you a lot of dough. I'm starting back to New York tomorrow. I'd like to have you ride in on the same train with me. Set?"

VINCENT'S throat had tightened up, but Eunice, fortunately, was able to answer for him.

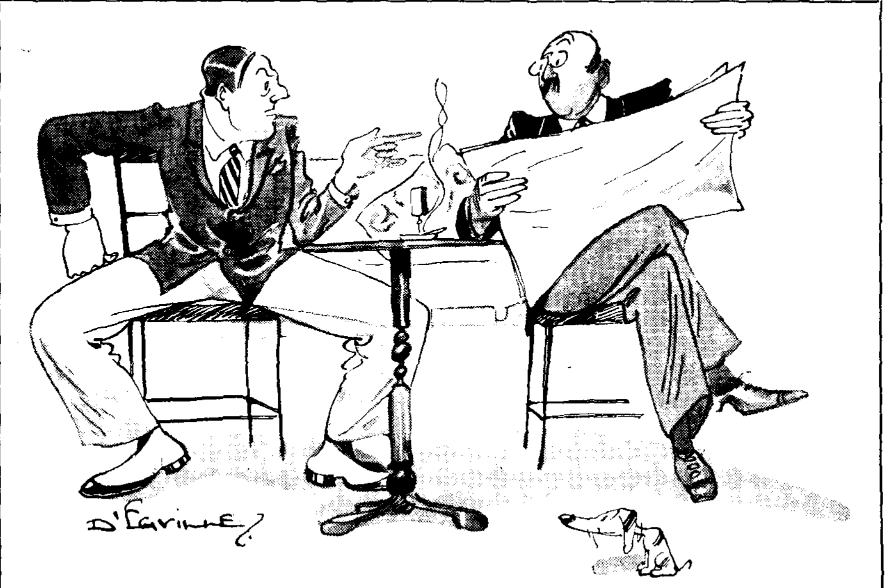
"Of course he is going with you," she said. "From now on, I'm going to manage this human gold mine and when you start talking contract, Mort, you just talk to me and forget all about Vincent."

"What a girl!" Mort Delaney cried enthusiastically. "Vincent, she's going to be worth a million bucks to you!"

Vincent was batting his eyes rapidly, while the solid Florida earth beneath his feet seemed to be quaking.

"Mort—Eunice—" his throat tightened. "Mort, she's the smartest girl on earth. The sweetest—I tell you, Mort, she's nothing on this earth but a saint among sinners."

"Saint Among Sinners!" he repeated. "Kid, you just pulled the title of the next talkie I'm going to sell Sol Ginter. Saint Among Sinners—it's going to box-office 'em to death! And you're in on it, Vincent—you're in!"



"You remember the Colosseum in Rome? Remember the state it was in when *we* saw it? Well, it's not up *yet!*"

The RIVERSIDE *SUPER-POWER* BATTERY – *Guaranteed for* 2½ *years* *Rubber Insulation Throughout* – 17% *Oversize*

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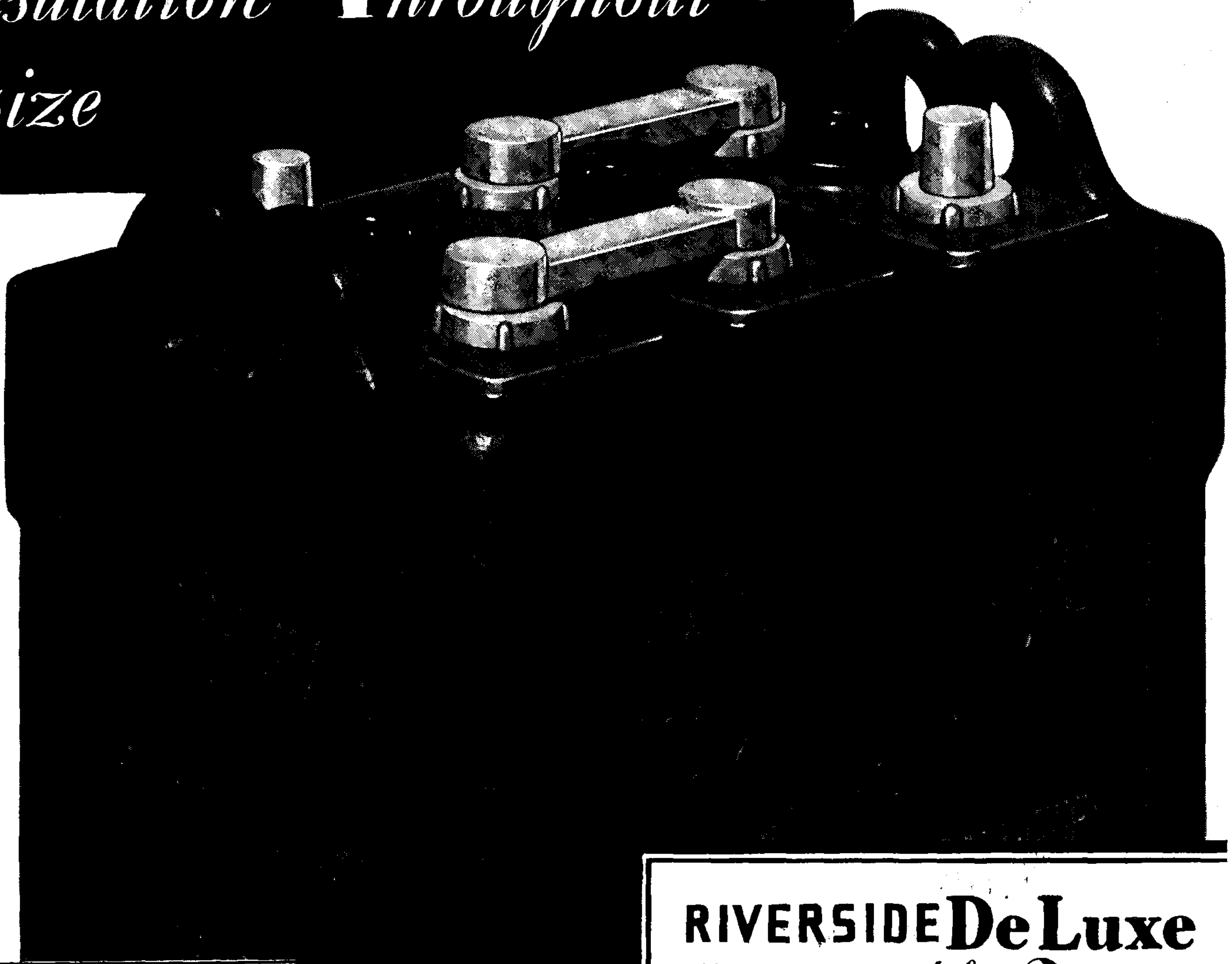
For Fords, Chevrolets and other light cars

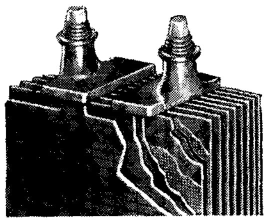


FOR service as nearly perfect as any battery can give . . . try this new, 17%-oversize Riverside SUPER-POWER Battery. It is *guaranteed* for two and one-half years—and comes to you dressed in a smart red-and-black "crackle" finish which is unusually durable, easily wipes clean, and resists acids.

This SUPER-POWER Battery is built to perform with the highest-priced makes on the market! It has every important advantage of any automobile battery ever built. Rubber insulation between plates, plates 17% *larger* than ordinary—explain why SUPER-POWER'S long life, giant reserve power, and all-weather dependability are guaranteed for two and one-half years.

Montgomery Ward's tremendous buying power and direct distribution methods bring you the Super-Power at a price practically one-half less than customary retail figures. In fact, you can own this brand-new SUPER-POWER for no more than your old battery may already be costing you in frequent delays, repairs and recharging.

The Riverside DE LUXE, our lower priced battery, is guaranteed for two years. You may purchase either battery at any of 550 Montgomery Ward Stores, with a special allowance of $1 on your old battery. *Free installation.*



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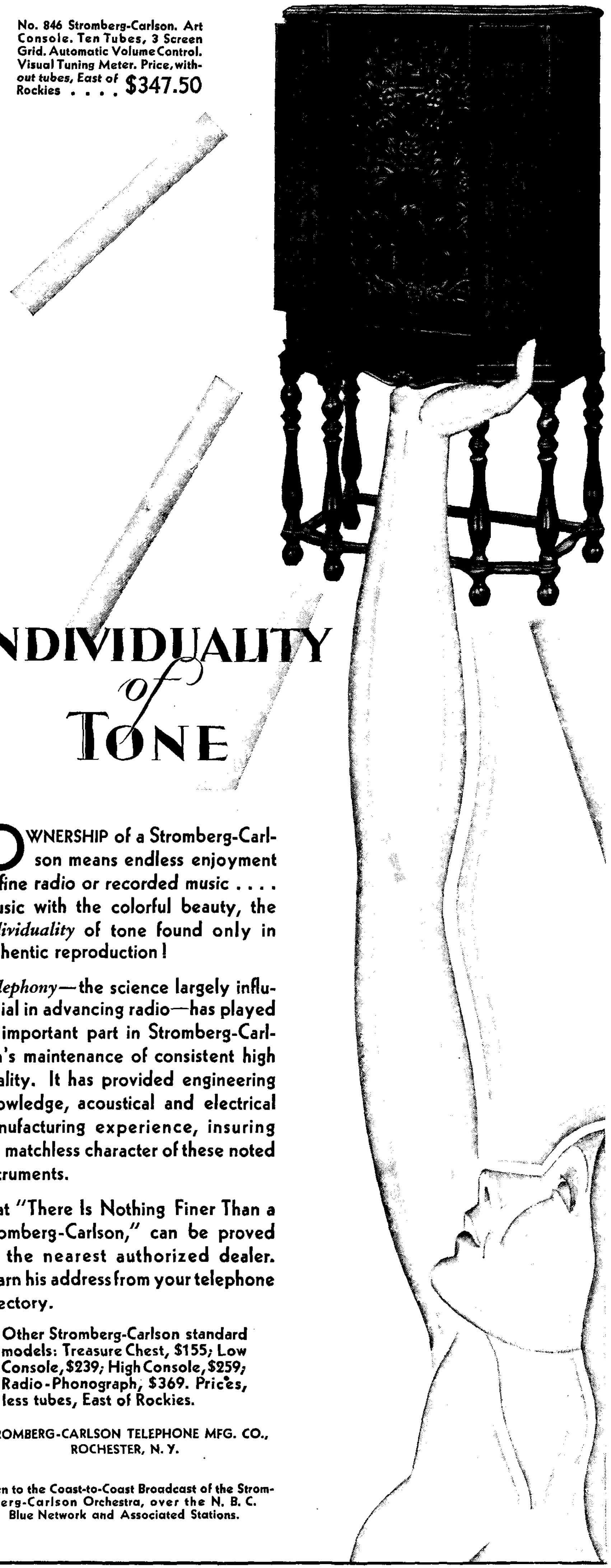

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OWNERSHIP of a Stromberg-Carlson means endless enjoyment of fine radio or recorded music . . . . Music with the colorful beauty, the *individuality* of tone found only in authentic reproduction!

Telephony—the science largely influential in advancing radio—has played an important part in Stromberg-Carlson's maintenance of consistent high quality. It has provided engineering knowledge, acoustical and electrical manufacturing experience, insuring the matchless character of these noted instruments.

That "There Is Nothing Finer Than a Stromberg-Carlson," can be proved by the nearest authorized dealer. Learn his address from your telephone directory.

Other Stromberg-Carlson standard models: Treasure Chest, $155; Low Console, $239; High Console, $259; Radio-Phonograph, $369. Prices, less tubes, East of Rockies.

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Listen to the Coast-to-Coast Broadcast of the Stromberg-Carlson Orchestra, over the N. B. C. Blue Network and Associated Stations.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

The Unrepentant Thief

Continued from page 30

"'I want it myself,' he said, 'and it isn't here.'

"He told me that he had studied to be a butler for months, many months. And that he would remain a butler, for years, many years. He had become a butler to steal the Muratti picture. But this Signor del Toso had sent away the picture. And this butler took it as a sign and became converted.

"He told me The Unrepentant Thief was in the Vatican, a gift to the Pope, in the Pope's private apartment.

"SO TO Rome I came—alone, to steal a picture from the Pope. Madness, I know. But to me life was empty without this accomplishment. This picture which so few of the outside world knew, but which was so precious that, having been stolen once, a mighty republic could order its restoration, this picture that was accepted by the Pope himself—the stealing of this would be the crown of my career as a thief.

"I waited in Rome for weeks before I decided to make the attempt. Posing as a pilgrim I obtained access to the inmost corridors of the Vatican, even to the private audience chamber. But I saw that there was ample means of getting into the front part of the palace.

"More weeks passed before I had solved the riddle of access and exit. Picking a moonless night, a night of drizzle, I put my plan to work.

"There was an old gardener whom I enticed to come to this very place and drink wine with me. He drank too much, as I planned. I borrowed his badge on a pretext and left him here sleeping in wine, in this very cubicle, I think. There was no difficulty passing the watchman at the rear gate of the Vatican gardens, for he kept out of the rain in his hut and merely nodded as I flashed the badge.

"The way was clear. Up a rear stone stairway I climbed, flight after flight, until it seemed my head would bump into the roof of that colossal place. A gap of gray in the blackness was access to the Court of Heraclius. Feeling my way by rows of marble pillars I came to the door always left open for His Holiness and those of his personal staff who might care for exercise in the court by day or night.

"Marble and bronze busts stared at me as I picked a path over rich carpets, passing through room after room.

"Twisted shafts of purest white marble marked the entrance to the heart of the Vatican, where the Pontiff dwelt. Toward a paler light I hurried. Then came a sight that struck me to stone. It had never entered my plans that at an hour beyond midnight the Holy Father would be up and at work. His heavy white figure sat at a huge desk, a giant crucifix before him, its ivory Christus pale in the light of a bronze-bowled lamp. The Supreme Pontiff read a missal.

"His head, capped by a white silk zuchetta, did not move as his eyes looked up and saw me. For heavy moments, so, the Holy Father regarded me. I knelt by instinct and words left my lips. The Pope arose, extended his hand in blessing and spoke in a low voice.

"'What troubles you, my son?' he said, in French.

"There I knelt, dumb. I saw his red slippers advance slowly.

"His jeweled hand fell on my head. The awfulness of my plight fell on me and filled me with dismay. Chokingly, the Pope's hand on my head, I told him why I was there: that I was a thief and that I had come to steal the picture of The Unrepentant Thief.

"The hand on my head was a strong hand. Its fingers held my skull and turned up my face. The Pope smiled.

"'You shall see the Thief,' he said.

"He made me rise. He smiled and pointed to a corner of the room where stood a stalled pri-dieu, like a confessional. As I advanced, His Holiness walked to the richly draped wall and pressed a button. A thin light fell over the chair and I looked—at my bloodless face in a mirror!

"As I turned to him, the Pope still smiled.

"'That is the picture,' he said softly, 'but of a repentant thief.'

"He blessed me once more, and I left as I had come. The guard was snoring beneath his towering busby."

THE stranger tossed off his fifth glass of wine and replaced the clippings in his shabby wallet.

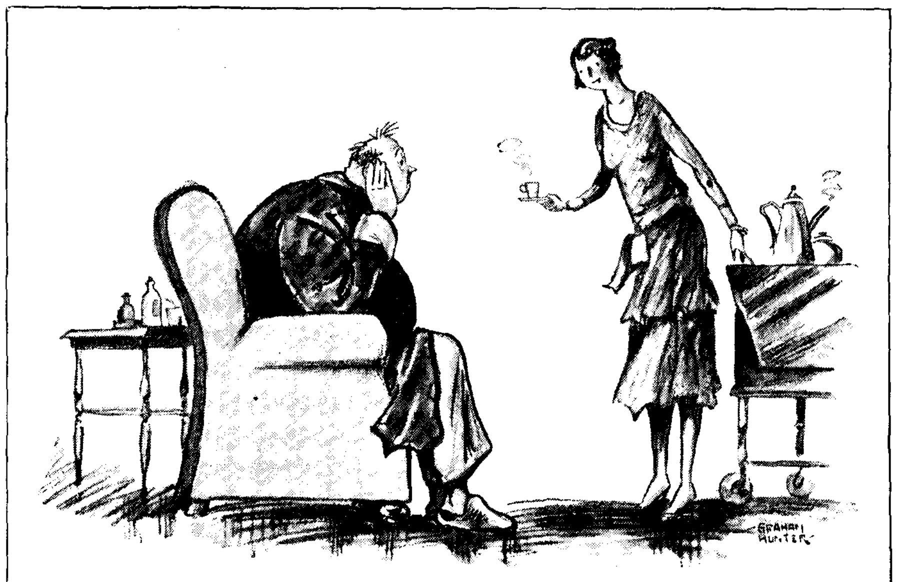
Morton paid for the pile of saucers. In the brazen sun of late afternoon he came to his office on Via Vittorio.

His superior, Hatrick, was there, tired and impatient. Morton poured out his tale. Hatrick heard it. At its conclusion he yawned.

"Did he make a touch?"

"Only fifty lire," said Morton.

"Charge that to expense and your time to experience," said Hatrick. "That lad's our best exported Chicago racketeer."



"Come, Basil. Try and get your strength back"

Three's a Crowd

Continued from page 18

different girl in a minute, all smiles and dimples, and jolly as a cricket.

I asked John point blank once, if he liked her carrying on like that, right under his nose, and it sort of took his breath away.

"Why, Mother," he said, as soon as he could think up an excuse, for he wasn't going to let me see how quick he'd found out that he'd married the wrong wife, "Mattie knows when I bring someone from the office I want her to help make things as pleasant as she can."

When John came home alone, she was quiet enough, and after supper when he went out to his workshop—he was always tinkering on some contraption or other like his father before him; inventions he called them—Mattie would follow him out there. I told her often enough she ought to let him have a few minutes to himself, and she'd answer, "Yes, Mother," and in a little while she'd say she was going upstairs to get a book or some sewing, and then I'd find her out in the workshop, cuddled in a corner, watching him. She used to sit with one foot under her like a little girl—never seemed to think of behaving dignified.

THEN one day I caught her in the back parlor. She had the blinds open, and she was standing in front of a picture of my late lamented that hung over the mantel.

"You'll get the wall paper all streaked up," I said, and I closed the blinds. Then she followed me out of the room.

"John looks like his father, doesn't he?" she said.

"He may look like his father," I answered her, "but he's not shiftless, thanks to me. And don't you encourage him to waste any more time on those contraptions of his."

"He may surprise you yet," she answered, with that "turn-away-wrath" smile of hers.

But to go back to John's contraptions. I'll never forget the Sunday afternoon Mattie's uncle brought out three strangers in his car, for that was the beginning of the end for my poor John. All through dinner John had been acting kind of fidgety-like, pecking at his food, and jumping up to look out of the window, till I finally had to speak to him. "If you don't feel like eating," I told him, "you can sit, can't you, and not turn me against my victuals, too." And right after dinner he went out to the workshop and Mattie followed him. There was nothing unusual in that, so it wasn't till I heard a car stop, and saw Mattie's uncle—with these three strange men, as I said—and into the shop they popped, that I began to wonder.

Well, they didn't come up, and they didn't come up, so by and by I went down, for I know what's manners even if they didn't, and they were all clustered round one of those contraptions of John's. Just as I came in, one of the men turned to Mattie's uncle: "Well, Morrow," he said, and slapped him on the back as if he was tickled to death about something, "this son-in-law of yours has brought home the bacon, all right!" Then he turned to John: "If this works out as well as I think, you've *got* something, young man!"

And then John explained, and I could see he was all stirred up, that it was a contraption my late lamented had been fiddling with. "But he was in advance of his times," John said, sorrowful-like. What was needed, it seems, to make it practical was some newfangled gadget; it sounded like a shirt-and-collar valve, or shirt-and-sleeve—well, anyhow, it was some gadget that hadn't been thought of then—and John had taken this idea of his father's and worked in the new gadget, and it was going to revolutionize the manufacture. Mattie's uncle said he was sure John's firm would finance him, and then Mattie threw her arms around John and cried, "I told you so, I told you so," and Mr. Morrow turned to me.

"Your son is a remarkable boy," he said.

"You don't have to tell me that," I answered the old fool. "I brought him up, didn't I?"

"He'll go far," he said.

"If he don't get tripped up," I answered him, with a meaning look at Mattie.

"He'll be a rich man, soon," said Mr. Morrow.

"Easy come, easy go," I answered. "He'd better watch his step, for 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.'"

Mattie's uncle gave me a queer look. "I guess John's safe enough," he said, kind of dry. "Perhaps the Lord's convinced he's had all the chastening due him."

Well, as I said, that was the beginning of the end for my poor John. As soon as the money began to come in, I knew that flighty wife of his would be bound to lose her head. She didn't have those flirty ways for nothing, and some day, unless I kept my eyes open, he'd wake up and find his alimony taking care of her second husband. Though I figured 'twould hurt him to find out how right I'd been—John's that stubborn, as I've said before—I knew he'd thank me in the end, all right. So the thing for me to do was to sit tight and watch, and the sooner the crash the better.

Mattie began to talk about having a home of their own, but I put my foot right down on that. She was clever, but I was smarter still, for I knew if I was to deliver John from her snares it would be all I could do to keep an eye on her with her living right here by me.

"John's not going to leave his old mother," I told her. "My son's got a conscience, and it'll take more than easy money to addle his good bringing up." So there was no more talk of that.

JOHN was real generous to me; he gave me a car for my birthday, and a boy to run it, so I did quite a lot of riding. Sometimes Mattie'd go with me, and then how I'd wish she was Harriet. All my life I'd looked forward to the company I'd have with the right kind of a daughter-in-law. But Mattie just wasn't interested in anything.

"There goes old Mis' Betts," I'd tell her. "All dressed up she is, too. Where do you suppose she's off to now? I'll bet she's going to call on Mrs. Hitts, up on the hill." Now if I'd had Harriet along, we would have given old Mis' Betts a ride just to see. But Mattie'd only smile, and look like she didn't really care.

So I usually took Mrs. Edwards, the lawyer's wife, or old Mrs. Brown, sister to our minister, for I've never understood what people find in looking at "views," and my idea of riding was having someone to talk to.

What brought things to a head finally was John's getting a new car, a fine roadster. He kept it next door at the Briggses', for there wasn't room for it in our barn, what with mine and his old flivver he used to leave parked down at the station when he took the train.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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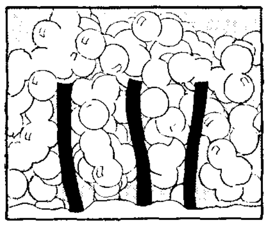
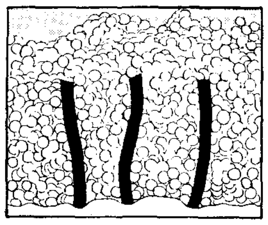


ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



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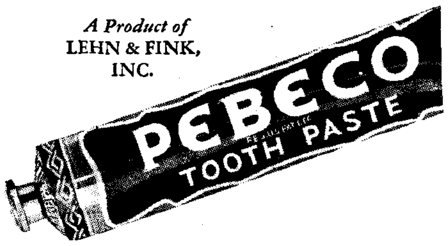


(Continued from page 71)

Harriet had got back by then, my daughter-in-law that should have been, you know, and I talked things over with her, for I knew that some day the slate would be wiped clear of Mattie, and then maybe—but I kept that to myself. Well, anyhow, John hadn't had the car ten days before Harriet telephoned me, so excited I could scarcely make out what she said.

"It's come—everybody's talking," she told me. It seems that Mattie and Fred Briggs had been seen way off in the country, in the car, with Fred Briggs driving along real slow, looking as if they didn't care where the road went. "And judging by the number of times I've heard of it this morning, they must have been on every back lane in the county," said Harriet.

I was pretty mad at Fred, but I'd always expected the worst of him, so I spoke to John about it. I never shirk my duty.

"Mattie's all right, Mother," he answered. "She knows I don't want her wandering round the country by herself."

SO THERE was nothing I could do after that but watch and hope, for the sooner John woke up the better.

It wasn't long after that that John's business began to call him away for week-ends. Sometimes he'd go to Chicago, sometimes to Pittsburgh, and then Mattie would tell me she was going to her uncle's, and she'd take the roadster, and I wouldn't see her at all till Monday.

I didn't get on to the truth till one Saturday when I was going over the linen closet. I missed a lot of things, Mattie's they were, and she kept them on a separate shelf, but that was no reason for my not keeping track of them. Katy hunted the house over, but no trace of them. I suppose I could have waited till Mattie got back, but it was a fine day, and I'd never seen Mr. Morrow's place, so I took Peter and drove over.

It was a good thirty miles, and Peter's not over bright about strange roads, so we lost our way twice, and had a blowout besides. And to cap it all, when we got to the house they told us was Mr. Morrow's, there was no one home.

I didn't know what to do. While Mattie would answer a straight question if she had to, she's not one to give out information; the Egyptian Sphinx is gabby in comparison, so I decided to keep my eyes open and my mouth shut.

So when John went off to Pittsburgh, though I didn't exactly set out to follow Mattie, I managed to start shortly after she drove out of the Briggses' barn the next Friday. We were going through Oakland, and she was not very far ahead, when she turned off toward the Ramapo road. By the time we rounded the corner there wasn't a car in sight, though there was a mile of straight road ahead and no crossings.

I laid awake all night and worried about it. If John hadn't been in Syracuse, I might have been weak enough to call him in and tell him. But I was glad I couldn't. It was much better to get to the bottom of it by myself.

I stewed and stewed over it, but it wasn't till Sunday night that the solution dawned on me. Early Monday morning I ordered up the car, and as soon as Mattie got back, I started. I told Peter to drive out to the Ramapo road, and when we'd gone over the stretch once where Mattie had vanished into thin air, I told Peter I'd dropped a letter and we went back over the road at a snail's pace. My painstakingness was rewarded when I saw an opening that was almost hidden by the underbrush. It looked like a wagon road leading to the top of the mountain, probably used in winter only, to get the logs out.

So far as I knew, there was nothing in those hills but trees, though people said there was a settlement of poor whites cut off from civilization like the Kentucky mountaineers. I'd seen some of them down in Paterson at the market, and a wild-looking lot they were, but as far as they're actually living up in those hills, I doubted it.

I thought I'd have a look, anyhow, so I made Peter stop the car, and I got out. I sent him back to look carefully, told him the letter might have blown into the high grass at the side of the road. I thought that would keep him busy for a while, while I went up the path. I'd brought a basket along, so in case my hunch turned out as I thought I'd have some reason for being there; so I started off after wild cherries.

I couldn't keep my mind off snakes and spiders, for that road was nothing better than a trail. It grew wilder and wilder as I went along, and I must have walked a mile without seeing anything. The path was wide enough for a car, if the driver was careful, but it was so stony and hard I could see no wheel tracks. It wound up and up. Then, to make things worse, I came to a fork.

I could have cried then, I was so tired, but I just sat down on a log to catch my breath. I made up my mind I'd go to the end of one branch, and then, unless I found some clue, I'd come back to the fork and try the other side, even if it took me all day. I started off the path that led up the mountain. I thought I'd better do my climbing while I was strong, and I'd only gone a little ways when I came to a brook. There was a plank bridge across it, and the ground on the other side was sandier, and I saw tire tracks, broad ones, like Mattie had on her car. That made me feel better, so I set my teeth and went on.

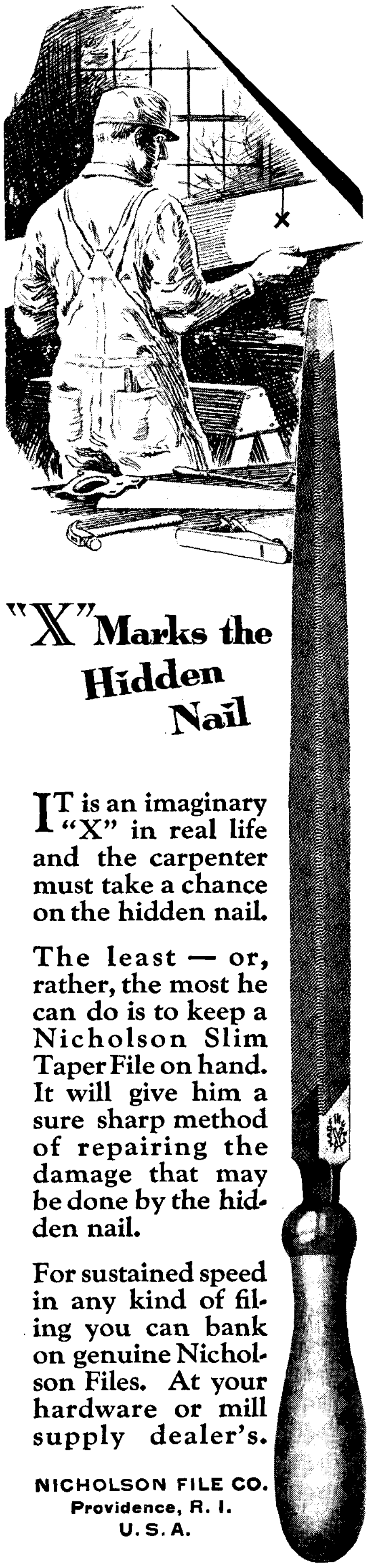
I finally came to the top, and there, in a clearing on the edge of a small lake, was a one-story log house. I went up on the porch, but the door was locked, and the heavy wooden shutters were fastened inside. I walked around a bit, and down by the edge of the lake, in the grass, I found a handkerchief, one of those silly ones that Mattie uses, the size of a postage stamp, with French embroidery. I'd always heard that even the cleverest criminal is bound to leave some trace, and there it was. Of course I couldn't be sure it was hers, but it proved the house belonged to no woodchopper.

DOWN the mountain I went—I had blisters on both heels by then—and found Peter asleep in the car. I shook him and told him to hurry on home. All the way back, I thought and planned.

On Wednesday I took the train to Oakland, and hired a car there. I said I wanted to rent a summer camp, and that way I learned that the cabin on the mountain had been built by an artist. He was away, though, and it had been rented to some man. The agent didn't remember his name, but said if I wished to try to sublet it from him, I might get some information from the farmer on the main road where the trail came out. It was just what I thought; it had been rented to a Mr. Briggs early in the spring.

The next two days went by in a whirl. I thought the best thing I could do would be to go up there and confront Mattie, and perhaps she'd be glad to go quietly, and I wouldn't have to drag John into it. If he knew before it was all over, she'd be sure to get round him somehow, he was so mushy. I decided to take Mr. Edwards, the lawyer, and his wife, but not to tell them anything except that I wanted them to go for a picnic in the car.

I was careful not to start off on a



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wild-goose chase, and have it all to do over again, but Friday morning, when John told me he was leaving on a noon train, I made my plans. I wanted to reach the cabin as soon after Mattie as I could, before she had a chance to wander off in the woods, or see me as I came up. So I told the Edwardses we'd start from my house, and I was on pins and needles for fear Mattie would get the car from the Briggses' barn before they arrived. Instead, I had to keep them waiting on one pretext or other for nearly an hour while Mattie sat on the Briggses' porch, chatting with Fred's mother.

I GAVE her ten minutes' start. I was sure Peter would be slow on the mountain anyway. What we talked about on the way I'm sure I don't know. But I kept thinking that after this John would pay attention to what I said. The Edwardses laughed at my going in for picnic teas at this late date, but I managed to make them understand there was a reason back of it, without actually telling them anything. When we turned in the path, I had to speak pretty sharp to Peter—he insisted no car should go over that road.

I was terrified that Mattie would hear or see us coming up, but the trees were thick and my car runs quietly. I felt a lot better when we passed the brook, and there were fresh tracks before us on the sand. Even Peter noticed them, and stopped fussing.

We reached the clearing safely, and I made the Edwardses walk the last little bit, leaving Peter and the car in the trees. The cabin shutters were open, and I walked softly to the door and listened. Yes, she was in there. I could hear her voice, cheerful as a lark. She was moving round, putting things to rights; I could hear cups and saucers rattling, and chairs being moved.

I couldn't bear it, so I called out right sharp as I knocked, "Mattie, you might just as well come out and face the music!"

By that time the Edwardses had caught up with me, and were standing at the foot of the steps. I heard her say,

"Good Lord," and the door opened and out walked Mattie. . . . and John!

I felt stunned. I heard Mr. Edwards say: "I'm afraid the climb has been too much for your mother," but there was a fog over things for a minute. How Mattie ever found out that I was watching her, and how she coaxed John up there, I don't know. She was slick enough for anything, but of course I wasn't going to let it end there.

John was white as a sheet, and his mouth was grim as a trap. So I knew Mattie had had to tell him all about it. She hung on his arm and I saw she was hard put to it not to burst out crying. And John never looked at me. He didn't dare.

"Never mind," he whispered to her, real soft, but I heard him. That made me feel worse, a son of mine to turn to mush, instead of casting her off then and there.

And he spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, polite as you please. "Welcome to Honeymoon House," he said. "Glad to see you up here." And he brought out chairs, and acted like he'd planned the whole thing.

"Mighty nice of you to let your mother bring us up," Mr. Edwards went on. "We knew there was something up when she planned a picnic," (picnics being foreign to my nature, as they well knew), "but we never guessed we'd find you at the end of the road."

"Only way we could get any peace," said John, and I could see if no one else could that he was biting off his words to keep from talking right out, so upset he was, and no wonder.

"That's the price of becoming famous," said Mrs. Edwards, and she and her husband acted real flattered at being in the secret.

Then Mr. Edwards helped John bring the tea basket, and that Mattie set out my victuals cool as you please, but I could tell how nervous she was from the way the dishes rattled in her hands.

First chance I got, I followed John into the house, for I'd stood all the delay I could. He was so upset, and quite natural, too, that he walked by me just as if I wasn't there till I stood square in front of him.

"There's no use your being a noble fool," I said to him as sharp as I could whisper. "I always told you you'd be sorry you hung on to that Fred Briggs, and maybe you'll listen to me now. How you can stay in this house of his for one minute is more than I can see. And as for that Mattie, she can't go too fast for me. Don't say I didn't warn you either."

Do you know I thought he was going to have a fit, he shook so.

"There's nothing too bad for you to believe about Mattie, is there?" he said. "As for Fred Briggs, he's the best friend I've got. It was Fred that found this heaven for us when you drove us away from home with your picking on Mattie. If you'd acted halfway human to her we'd have lived in that spare wing forever."

"There's no use your trying to pull the wool over my eyes," I said, looking him straight in the face. "If you're fool enough to cover things up, that's your business. I've done all I can for you, and I'll keep my mouth shut so long as you don't let her near me, but that's all."

At that, he hid his face in his hands, and his shoulders shook, and his voice came all jerky from between his fingers.

"GOD, don't let me forget she's my mother," was what it sounded like, but of course that don't make sense. Then he threw up his arms, and muttered something, and went out back of the house. I felt awful sorry for him, but I'd done all I could, except for taking the Edwardses away as soon as I could get them to move.

You think I'm all wrong? Of course not. But even if I was, which is not so, you know perfectly well that any woman who's capable of thinking up that house is sure to go wrong sooner or later. And you don't know John's stubborn nature as I do; he'd cover up anything, sooner than admit I was right. And the proof of it is that he sent me off on this trip. He said he'd picked the longest cruise there was because I needed the rest after all my worrying. So you can see he's grateful, even if he's too stubborn to say so.

What would you do if you were faced with the problem that confronted any one of the principal characters in "Three's a Crowd"? Tell us. Select for yourself the rôle of one character in this story—the character who excites your greatest sympathy. Then tell us, in a letter of not more than 500 words, how you would play the part.

For the three best letters received in answer to this invitation we will pay in order of merit twenty-five dollars, fifteen dollars, and ten dollars. For the ten letters ranking next after these we will pay five dollars each.

All letters must be addressed to Letter Editor, and must be received not later than April 5th.

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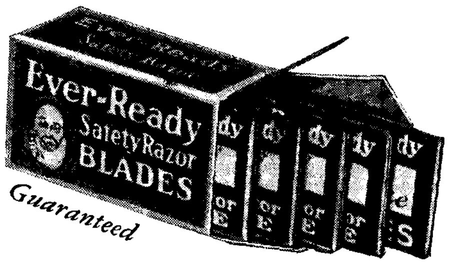

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When the Graf Broke Down

Continued from page 13

For a long time I lay staring into the darkness, wondering what might befall us during the night. Another, or all, of our remaining motors might fail. A cross-current of wind might send the fragile ship crashing against a mountain. Morning might find us blown far out over the sea . . . drifting helplessly. . . .

Finally I fell asleep from sheer mental exhaustion.

Sunshine was streaming into the stateroom when I awoke. In my first moments of consciousness I tried to tell myself that it had been a dream, that actually we were plowing ahead toward America. But no—there was that uneven pulsation of motors and those intermittent jars that shook the entire craft. I looked out of the window. We seemed to be flying at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet. My eye caught our shadow on the ground below—we were flying sideways! Then, as I watched, a blast of wind caught us and we swung halfway around.

The French Frontier

That was enough; I dressed and went in to breakfast. Two of the passengers, red-eyed, anxiety written on their faces, told me they had sat up all night. Presently the door opened and Mrs. Pierce, the only woman passenger, came into the salon. She greeted us with a cheery "Good morning." I marveled at her calmness. Either she did not sense the seriousness of our situation, or else her nerves were immune to fear. Her attitude, however, set an excellent example to those few of the male passengers who sat in silence. Luckily, too, for I feel sure that an outburst of hysteria from her, in a harrowing situation that was growing more and more critical, might have caused a panic on board the Zeppelin.

As if our mechanical difficulties were not enough, we came face to face with complications far from comforting. We were approaching the French frontier—it would be necessary, of course, for us to retrace our course over France in order to reach Germany, and the French Government had accorded the commander the privilege of flying over the country only between the hours of seven and nine in the morning.

It was with no little swallowing of pride that our picturesque commander penciled a radiogram to be sent to the French Air Minister, a confession that his craft had proven herself unable to continue and must return to her home port for repairs. There was some controversy among the passengers as to what France's reaction would be when she received word that we were again heading for French soil. No answer whatever had been received when later we crossed the boundary line; even as the hours wore on all remained quiet on the French front, and we began to suspect that France was merely indulging in some guffaws up her sleeve.

For twenty hours we battled our way back, fighting a head wind that by now had reached the proportions of a gale, our source of power seriously crippled. By now the atmosphere of the salon had become tense; passengers sat painfully silent—their faces dumb with resignation; I strolled down the corridor to the control room. There, too, I found the air of suppressed anxiety. Grave faces were bent over navigation instruments and charts. And then I learned that the three remaining motors were not functioning properly.

Now, the motors are stationed some five hundred feet back of the passenger gondola. Owing to distance and to wind-force the sound of the motors is greatly muffled, so much so that it is difficult from the passenger and control gondola to determine the behavior of each power unit. Curious, I mounted a ladder leading up into the big bag and started down the "cat walk" from the nose of the ship to its very end.

The "cat walk" is perhaps a foot wide, certainly not more, and is no more nor less than a suspended trestle running among the colossal duralumin "bones" of the gas bag. Following it one comes into such close proximity to the motors that the roar is deafening—that is, when the motors are running. The two motors on the right-hand side I found silent. Dead! The two on the left and the one in the center rear were behaving peculiarly. It was as if they, too, were fagged out, stopping now and then to cough. I eased my way back up to the nose of the bag and started down the ladder. Suddenly came shouts from the control room, and I descended to find the place filled with excitement. The commander strode over to me.

"You'd better go back into the salon!"

The way he said it . . . restrained . . . no word of explanation! But now? There seemed but one answer—more motor complications must have set in during the short interval it took me to walk from the rear of the ship. It was that we feared most. It at last had happened. . . .

One of the officers confirmed my suspicions in the most dramatic manner. Halfway down the corridor leading from the navigation room to the salon he handed me a slip of paper on which he had scribbled: "Two more broken—one left!" It left a chill on my spine. "Don't tell anyone else just now," he whispered.

I stepped into the salon and looked from one to another of my fellow passengers, still sitting there, silent, nails digging into chair arms. I felt an almost irresistible urge to cry out to them, to warn them. With luck we would have had a fair chance even with two motors dead—but with four of them out of commission! We were helpless—powerless, at the mercy of a raging gale. Our ship, like a bubble twisted about in a whirlwind over a briar patch.

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It was in this very valley, let it be recalled, that the French dirigible, the Dixmude, was caught by the murderous mistral and sucked to destruction up the canyon. With all its motors functioning the Dixmude could not fight its way out of the clutches of the wind demon, and here were we, helpless, bounced about perilously close to the entrance of the gorge—the tentacle of the mistral reaching out, drawing us closer and closer to our doom.

I walked over to one of the large win-

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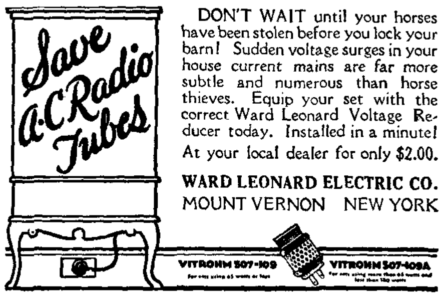

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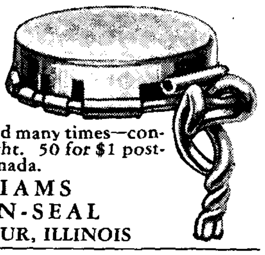

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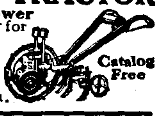

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dows in the main salon and looked down at our shadow. Such a drunken zigzag course; now and again a gust of wind was actually blowing us backward.

Suddenly a most uncanny sensation gripped me as the ship swung about and headed directly into the wind. An abrupt spasm shook the craft. And an echoing quiver ran its entire length. Then everything was ominously still as the Graf poised motionless in mid-air. That devastating mistral had become a heartbreaking headwind, holding back our progress, and exerting a force precisely equal to that which the crippled ship could muster with its sole remaining motor. And the Graf Zeppelin hung there in mid-air absolutely without motion. I looked down at the shadow—it had stopped dead still. The whole world seemed suddenly to have stopped. Not a breath of air seemed to stir, the atmosphere was almost too heavy to breathe.

Counsels of Despair

A few moments later—it seemed like an eternity—a gust of wind crashed against the port side, tipping the ship sideways until the floor rose to a forty-five-degree angle. Chairs and tables in the salon tumbled into a heap—and in the tangle were a couple of passengers who had lost their balance. Pots, pans and dishes in the kitchen fell from shelves with a mighty crash. In the control and navigation rooms stools, map racks and movable instruments, dislodged, rattled about on the floor. The din was punctuated here and there by staccato orders from excited officers.

The furies of the mistral had caught us in their maelstrom. We were being tossed about like a child's balloon; the ship quivered and shook, it dived up and down in futile efforts to wrench itself free from the murderous embrace of the wind. Now and again a down-current of air would drop us several hundred feet—from my vantage point at a window it looked as though those sharp mountain peaks down under us were shooting up, and up; I held my breath, waiting for the final and fatal crash that seemed inevitable.

Then, when it seemed as though the end was but a second away, suddenly an up-current would catch us and skyrocket us heavenward for several hundred feet, only to drop us and let us go plunging downward in a sickening fall. And all this time we were being drawn closer and closer to the entrance of that jagged canyon. The howling of the mistral as it blew up the gorge beat upon our ears and struck terror through our souls. The entrance gaped like the mouth of hell. In the corners of the salon, and braced here and there along the walls, stood passengers, who, with faces blanched and hands trembling, were scribbling off messages of good-by to the world and especially to those waiting at home.

We were nearing the little village of Valence in the center of the basin. The entire population must have gathered in the streets to watch us. The weak sputterings of our one motor did not drown out the shouts of these spectators. Suddenly, we drifted over the center of the town, the craft began to drop in a down-current of air—one hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet . . . we all but scraped the housetops. Women below us screamed, grabbed their children and scrambled for shelter, and a moment later every living human had disappeared inside the buildings. Then, as suddenly as we had dropped, an up-current caught us and sent us up toward the mountains.

I worked my way back to the control room. Each officer was standing at his post, silent, valiant, in the face of death. Eckener told me we would try to make a forced landing.

No fewer than a hundred and fifty men as a ground crew are necessary to the safe landing of the Graf. This multitude must be on hand to seize the cables and hand rails and hold the craft just before it touches earth, lest a ground wind drag the ship and send it crashing into a mountainside, building or tree. Such a collision meant that the Zeppelin would be demolished and the gas bags crushed, which would naturally result in a terrific explosion. That meant that we must have help. . . . The commander must beg assistance from the French below—people who had been his enemies in the late war. Pain was written on his face as he turned to the radio operator and dictated his plea: "In critical danger. Necessary to land. Please have troops in readiness."

As time wore on no reply came. The atmosphere of the control room became pregnant with the anticipation of tragedy. I made my way back into the salon. One passenger begged to be permitted to leap overboard—but there were no available parachutes. The Graf Zeppelin was not equipped with life-saving apparatus of any sort.

One passenger aboard had maintained an air of stolid indifference throughout the entire ordeal—"Susie," the female gorilla, housed in a cage in stateroom number one. "At least Susie will be in good spirits," I thought, as I made my way down the corridor to her stateroom. But no—Susie was ill! For Mrs. Pierce had bought Susie a green rubber ball to play with, and in her excitement Susie had eaten the ball, with results that might have been expected from green paint. I tried to interest her in a peanut, but she lay on her back and whined.

Someone was shouting my name and I joined the passengers in the salon. The commander had an announcement to make.

"We will attempt to make a forced landing without a ground crew," he said. Even as he spoke I observed, on either side of the passenger gondola, two pairs of men, with ropes about their waists, prepared to jump off as the ship neared earth—four men to try to hold the giant craft in the hope that people below would rush over and lend a hand. "You people maybe would be in less danger if you went up onto the cat walk inside the bag," the commander went on. "When we land it is possible that the control room and the entire gondola will be torn off, and in the bag you will be less likely to be crushed."

A Choice of Evils

That sounded logical, but I recalled an incident during the war when the Zeppelin L-50, under the command of Captain Schwonder, was forced into a landing near Dommartin. As the ship neared the earth she headed for the side of a mountain. The impact did tear off the control room and passenger gondola, but deposited most of the crew safely on the ground. Then, as they struggled out of the wreckage and gazed aloft they saw the hull of the L-50 soaring upward, carrying with it those of the crew who had gone up into the bag for safety. Nothing had ever again been seen or heard of her or her men.

This is why it was that, as the other passengers filed up into the bowels of the big bag, I clung to the edge of a window in the main salon, preferring to chance a jump to safety on nearing the earth.

As we descended, however, it was discovered that a strong ground wind was blowing—too strong for even an attempt at a landing. About half of our water ballast was dropped and we soared up, only to feel a firmer grip of the mistral's hands. We were approach-

(*Continued on page 76*)

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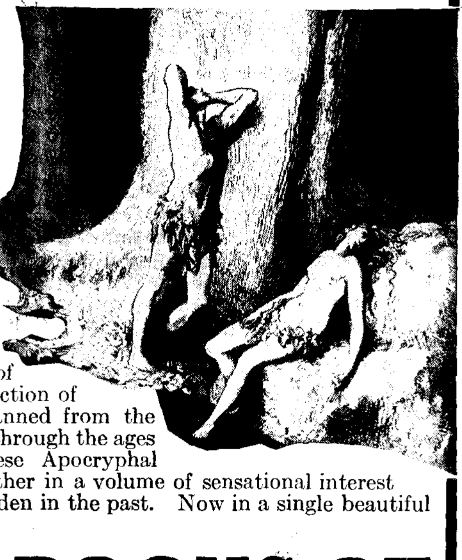

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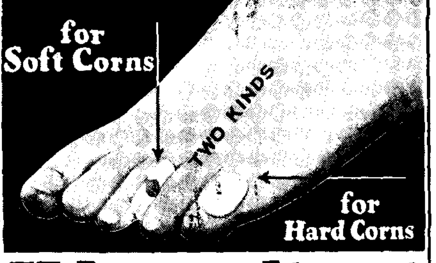

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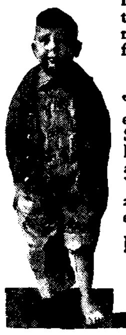

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(*Continued from page 75*)

ing nearer the entrance to the gorge. The passengers came down into the salon.

One of the officers happened to remember that the governmental airport at Cuers was near this valley, and that it possessed a hangar of sufficient size to safely house the Graf. If we could make it an ample ground crew would be found among the soldiers stationed there. Ironically enough it was recalled that Germany had built this hangar before the war.

"Radio a plea to the Air Minister to allow us the use of the hangar and the aid of the soldiers, if we can reach there," Eckener directed the radio officer.

The operator sat down to his instrument and started to call, but discovered that a message was coming through—a message from the Air Ministry: "Land anywhere you want. We will do everything possible to facilitate and insure your safety." As he read the message I saw the burly old commander brush from his eye what I might have mistaken for a tear.

Captain Wilkins Looks On

The craft was still tossing wildly, and while the Air Ministry's message buoyed up our spirits momentarily we soon realized that we were not yet at Cuers—had, indeed, little enough chance of getting there. We felt as men lost in a desert and without water must feel—Cuers so near but the message a mirage.

By this time the paved highways, crisscrossing the valley below like white ribbons, were spotted with hundreds of automobiles that raced along, following our course. If the wind carried us a half mile westward then the automobiles headed that way. Suddenly, as we pitched into a higher altitude, another air current would carry us eastward, and the cars below would whirl about and retrace their course, in a mad rush to be on hand when at last the crash should come.

Captain Wilkins and I happened to be leaning out of the same window watching the autoists. Presently, above a place where two highways crossed, we dropped to a lower altitude. Here the wind began blowing us about in a circle, with the result that three parties of motorists who were watching us more intently than they were the road before them, crashed and piled into a heap. Captain Wilkins turned to me, "Nicholson, isn't it a shame how people will take their lives in their hands—riding around in those automobiles!"

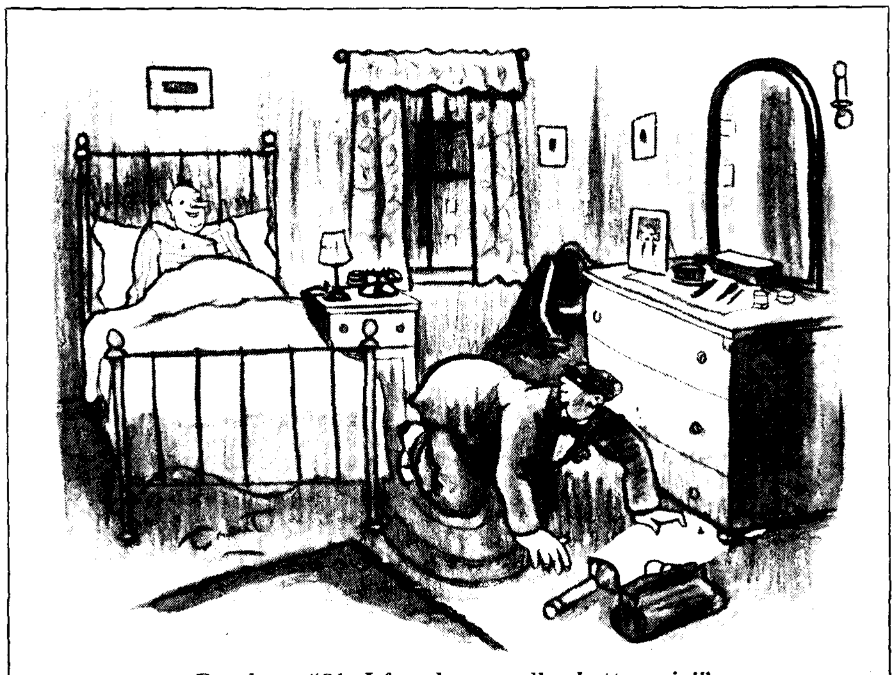
I laughed, and as my laugh echoed across the salon one of the passengers sitting there clutching a brace brought fists down with a bang, and cried: "Shut up! Damn it, shut up!" Then addressing no one in particular, he moaned, "How long must this keep up—why in hell don't it happen!"

The afternoon was now fading rapidly, when suddenly dead ahead there loomed out of the deepening gloom the abrupt flank of a mountain. "It won't be long now," I thought. And as we waited tensely for the crash again the ship shot suddenly upward with a breath-taking rapidity. Every ounce of water ballast had been dropped, and with the craft so lightened she leaped into the air like a trained steeplechaser. The ascent was so rapid that we were torn through and out of the grasp of that dreaded mistral. . . . Up, up, until high above the valley we drifted into a gentle wind that carried us as straight as an arrow to the Cuers-Pierrefeu hangar. One of just four in the whole world that could house the Graf.

Through the falling dusk the lights of the air station twinkled cheerily. Silently we wrung each others' hands as we realized that at last had come salvation.

Hundreds of soldiers and sailors were waiting to bring us safely to earth, with more than two hundred Senegalese who had been sent there to reënforce the hurriedly mobilized ground crews. A few minutes later, in the presence of high officials, officers commanding the field and special detachments, and the mayors of the near-by towns, the great ship was walked into the hangar—the hangar built by the Germans, confiscated by the French, and later used to house the ill-fated German Zeppelin Dixmude, which France had taken from Germany as one of the spoils of war.

On one side of the hangar stands a two-story building—officers' quarters. The commander was told that an apartment had been made ready for him there. He turned and started inside. Over the walk that leads to the door is a trellis on which bloomed a shower of roses. The trellis was built from the duralumin braces of a Zeppelin that France had shot down during the war. Eckener stopped and stared at the trellis for a moment, then, almost reverently, he put out a hand and stroked one of the metal braces, breathing a prayer maybe for those of his comrades who had lost their lives when France had sent the ship to destruction.



Burglar: "Oh, I found your collar button, sir!"

Mind the Paint

Continued from page 12

arts of China, but now I had to pretend that I had only that one intervening day before the troops came back from the front-line trenches. I got in fold-down tables we had bought for another room, had them painted an authentic Chinese red with quick-drying enamel, found some queer black and gold chairs and some graceful Chinese wall-paper screens and assumed that in China they were as partial to plain white plastered walls as I.

The paint pots were out just a half hour before the celery and olives went in, but the room was successful enough to be left for comparative posterity just as it stood.

One of the secrets of good decoration is the adapting of the household gods to the type of person who is to worship them. The furniture and the furnishee, as it were, must blend.

Hold the Painter's Hand

Of course it is laughably easy to prescribe harmonious surroundings, but it is solemnly difficult to write out the minutiæ of the prescription. I would suggest, however, in decorating any interior, that one proceed from the ground up. In the case of most moderns this means from the walls in.

Now the terror of being faced by bare walls almost equals the terror of being faced with badly decorated ones. I always have a feeling of awe when I bow before the surface of innocent new plaster. So many horrors can come into being upon it or beside it. I suggest first a deep concentration on the question of paint or paper.

If it's paper, after you have carefully selected it, indulge in the extravagance of having two or three sample strips put up. A vine which is enchanting when it is seen climbing gracefully up one thirty-inch strip of background may become a stringy annoyance to one's peace of mind as it repeats itself *ad infinitum* around the walls of a room.

As to paint, it is proverbially deceptive. A color-card sample looks as little like a square yard of color on the wall as the square yard looks like the whole room. Trial and error is my only prescription for paint—that and a grim surveillance of the painter.

One must literally hold the painter's hand while he is mixing colors. I think even union painters must feel the Huckleberry Finn lure of the paint pot, for once given their head, they can paint a room a wrong color with a swift, joyous abandon that takes days and dollars to undo.

Once your backgrounds are right I suggest a philosophic contemplation in the selection of your furniture and drapery. Mental walks through your unfurnished rooms are splendid exercise.

Taking the scheme of a whole room from some really exquisite object—an enameled box, a piece of old brocade or chintz, is a simple, effective way of insuring a coördinated feeling in a room. One color will furnish the background, another the hangings, others the furniture coverings.

In furnishing the American Woman's Association clubhouse I had a most vital and responsible task, for the building could appeal to the types of women it was designed for only by recognizing the individuality of each of its unknown residents. Any institutional air in the bedrooms or public rooms I felt would be as fatal as in a private house.

So I early determined to abandon the hotel plan of uniformity. I could not, however, leave behind the budget which the building committee had settled on.

In the beginning I'm afraid I had a number of our masculine advisers in great tension as to what madnesses I might perpetrate. They were frightened by my color schemes. "But I don't like color," said an otherwise gifted male when I told him my plan for the swimming-room. He dragged me to see a swimming pool at a new club for boys. "Now that's what *I* call a *job*," said he. It was very nice. Gray and white, like every swimming-pool room that has been tiled for years.

But I had other hopes. Since it is a safety rule that you must have white tiles in the pool itself to the water line, I had to get my color some way and still not have a bathtub. A border of green *at* the water line therefore carried up the color of the green water; the walls of the room we painted a lovely turquoise. The ceiling is a sandy orange with a special lighting that makes the whole atmosphere not unlike a sunny day by the Mediterranean. It has been astonishing to see people react to the warm, invigorating colors as they enter that room.

Professional and amateur decorators are realizing more and more the extraordinary things that color in a room does to the disposition of the occupants.

The soothing effect of apple green for living-rooms has become only too well known in the last few years, and the stimulating glow of yellow for an occasional small sitting-room is coming into increasing favor.

But to go back to my bedrooms in the A. W. A. clubhouse. First, looming at me whichever way I turned, was the budget. It allowed $158 a room exclusive of the carpet.

Every room has a desk, drawers below and glass-covered shelves above for books and tea things; a telephone table; a desk chair and an easy chair; a chest of drawers and a day-bed. But I could have the furniture done in different designs and finishes—natural woods and enamels—and that I most whole-heartedly did. To further vary the arrangement I had all duplicates occur on different floors, making the scheme perpendicular rather than horizontal.

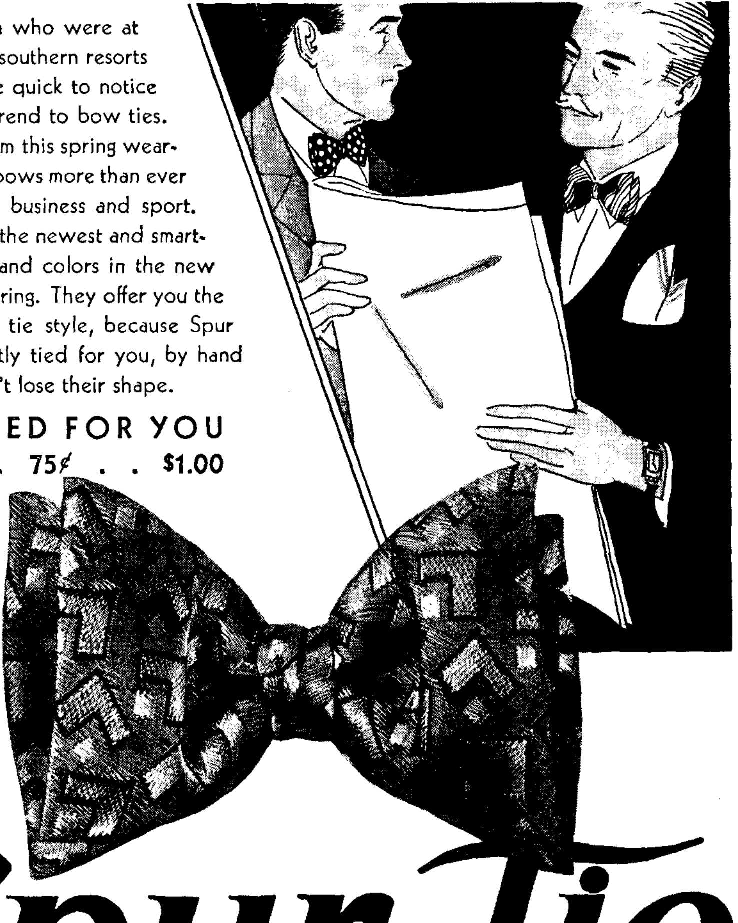
A Place to Throw Things

Unfortunately the days when antiques could be included in the pleasures of furnishing inexpensively are gone. And this is sad, for I am a great believer in beautiful old furniture and in mixing the old with the new. There is a vibration in old wood that does something to a room. This does not mean that I am against the crisp vitality of modern furniture. Here again it comes back to fitting the room to the dweller therein.

"But isn't old furniture impractical?" people ask me. "Isn't modern furniture with its delicate finish and perishable upholstery easy to damage?" Of course it is, and you can ruin even the stalwart interior of a subway car if you put your mind to it. But I think the solution—and this brings me to another of my pet theories—is one room where you can put your feet on the furniture!

It should be as premeditated as your drawing-room, but it should be furnished with simple strong woods or wickers, with washable linens, with ash-welcoming rugs, with tables that will bear the brunt of amenities or angers. It should be, in short, one place where you can throw things, scratch things, one place where a paint brush will repair the worst of the damage.

The bow is the thing this spring



Men who were at the fashionable southern resorts this winter were quick to notice the new style trend to bow ties. You will see them this spring wearing smartly tied bows more than ever before for both business and sport. And you'll find the newest and smartest of patterns and colors in the new Spur Ties for spring. They offer you the utmost in bow tie style, because Spur Ties are correctly tied for you, by hand — and they can't lose their shape.

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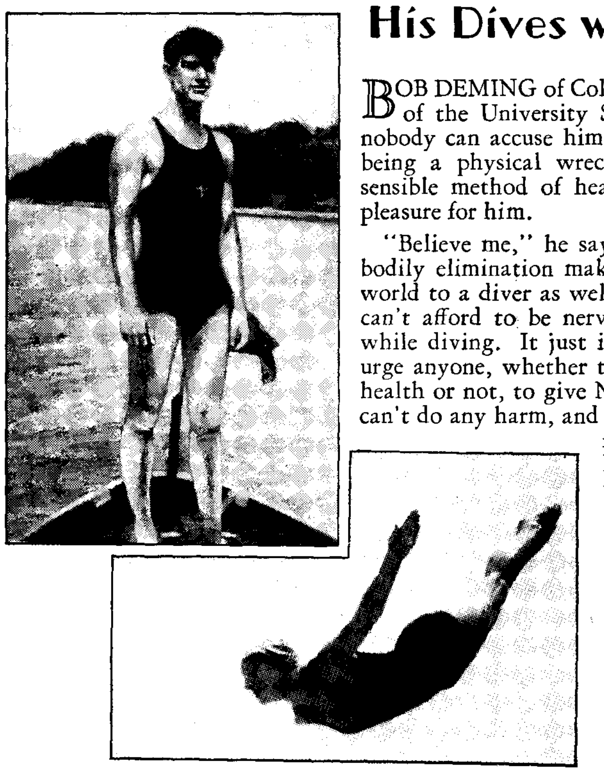
How a Fancy Diver Keeps in Trim

Because if he Doesn't His Dives will be "Flops"



BOB DEMING of Colgate, one of the fancy divers of the University Swimming Team, says that nobody can accuse him of having been saved from being a physical wreck. He just claims that a sensible method of health has really made life a pleasure for him.

"Believe me," he says, "having free and regular bodily elimination makes all the difference in the world to a diver as well as to any other athlete. I can't afford to be nervous, sluggish, or depressed while diving. It just isn't done! I would like to urge anyone, whether they think they are in good health or not, to give Nujol a try-out. It certainly can't do any harm, and I'll bet it would make them feel a hundred per cent better. It's given me five times the vitality! It's worth trying!"

Mr. Deming has just about told the whole story. He is right in believing that Nujol contains no drugs, no medicines of any kind. It is tasteless and colorless as pure water. It is simply harmless internal lubrication, which your body needs as much as any other machine. Regularly as clockwork, Nujol cleans out of your body those poisons which we all have, and which make us low in our minds, tired, below par.

The way for you to find out how much better Nujol will make you feel is to try it for a few days. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store. It costs only a few cents, but it makes you feel like a million dollars. Why shouldn't you feel well all the time? Get yourself a bottle of Nujol today! Send for free 24 page book "Getting the Most Out of Life." Address Nujol Laboratories, Dept. 2-A, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

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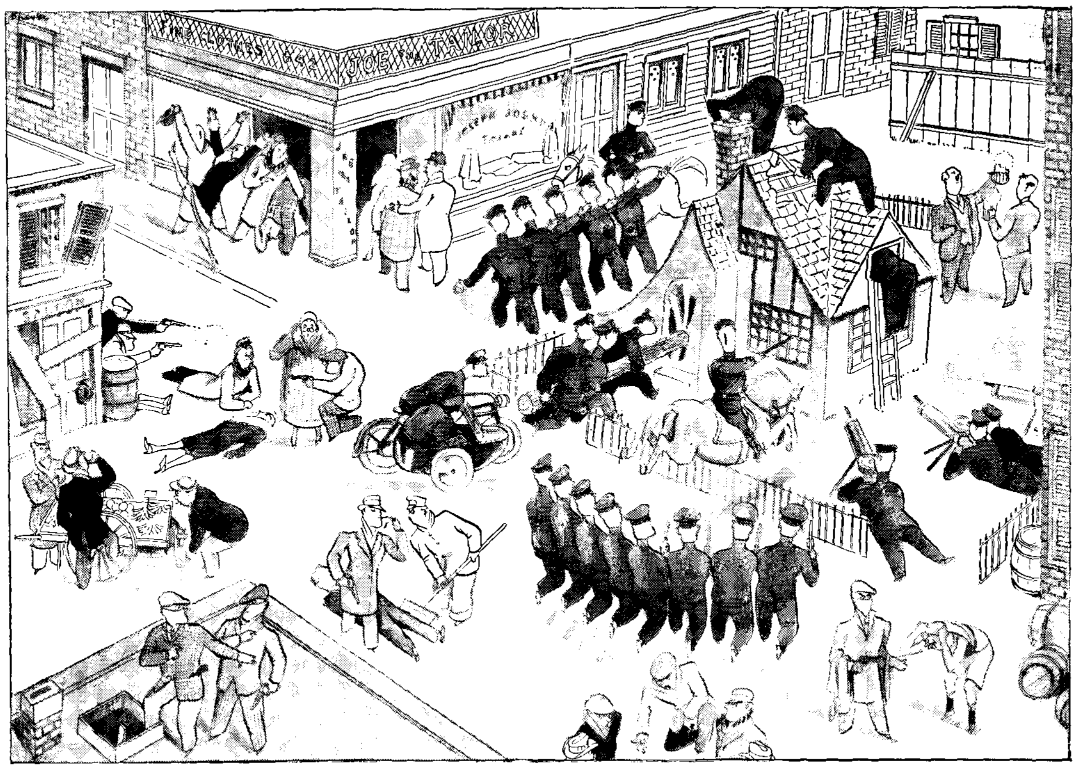
More Light, Less Heat



George Shanks

A YEAR has passed since President Hoover grasped the reins of power which Calvin Coolidge laid down. Within these twelve months the Federal government has strained every energy to enforce prohibition. Is success any nearer at hand than it was a year or five years ago?

It is not. Drinking continues on the same national scale. Prices of bootleg liquors have not increased. The supplies are not less abundant.

Wherever you go, South, North, East and West, you find all classes buying and drinking liquor. Highballs are served as openly in country clubs as in speakeasies. The evils of excessive drinking are everywhere apparent.

More women drink and get drunk than at any previous time in American history. "Excuse me, I was plastered," is a form of apology heard too often the morning after. Drunkenness is no longer shameful. It is considered merely amusing.

Poor and rich are in the same boat.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reported the death rate from alcoholism among its 19,000,000 industrial policy holders six times as high in 1929 as it was in 1920. Only the blindest fanaticism can find any comfort in that.

If the intense effort of the administration to enforce the dry law has not diminished drinking, what has been accomplished?

The obvious change is the increase in bitterness. Tempers are on edge. Bootleggers and government agents are quicker to shoot and more audacious in killing.

Extremists of the dry majority in Congress grow constantly more reckless in their proposals.

Bills are introduced in Congress suggestive of the passionate hatreds of the medieval religious wars. In the name of prohibition heedless congressmen would scrap the very fundamentals of our American government and start a new Inquisition. Anti-Saloon Leaguers such as Bishop James Cannon, Jr., have not hesitated to make rash appeals to religious prejudice.

Consider the bill offered by Representative U. S. Stone, an Oklahoma dry, who proposed that the following pledge be exacted of all who receive money from the United States Treasury:

"I do not use nor will I use intoxicating liquor or narcotics in any form; I take this obligation freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion."

A government which pried that far into the personal habits of its employees might just as reasonably tell the rest of us how much to eat for breakfast, when to bathe or change our clothes or to attend to any other of the details of private life.

Frantic and Fatuous

Representative W. H. Sproul of Kansas introduced an even more un-American bill. He would provide a veritable inquisition in which neighbors would be invited to make secret charges against each other and Federal commissioners would be given irresponsible power to make searches, inquiries and arrests, in defiance of the familiar guarantees of the Constitution.

These outrageous suggestions won't become laws at this session of Congress but they show the force of the wind. Prohibition has ceased to be an experiment in the control of the liquor traffic. It has become a symbol, a shibboleth, a religion and, absurdly enough, a Mohammedan and not a Christian religion.

Manifestly these tendencies can't continue to their logical and irrational conclusion. As a people we have proved our capacity for reasonable self-government and we are not going to abandon everything we have learned just because we are excited over the dry issue.

Prohibition isn't enforced, because millions of people think they have the inherent right to drink. The government could easily beat the bootleggers to death if the people did not want to drink. The bootlegger is merely the scum on the surface. The man who thinks the government has no right to control his personal habits is the unconquerable obstacle to prohibition enforcement.

Many high-minded men have stopped drinking when they entered public office but the number of private citizens whose drinking habits were changed by the Eighteenth Amendment in our observation is to small to be news.

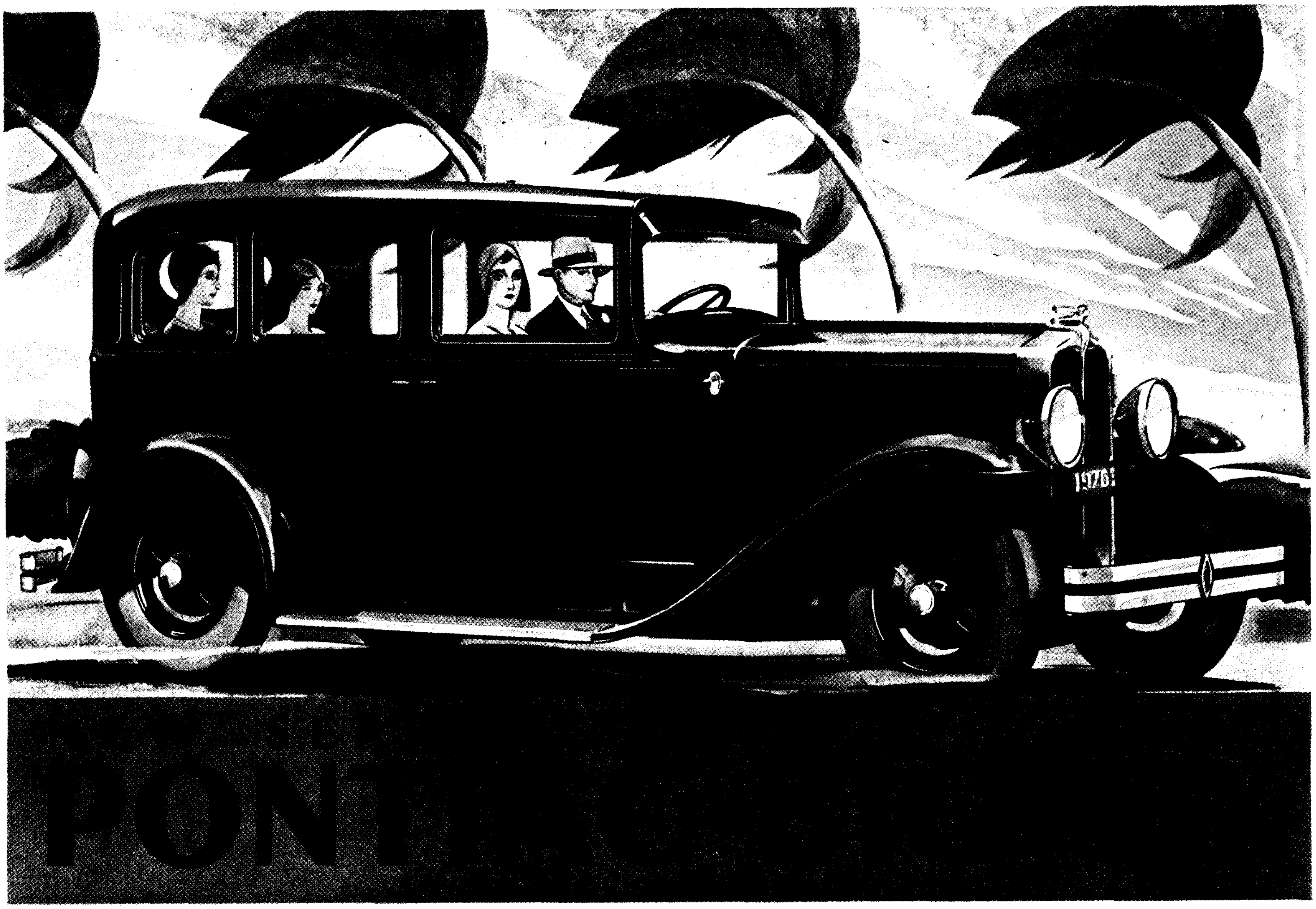
DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO DRANK BEFORE PROHIBITION AND WHO HAS CONSISTENTLY REFRAINED FROM DRINKING OR FROM POSSESSING LIQUOR SINCE THE ADOPTION OF THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT SOLELY BECAUSE OF THE LAW? IF YOU DO, COLLIER'S WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU.

President Hoover, the commissioners on law enforcement, and members of Congress will serve their country best if they devote their energy and intelligence to lifting the liquor question to the level of reason. It is sunk now in a slough of passion and fanaticism and hypocrisy.

The saloon was evil and it must not be brought back. Prohibition is futile. Too many oppose it as an unwarranted interference with personal liberty The bootlegger is an abomination. He can't endure.

Put prohibition where it belongs, in the class of social experiments; consider the problem dispassionately in the light of all the facts and we shall settle this question of the right use of alcohol intelligently and permanently.

Above all, in the elections to come, choose legislators and congressmen who will be guided by intelligence, not by passion, in ridding this country of the evils into which the false hope of prohibition has led us.



Illustrated Above: The Custom Sedan · Body by Fisher

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Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six.

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Successful baking is something more than avoiding failures

When you avoid baking failures you're halfway to real baking success—but *only* halfway. There's something else, just as necessary.

Of course, avoiding failures is important—so important that Pillsbury's Best Flour is constantly tested, by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that it will never fail you—that every sack will work perfectly for any baking purpose, bread, biscuits or pastry.

But there's something else that deserves consideration—a kind of success that is more than a matter of dodging failures. Haven't you noticed sometimes that one baked food tastes just a little better than another—although there's no particular difference in their appearance? That's the secret of this higher type of baking success—*perfect flavor,* the mark of the real artist. There's no mystery about it. Simply choose ingredients (flavorings, shortenings, etc.) with greatest care, and use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. For Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that certain blends of wheat make a richer flour—and that foods baked from this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value—dependability, plus finer flavor.

Here is something really worth having—the certainty that your flour will never cause a failure, and, more than that, the knowledge that everything you bake will have that delicate, unmistakably richer flavor that is the mark of really fine baking. All good grocers have Pillsbury's Best Flour—ask for it by name—for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1¼ cups boiling water
1¼ cups sugar
5 tablespoons Pillsbury's Best Flour
1 tablespoon butter
3 eggs
Juice of two lemons
¼ teaspoon salt
Grated rind of half a lemon

Mix the Pillsbury's Best Flour and sugar together and add to the boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the butter, salt, lemon juice and rind and pour the mixture into the egg yolks, well beaten. Return to the heat and cook for two minutes. Transfer to a baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made by beating the egg whites stiff together with three tablespoons of powdered sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of lemon extract. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees F. until the meringue is a golden brown—about ten minutes.

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